



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NEIL TRANSFER
HN 515W E

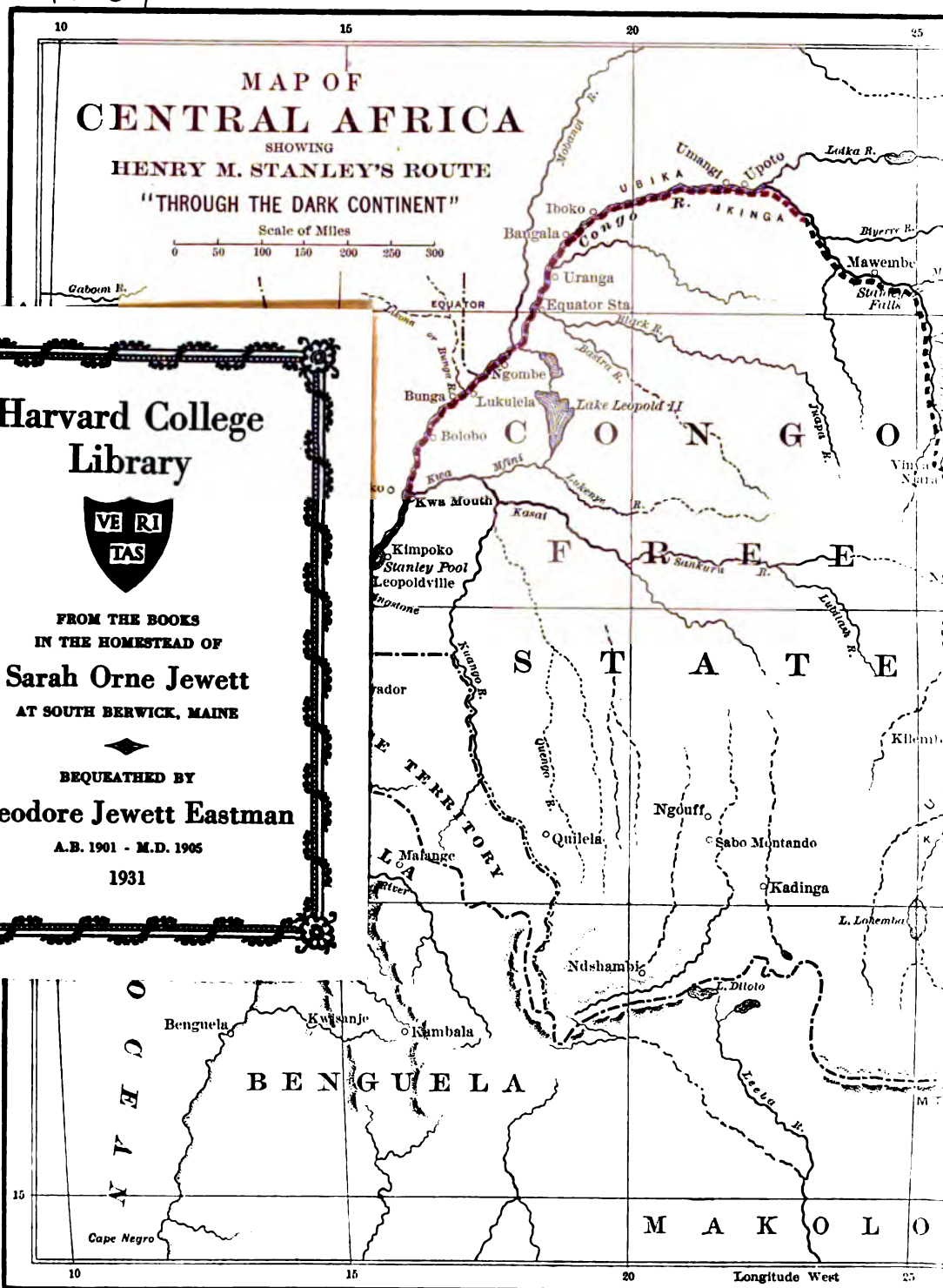


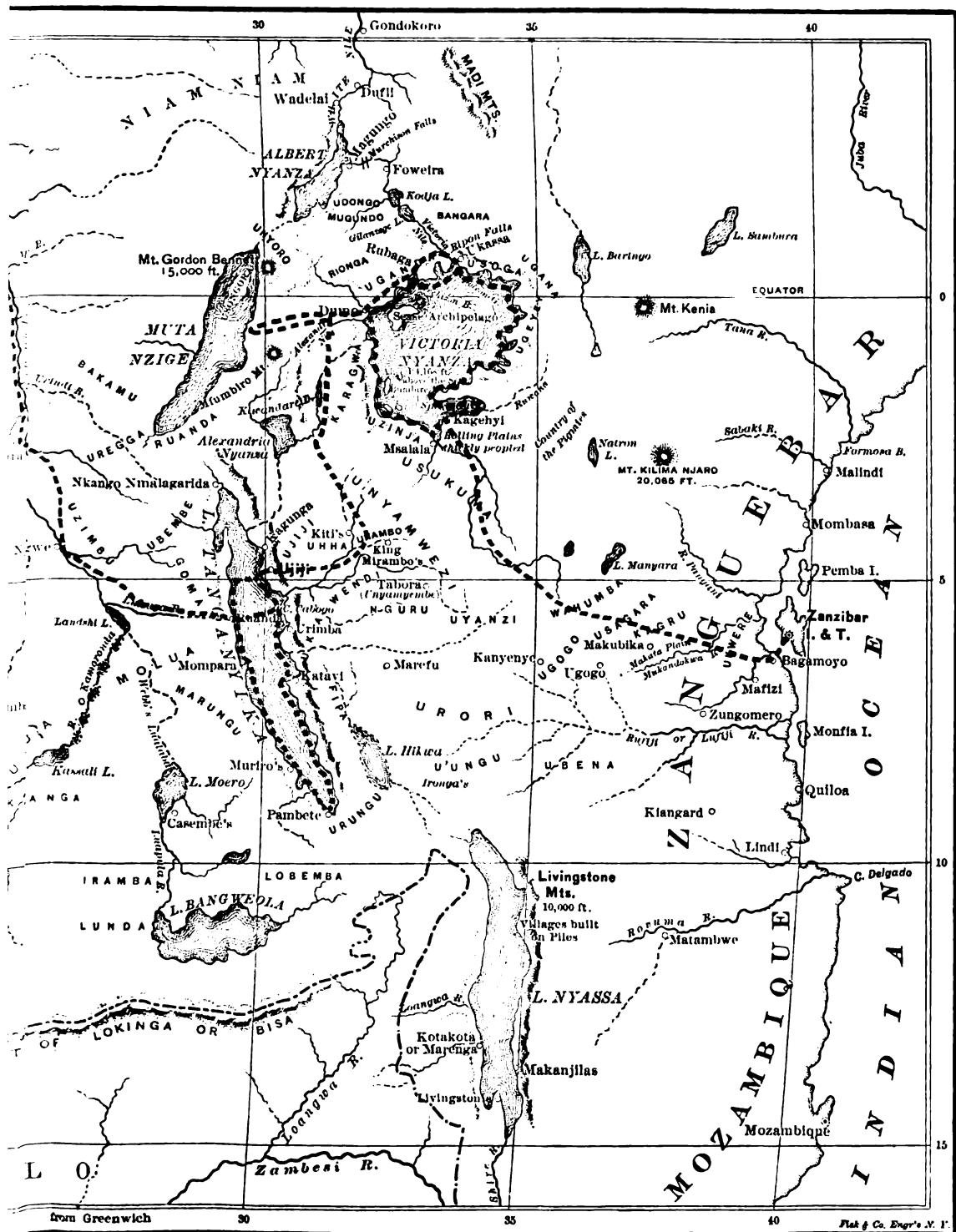
The
BOY TRAVELLERS.

On The Congo

Thomas W. Knox

JUV 1888. 8
KF67









2. 4. 1.

Theodore Jewett Eastman.



THE BOY TRAVELLERS ON
THE CONGO

ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY WITH
HENRY M. STANLEY
"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"

By THOMAS W. KNOX

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST" "IN SOUTH AMERICA" AND "IN RUSSIA"
"THE YOUNG NIMBODS" "THE VOYAGE OF THE 'VIVIAN'" ETC.

Illustrated

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE
1888

Theodore Jewett Eastman.

CHAPTER VI.

STANLEY TELLS ABOUT KING RUMANIKA.—THE KARAGWÉ GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—THE KING'S TREASURE-HOUSE.—GOOD-BYE TO HIS MAJESTY.—HOSTILITY BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.—PLUNDERED IN USU.—THE SOURCES OF THE ALEXANDRA NILE.—RETROSPECTION.—QUESTIONS OF TOPOGRAPHY.—INSOLENCE OF MANKORONGO.—DEATH OF "BULL."—TROUBLES WITH THE PETTY KINGS.—INTERVIEW WITH THE FAMOUS MIRAMBO.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE RENOWNED AFRICAN.—AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.—BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD.—HOW GRANT'S CARAVAN WAS PLUNDERED.—MYONGA'S THREATS.—A COMPROMISE.—AMONG THE WATUTA.—IN SIGHT OF LAKE TANGANIKA.—ARRIVAL AT UJJI.Page 124

CHAPTER VII.

MR. STANLEY TAKES THE CHAIR.—DESCRIPTION OF UJJI.—THE ARAB AND OTHER INHABITANTS.—MARKET SCENES.—LOCAL CURRENCY.—THE WAJJI.—LAKE TANGANIKA.—STANLEY'S VOYAGE ON THE LAKE.—RISING OF THE WATERS.—THE LEGEND OF THE WELL.—HOW THE LAKE WAS FORMED.—DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.—SCENERY OF THE COAST.—MOUNTAINS WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL.—SEEKING THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE.—THE LUKUGA RIVER.—EXPERIMENTS TO FIND A CURRENT.—CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES.—RETURN TO UJJI.—LENGTH AND EXTENT OF LAKE TANGANIKA 152

CHAPTER VIII.

STANLEY CONTINUES THE READING.—BAD NEWS AT UJJI.—SMALL-POX AND ITS RAVAGES.—DESERTIONS BY WHOLESALE.—DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.—CROSSING LAKE TANGANIKA.—TRAVELLERS' TROUBLES.—TERRIFYING RUMORS.—PEOPLE WEST OF THE LAKE.—SINGULAR HEAD-DRESSES.—CANNIBALISM.—DESCRIPTION OF AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.—APPEARANCE OF THE INHABITANTS.—IN MANYEMA.—STORY ABOUT LIVINGSTONE.—MANYEMA HOUSES.—DONKEYS AS CURIOSITIES.—KITKE AND HIS BEARD.—THE LUAMA AND THE LUALABA.—ON THE BANKS OF THE LIVINGSTONE 174

CHAPTER IX.

DIFFICULTIES OF LIVINGSTONE AND CAMERON WITH THEIR FOLLOWERS.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF TIPPU-TIB.—NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ESCORT.—TIPPU-TIB ARRANGES TO GO WITH STANLEY.—THE WONDERS OF UREGGA.—GORILLAS AND BOA-CONSTRUCTORS.—THEIR REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES.—A NATION OF DWARFS.—HOW STANLEY DECIDED WHAT ROUTE TO FOLLOW.—HEADS OR TAILS?—"SHALL IT BE SOUTH OR NORTH?"—SIGNING THE CONTRACT WITH TIPPU-TIB.—A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.—ENTERING NYANGWÉ.—LOCATION AND IMPORTANCE OF THE PLACE.—ITS ARAB RESIDENTS.—MARKET SCENES AT NYANGWÉ.—READY FOR THE START. 201

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM NYANGWÉ.—THE DARK UNKNOWN.—IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.—AN AFRICAN WILDERNESS.—SAVAGE FURNITURE.—TIPPU-TIB'S DEPENDANTS.—A TOILSOME MARCH.—THE DENSE JUNGLE.—A DEMORALIZED COLUMN.—AFRICAN WEAPONS.—A VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—SKULLS OF SOKOS.—STANLEY'S LAST PAIR OF SHOES.—SNAKES IN THE WAY.—THE TERRIBLE UNDERGROWTH.—NATIVES OF UREGGA AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.—SKULLS AS STREET ORNAMENTS.—AMONG THE CANNIBALS.—ON THE RIVER'S BANK.—A SUDDEN INSPIRATION.—THE TRICK ROAD TO THE SEA.—TIPPU-TIB'S DISCOURAGEMENTS.—ENCOUNTERING THE NATIVES.—SUCCESSFUL NEGOTIATIONS.—THE EXPEDITION FERRIED OVER THE RIVER.—CAMPING IN THE WENYA 221

CHAPTER XI.

HOW STANLEY OBTAINED CANOES.—THE PEOPLE OF UKUSU.—THEIR HOSTILITY.—A FIGHT AND TERMS OF PEACE.—SEPARATION FROM TIPPU-TIB.—DEPARTURE "TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN."—A SAD FAREWELL.—AMONG THE VINYA-NARA.—THE NATIVES AT STANLEY FALLS.—A FIERCE BATTLE.—DEFENDING A STOCKADE.—BOATS CAPSIZED IN A TEMPEST AND MEN DROWNED.—BE-

NOW: FALL TO."—PERSONAL LUXURIES FOR THE LEADER.—"PALE ALE! SHERRY! PORT WINE! CHAMPAGNE! TEA! COFFEE! WHITE SUGAR! WHEATEN BREAD!"—STANLEY'S REPLY TO THE GENEROUS STRANGERS.—SUMMARY PUNISHMENT FOR THEFT.—GREETING CIVILIZATION.—RECEPTION BY WHITE MEN.—THE FREEDOM OF BOMA.—LIFTED INTO THE HAMMOCK.—CHARACTERISTICS OF BOMA.—A BANQUET AND FAREWELL.—PONTA DA LENHA.—OUT ON THE OCEAN.—ADIEU TO THE CONGO.....Page 351

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRIVAL AT KABINDA.—WEST AFRICAN MERCHANTS.—DEATH AMONG THE WANGWANA:—ILLNESS AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE EXPEDITION.—STANLEY'S ANXIETY FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.—THEIR FAILING HEALTH.—ENCOURAGING THEM WITH WORDS AND KIND TREATMENT.—THE BANE OF IDLENESS.—LEAVING KABINDA.—SAN PAULO DE LOANDA.—KINDNESS OF THE PORTUGUESE OFFICIALS.—H. B. MAJESTY'S SHIP "INDUSTRY."—CARRIED TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—THE WANGWANA SEE A "FIRE-CARRIAGE."—TO NATAL AND ZANZIBAR.—RECEPTION.—DISBANDING THE EXPEDITION.—AFFECTING SCENES.—STANLEY'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FOLLOWERS..... 365

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST MEETING ON BOARD THE "EIDER."—FOUNDING THE FREE STATE OF CONGO.—MR. STANLEY'S LATER WORK ON THE GREAT RIVER.—BUILDING ROADS AND ESTABLISHING STATIONS.—MAKING PEACE WITH THE NATIVES.—BULA MATARI.—RESOURCES OF THE CONGO VALLEY.—STANLEY'S LATEST BOOK.—STEAMERS ON THE RIVER.—THE CONGO RAILWAY.—STANLEY'S PRESENT MISSION IN AFRICA.—EMIN PASHA AND HIS WORK.—HOW STANLEY PROPOSES TO RELIEVE HIM.—DR. SCHNITZLER.—BEY OR PASHA?—MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA.—HIS HOSTILITY TO WHITE MEN.—KILLING BISHOP HANNINGTON.—THE EGYPTIAN EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.—LETTER FROM STANLEY.—HIS PLANS FOR THE RELIEF EXPEDITION.—TIPPU-TIB AND HIS MEN.—FROM ZANZIBAR TO THE CONGO ... 381

CHAPTER XX.

MORE AFRICAN STUDIES.—MASAI LAND.—EARLY HISTORY OF THE MOMBASA COAST.—MOUNT KILIMANJARO.—ITS DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS.—REBMAN'S UMBRELLA.—THOMSON'S EXPEDITION AND ITS OBJECT.—FRERE TOWN AND MOMBASA.—JOURNEY TO MASAI LAND.—HOSTILITY OF THE NATIVES.—NARROW ESCAPES.—MASAI WARRIORS AND THEIR OCCUPATIONS.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.—THOMSON AS A MAGICIAN.—JOHNSTON'S KILIMANJARO EXPEDITION.—HEIGHT AND PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN.—MANDARA AND HIS COURT.—SLAVE-TRADING.—MASAI WOMEN.—SURROUNDED BY LIONS.—BISHOP HANNINGTON.—STORY OF HIS DEATH IN UGANDA..... 410

CHAPTER XXI.

STANLEY'S HUNTING ADVENTURES.—AFRICA THE FIELD FOR THE SPORTSMAN.—HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.—NIGHT-SHOOTING AT WATER-HOLES AND SPRINGS.—ABUNDANCE OF GAME.—DANGER OF THIS KIND OF SPORT.—LIONS AND ELEPHANTS.—MAN-KATING LIONS.—IN THE JAWS OF A LION.—DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NARROW ESCAPE.—THE HOPO, OR GAME-TRAP ON A LARGE SCALE.—DU CHAILLU AND HIS ADVENTURES.—SHOOTING THE GORILLA.—RESEMBLANCE OF THE GORILLA TO MAN.—PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH OF THE GORILLA.—HOW HE IS HUNTED.—THE END..... 442

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Scene on the Congo.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Map of Africa showing Route from Zanzibar to Boma.....	<i>Front Cover.</i>
Map of Emin Pasha's Province and the Congo Routes.....	<i>Back Cover.</i>

	PAGE		PAGE
Portrait of Henry M. Stanley.....	12	An African Belle.....	52
Sandy Hook from Navesink Light-house... ..	13	An African Blacksmith's-shop.....	53
Stanley in Abyssinia.....	15	Funeral of Edward Pocock: View of Our	
Musicians of the Dark Continent.....	16	Camp.....	55
Village where Dr. Livingstone Died.....	18	In Memoriam of Edward Pocock.....	56
James Gordon Bennett.....	19	An African Lamb.....	56
The <i>Lady Alice</i> , in Sections.....	20	Unyamwezi Porter.....	57
Candidates for Service with Stanley.....	21	View of Kagehyi from the Edge of the Lake	59
View of a Portion of the Sea-front of Zan-		Frank Pocock.....	60
zibar, from the Water Battery to Shangani		African Arms and Ornaments.....	61
Point.....	23	View near Victoria Lake.....	62
Zanzibar, from the Sea	23	Dwellers on the Shore of the Lake.....	63
Red Cliffs behind Universities Mission, Zan-		The <i>Lady Alice</i> at Bridge Island, Victoria	
zibar.....	24	Nyanza.....	64
View from the Roof of Mr. Augustus Spar-		View of the Bay leading to Ruggedzi Chan-	
hawk's House.....	25	nel from Kigoma, near Kisorya, South	
The British Consulate at Zanzibar	26	Side of Ukerewé, Coast of Speke Gulf... ..	65
Seyyid Barghash.....	27	View of Ripon Falls from the Uganda Side.	67
A Zanzibar Nurse-maid.....	28	Dressed for Cold Weather.....	68
Lady of Zanzibar Reading an Arabic Manu-		The Victoria Nile, North of Ripon Falls,	
script	29	Rushing towards Unyoro, from the Usoga	
Native Water-carrier, Zanzibar.....	30	Side of the Falls.....	69
Hindoo Merchant of Zanzibar.....	31	Reception by King Mtesa's Body-guard at	
Negro Nursemaid, Zanzibar.....	33	Usavara.....	71
A Zanzibar Bride.....	34	Waiting Orders.....	72
Window of an Arab House, Zanzibar.....	35	Sekebobo, Chief of Chagwé. Mtesa, the Em-	
Coxswain Uledi, and Manwa Sera, Chief Cap-		peror of Uganda. Chambarango, the Chief.	
tain.....	36	Pokino, the Prime-minister. Other Chiefs.	73
A Merchant of Zanzibar.....	37	Dwarf at the King's Court.....	74
Tarya Topan.....	39	The King's Dinner-dish.....	76
Universities Mission at Mbwenni, Zanzibar.	40	Fish found in Lake Victoria.....	78
Harem in the House of the Secretary of the		Rubaga, the Capital of the King of Uganda.	79
Sultan of Zanzibar.....	41	Fleet of the King of Uganda, Ready for	
"Towards the Dark Continent."	42	War.....	81
Scene in Bagamoyo... ..	43	Audience-hall of the Palace at Rubaga....	82
Wife of Manwa Sera.....	45	Wooden Kettle-drum.....	83
A Leading Citizen of Bagamoyo.....	46	African Hatchet, Spade, and Adze.....	83
The Expedition at Rosako.....	47	Head of a "Madoqua"—Species of Antelope.	85
View from the Village of Mamboya.....	49	Shugrangu House, an African Mission Sta-	
Our Camp at Mpwapwa.....	50	tion, with Grave of Mrs. Livingstone....	87
Detective and Assistants.....	51	Warriors of the Upper Nile Region.....	89

	PAGE		PAGE
Reception at Bumbireh Island, Victoria Ny- anza.....	91	On the Way to the Meeting.....	125
Hut and Granary on the Island.....	93	Ground-plan of King's House.....	126
A Woman of the Island.....	94	Treasure-house, Arms, and Treasures of Rumanika.....	127
Village Enclosing Cattle.....	95	The Expedition Traversing the Valley.....	129
Heads of Spears.....	96	Pottery in Usui.....	130
Central African Goat.....	97	A Village in Western Usui.....	132
Cairn Erected to the Memory of Frederick Barker: Majita and Ururi Mountains in the Distance, across Speke Gulf.....	98	Camp of an Arab Merchant.....	133
At the Landing-place of Msossi, King Lu- kongeh's Capital.....	99	"Bull.".....	135
Store-house for Grain.....	99	A Hut and its Frame.....	136
Wakerewé Stool.....	100	View in the Interior of an African Village.....	137
Wakerewé Dwelling-house.....	100	Serombo Huts.....	138
Fish-nets.....	100	War-Drum and Idol.....	139
Wakerewé Canoes.....	100	A "Ruga-Ruga," one of Mirambo's Patriots.....	139
Wakerewé Warrior.....	100	Hillside House in Mirambo's Country.....	140
Strange Granite Rocks of Wezi Island, Mid- way between Usukuma and Ukerewé.....	101	Unyamwezi Chief and his Wife.....	141
Usukuma Canoe.....	102	Shield and Drum.....	142
Island called Elephant Rock.....	103	Color-party of an English Expedition in Africa.....	143
Mtesa's Camp, Ingira.....	104	Mountains along the Route of the Expedi- tion.....	145
One of the Great Naval Battles between the Waganda and the Wavuma, in the Channel between Ingira Island and Cape Nakaranga.....	105	Fashionable Hair-dressing.....	147
Small Canoe.....	106	One of the Watuta.....	148
View of Country near Mtesa's Camp.....	106	Bow, Spears, Hatchets, and Arrow-Heads.....	149
The Floating Fortlet Moving towards Ingira.....	107	Idols Sheltered from the Rain.....	150
Uganda War Canoe.....	109	Arab House near Ujiji.....	150
Wangwana Hut in Camp. Hut at Jinja.....	110	Whistle, Pillow, and Hatchet.....	151
Head of Central African Hartebeest.....	110	Head of Uguhha Woman.....	152
The Camp of the Expedition.....	111	Ujiji, looking North from the Market-place, Viewed from the Roof of our Tembé at Ujiji.....	153
Mount Edwin Arnold.....	112	Arab Dhow at Ujiji.....	154
Marching towards Muta Nzege: Mount Gor- don-Bennett in the Distance.....	113	A Native of Rua, who was a Visitor at Ujiji.....	155
Grass-roofed Hut, Unyoro.....	114	Dress and Tattooing of a Native of Uguhha.....	156
Native Hut, Karagwé.....	114	Charms Worn by the Wajiji.....	157
View near Kafurro.....	115	A River Ferry-boat.....	158
Central African Antelope, Karagwé.....	116	Heads of Natives.....	158
View of Ufumbiro Mountains from Mount near Mtagata Hot Springs.....	117	The Wazaramo Tribe.....	159
Rumanika's Treasure-house.....	118	Rawlinson Mountains.....	161
A Spearman of Karagwé.....	119	Head-dress and Hatchet.....	162
Mountain Scene in Karagwé.....	119	Brother Rocks.....	163
Boat on Lake Windermere.....	120	The Extreme Southern Reach of Lake Tan- ganika.....	164
Kagera Skiff.....	121	Mtombwa.....	165
Native Woman of Fashion.....	121	Kungwé Peaks.....	166
Ihema Hut.....	122	The "High Places" of the Spirit Mtombwa: View of Mtombwa Urungu.....	167
A Native of Uhha.....	122	Mount Murumbi, near Lukuga Creek.....	168
Boat of Lake Ihema.....	122	Ubujué Head-dress.....	170
Hut of Uganda.....	123	Uguha Head-dress.....	170
Small Tembé of Ugogo.....	123	Village Scene.—Dwellings and Grain-houses.....	171
House of an Arab Merchant near Ruma- nika's Village.....	124	A Woman of Uguha.....	172
		Uhyya Head-dress.....	172
		Spirit Island, Lake Tanganika.....	172
		Sketch Near Ujiji.....	173

	PAGE		PAGE
In Council: The Courtyard of Our Tembé at Ujiji.....	175	The Edge of the Forest.....	227
Central African Goat.....	176	Water-bottles.....	228
M'Sehazy Haven and Camp, at the Mouth of M'Sehazy River.....	177	Stool of Uregga.....	229
Huts and Store-house.....	179	Uregga House.....	229
Sub-Chief, West of Lake Tanganika.....	180	Spoons of Uregga.....	229
Heads of Men of Manyema.....	181	Uregga Spear.....	229
Natives of Ubujwé.....	181	Cane Settee.....	229
A Native of Uhweya.....	182	Bench.....	230
One of the Wahyeya of Uhombo. (Back View).....	182	Back-rest.....	230
A Valley among the Hills.....	183	An African Fcz of Leopard-skin.....	230
Going a-fishing.....	184	Prickles of the Acacia Plant.....	231
Village Forge and Idol.....	185	An African Ant.....	231
Ready for Fighting.....	186	Marabouts, Storks, and Pelicans in the Forest Lakes.....	232
African Owls.....	188	A Forge and Smithy at Wane-Kirumbu, Uregga.....	233
A Village in Manyema.....	189	A Young "Soko" Sitting for his Portrait..	235
A Youth of East Manyema.....	190	Head of the Gorilla.....	236
A Manyema Adult.....	190	Backgammon Tray.....	236
The Valley of Mabaro.....	191	In Full Style.....	237
A Young Woman of East Manyema.....	192	A Tributary River.....	239
Village Scene in Southeast Manyema.....	193	Wangwana Women.....	240
House of an Arab Merchant.....	195	Some of the People on Shore.....	241
House of a Manyema Chief.....	196	Canoes in the Mouth of the Ruiki River...	243
Kiteté, The Chief of Mpungu.....	198	War-hatchet of Ukusu.....	244
Village near Kabungwé.....	199	Stool of Ukusu.....	244
Native Houses at Mtuyu.....	200	Stew-pot of the Wahika.....	244
Ants'-nest in Manyema.....	200	Encounter with a Gorilla.....	245
Hill and Village on the Road to Nyangwé..	201	A House of Two Rooms.....	246
Waiting to be Photographed.....	203	Canoe Scoop.....	247
A Young "Soko" (Gorilla).....	204	Scoops.....	247
Blacksmiths at Work.....	205	"Towards the Unknown".....	247
Native Trap for Game.....	206	Coil of Plaited Rope, Central Africa.....	248
Canoes on the River.....	207	War-drums of the Tribes of the Upper Livingstone.....	249
"Heads for the North and the Lualaba; Tails for the South and Katanga".....	208	Village Scene.....	250
A Follower of Tippu-Tib.....	209	Musical Instruments and Mode of Playing..	251
A Canoe of the Wenya, or Wagenya, Fishermen.....	210	Gorillas and Nest.....	253
Pot-pourri.....	211	Native Pipe.....	254
View in Nyangwé.....	212	Scene on a Tributary of the Great River—Launching a Canoe.....	255
A Bowman.....	213	Mwana Ntaba Canoe (The "Crocodile")...	256
Camp Scene.....	214	Village near the Forest.....	257
Escort of Gunners and Spearmen.....	215	Native Corn-magazine.....	258
Slave Offered in the Market.....	217	African Stool.....	259
Nyangwé Heads.....	217	Spear-head.....	260
Nyangwé Pottery.....	218	The Kooloo-Kamba, or Long-eared Soko...	261
Muini Dugumbi's Followers Attacking Nyangwé.....	219	A Baswa Knife.....	262
Antelope of the Nyangwé Region.....	220	Style of Knives.....	262
Near Nyangwé.....	221	Baswa Basket and Cover.....	262
Open Country before Reaching the Forest..	223	Shooting a Crocodile at the Rapids.....	263
Tippu-Tib's Body Servants.....	224	Cavern near Stanley Falls.....	264
Jumah.....	225	The Desperate Situation of Zaldi, and his Rescue by Uledi, the Coxswain of the Boat.....	265

	PAGE		PAGE
The Seventh Cataract, Stanley Falls.....	266	Death of Kalulu.....	315
Pike—Stanley Falls.....	266	One of Gampa's Men.....	316
An African Suspension-bridge.....	267	Village Idols.....	317
Fish—Seventh Cataract, Stanley Falls.....	268	Hilly Regions back from the River.....	319
Baswa Palm-oil Jar and Palm-wine Cooler..	268	<i>Lady Alice</i> over the Falls.....	321
Mouth of Drum.....	269	Native Mill for Grinding Corn.....	322
Wooden Signal-drum of the Wenya, or Wa- genya, and the Tribes on the Livingstone.	269	Falls on a Tributary Stream.....	323
Drumsticks—Knobs being of India-rubber.	269	An Upland Stream and Native Bridge....	324
Shields of Ituka People.....	269	The Nkenké River Entering the Livingstone below the <i>Lady Alice</i> Rapids.....	325
Fish—Stanley Falls.....	270	Mode of Passing Boats over the Falls.....	327
Monster Canoe.....	271	Village on the Table-land.....	329
Native Spade.....	272	A Figure in the Market-place.....	330
The Fight below the Confluence of the Aru- wini and the Livingstone Rivers.....	273	African Market Scene.....	331
Spear, Isangi.....	274	View in the Babwendé Country.....	332
Knives, Rubunga.....	274	Nyitti, an African Potato.....	333
Rings for Protecting the Arm.....	275	Ugogo Cooking-pot.....	334
Rubunga Blacksmiths.....	276	Wild Bull of Equatorial Africa.....	334
Double Iron Bells of Urangi.....	277	The New Canoes, the <i>Livingstone</i> and the <i>Stanley</i>	336
Beak of the <i>Balinæceps Rex</i>	278	Cutting out the New <i>Livingstone</i> Canoe....	337
The <i>Balinæceps Rex</i>	279	In Memoriam: Francis John Pocock.....	338
A Cannibal Chief.....	281	Fall of the Edwin Arnold River into the Pocock Basin.....	339
The Attack of the Sixty-three Canoes of the Piratical Bangala.....	283	The Chief Carpenter Carried over Zinga Fall.....	340
Poisoned Arrows.....	284	The Masassa Falls, and the Entrance into Pocock Basin, or Bolobolo Pool.....	341
A Crocodile Hunt.....	285	Camp at Kilolo, above Isangila Falls.....	342
Elephant Hunters on the Congo.....	287	View from the Table-land.....	343
African Knife and Axes.....	288	"I want Rum.".....	345
Spears, and Shield of Elephant-hide.....	289	Village Scene, with Granary in Foreground.	346
Spectators among the Trees.....	291	In the Valley.....	347
Encounter with a Hippopotamus.....	295	Ant-hills on the Road to Boma.....	348
A Present from Chumbiri.....	296	One of the Guides.....	349
The King of Chumbiri.....	296	Catching Ants for Food.....	350
Great Pipe of King of Chumbiri.....	297	Mbinda Cemetery.....	351
One of the King's Wives at Chumbiri.....	298	In the Suburbs of Boma.....	352
A Bowman.....	299	Outbuildings of an African Factory.....	353
Son of the King of Chumbiri.....	300	Escort of the Caravan.....	354
A Python in an African Forest.....	301	Outside the Village.....	356
The Northern End of Stanley Pool.....	302	View in the Open Country.....	357
Map of Stanley Pool.....	303	Wooden Idol.....	358
One of the King's Warriors.....	304	The White-fronted Wild Hog of Central Africa.....	359
African Reclining-Chair.....	305	The Hammock on the West Coast of Africa	360
A Present from Itsi.....	306	The Circumnavigators of the Victoria Ny- anza and Lake Tanganika, and Explorers of the Alexandra Nile and Livingstone (Congo) River.....	361
Floating Island in Stanley Pool.....	308	Native Belles on the West Coast.....	362
Village in the Valley of the Congo.....	309	Native Blacksmiths near Boma.....	363
Native Pottery.....	310	At Rest: Stanley's Quarters at Kabinda by the Sea.....	365
View of the Right Branch, First Cataract, of the Livingstone Falls, from Four Miles below Juemba Island.....	311	Expedition at Kabinda.....	366
Over Rocky Point close to Gampa's.....	312		
At Work Passing the Lower End of the First Cataract of the Livingstone Falls, near Rocky Island.....	313		
African Pipes.....	314		

PAGE	PAGE
Group of Mr. Stanley's Followers at Kabin- da, West Coast of Africa, just after Cross- ing the "Dark Continent"..... 367	Chief of Coast Tribe in Portuguese Terri- tory..... 409
Scenery on the West Coast of Africa..... 368	Tattooing among the Coast Natives..... 410
A Dandy of San Paulo de Loanda..... 369	Doorway of a House at Mombasa..... 411
View of San Paulo de Loanda—The Fort of San Miguel on the Right..... 371	Heads of Coast Natives 413
Dhows in the Harbor of Zanzibar..... 372	View of Mombasa..... 415
The Recuperated and Reclad Expedition as it Appeared at Admiralty House, Simon's Town, after our Arrival on H. M. S. <i>Indus- try</i> 373	Camp of an English Explorer in Africa.... 417
The Women of the Expedition..... 377	Slave Caravans on the Road..... 419
Stanley, as he Left England for Africa in 1874..... 378	Slaves Left to Die..... 421
Stanley, as he Reached Zanzibar in 1877... 379	A Spring in the Desert..... 423
Ngahma, a Congo Chief..... 382	A Wedding-dance..... 424
View of Vivi, from the Isangila Road.... 383	Mandara's Left Ear..... 426
Port of Leopoldville..... 384	A Corner of Mr. Johnston's Settlement... 427
A Photograph..... 385	View of Kilimanjaro..... 429
A Congo House..... 386	Camp Scene..... 430
The Effect of Civilization..... 387	African Adjutants..... 432
A Native of the Lower Congo..... 388	A Well-stocked Hunting-ground..... 433
Emin Pasha..... 391	Plain and Mountains in Masai Land..... 434
Blacksmith's Forge and Bellows..... 392	Ear-stretchers and Ear-ornaments..... 436
Some of Emin Pasha's Irregular Troops... 393	A Masai Warrior..... 437
Ivory-eating Squirrel, Central Africa..... 394	Masai Married Woman, with Painted Face. 438
Battle between Native Warriors and Egyp- tian Troops..... 395	Uganda Head-dress..... 440
Native Warrior in Emin Pasha's Province.. 396	Place where Bishop Hannington was Im- prisoned and Killed..... 441
The King of Unyora and his Great Chiefs. 397	African Oryx, or Gemsbok..... 442
Native War-dance..... 399	South African Hunting—in Camp..... 443
Breed of Cattle in Emin Pasha's Province. 400	Night Hunting—Elephants Coming to Drink 445
Lado, Capital of Egyptian Equatorial Prov- ince..... 401	An African Serenade..... 446
Schooli Warrior, Egyptian Equatorial Prov- ince..... 402	Close Shave by an Elephant..... 447
Fortified Village near Lado..... 403	Death-grapple with a Lion..... 448
Ismaen Abou Hatab, Trusted Officer of Emin Pasha..... 404	Rhinoceros and Dogs..... 450
Village in the Valley of the Bengo..... 405	Dr. Livingstone in the Lion's Grasp..... 451
A Traveller's Caravan near Wadelay..... 407	The Hopo, or Trap for Driving Game.... 453
A Dyoor, Subject of Emin Pasha..... 408	Paul du Chaillu in Africa..... 454
	Gorilla Hunting—Mother and Young at Play 455
	Du Chaillu's First Gorilla..... 457
	Head of Kooloo-Kamba..... 458
	Ear of Kooloo-Kamba..... 458
	Du Chaillu Ascending an African River... 459
	Gorilla Skull..... 461
	Human Skull..... 461
	Skeletons of Man and the Gorilla..... 462
	A Young Gorilla—Du Chaillu's Captive.... 463



Henry Stanley

THE BOY TRAVELLERS

ON

THE CONGO.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WITH STANLEY.—“THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.”—AN IMPROMPTU GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF STANLEY.—COMMENTS UPON HIM BY FRANK AND FRED.—HOW THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY WAS ORGANIZED.—READING STANLEY’S BOOK.—STANLEY’S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND FOR ZANZIBAR.—JOINT ENTERPRISE OF TWO NEWSPAPERS.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXPEDITION.—THE *LADY ALICE*.—BARKER AND THE POCOCKS.—ZANZIBAR.—PRINCE BARGHASH.—INHABITANTS OF ZANZIBAR.—THE WANGWANA.

AT eight o’clock on the morning of December 15, 1886, the magnificent steamer *Eider*, of the North German Lloyds, left her dock in New York harbor for a voyage to Southampton and Bremen. Among



SANDY HOOK FROM NAVESINK LIGHT-HOUSE.

the passengers that gathered on her deck to wave farewell to friends on shore was one whose name has become famous throughout the civilized world for the great work he has performed in exploring the African continent and opening it to commerce and Christianizing influences.

That man, it is hardly necessary to say, was HENRY M. STANLEY.

Near him stood a group of three individuals who will be recognized by many of our readers. They were Doctor Bronson and his nephews,

Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson, whose adventures have been recorded in previous volumes.*

Slowly the great steamer made her way among the ships at anchor in the harbor. She passed the Narrows, then entered the Lower Bay, and, winding through the channel between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, was soon upon the open ocean. Near the Sandy Hook light-ship she stopped her engines sufficiently long to discharge her pilot, and then, with her prow turned to the eastward, she dashed away on her course at full speed. Day by day and night by night the tireless engines throbbed and pulsed, but never for a moment ceased their toil till the *Eider* was off Southampton, more than three thousand miles from her starting-point.

Doctor Bronson was acquainted with Mr. Stanley, and soon after the steamer left the dock the two gentlemen were in conversation. After a little while the doctor introduced his nephews, who were warmly greeted by the great explorer; he had read of their journeys in the far East and in other lands, and expressed his pleasure at meeting them personally.

As for Frank and Fred, they were overjoyed at the introduction and the cordial manner in which they were received. They thanked Mr. Stanley for the kind words he had used in speaking of their travels, which had been of little consequence compared with his own. Frank added that he hoped some day to be able to cross the African continent; the way had been opened by Mr. Stanley, and, with the facilities which the latter had given to travellers, the journey would be far easier of accomplishment than it was twenty or even ten years ago.

Then followed a desultory conversation, of which no record has been preserved; other passengers came up to speak to Mr. Stanley, and the party separated. As the steamer passed into the open ocean most of the people on deck disappeared below for the double reason that there was a cold wind from the eastward and—breakfast was on the table.

"What a charming man Mr. Stanley is!" Fred remarked, as soon as they had withdrawn from the group.

"Yes," replied his cousin, "and so different from what I expected he would be. He is dignified without being haughty, and friendly without familiarity. Before the introduction I was afraid to meet him, but found myself quite at ease before we had been talking a minute. I'm

* "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," in China, Japan, Siam, Java, Ceylon, India, Egypt, the Holy Land, Africa; "The Boy Travellers in South America;" "The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire." Seven volumes, published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

not surprised to hear how much those who know him are attached to him, nor at the influence he possesses over the people among whom his great work has been performed."

"Just think what a career he has had," continued Frank. "After various adventures as a newspaper correspondent in Spain, Abyssinia, Ashantee, and other countries, he was sent by the editor of the New York *Herald* to find Dr. Livingstone in the interior of Africa. He found the famous missionary; but when he came back, and told the story of what he had done, a great many people refused to believe him,



STANLEY IN ABYSSINIA.

because they considered the feat impossible for a newspaper correspondent. He came out of Africa at the same point where he entered it, and it was said by some that he had never ventured farther than a few miles from the coast. This made him angry, and the next time he went on a tour of exploration in Africa he made sure that the same criticism would be impossible."

"Yes, indeed!" responded Fred. "He went into the African wilderness at Bagomoya, on the east side of the continent, and came out at the mouth of the Congo, away over on the other side. He descended that

great river, which no white man had ever done before him, and passed through dangers and difficulties such as few travellers of modern times have known. And, besides—”

Before Fred could finish the sentence he had begun the Doctor joined them, and asked Frank where he had put the parcel of books that they had selected to read during the voyage.

“It is in our room,” the youth replied, “and ready to be opened whenever we want any of the books. We will arrange our things this forenoon, and I will open the parcel at once.”

“You selected Mr. Stanley’s book, ‘Through the Dark Continent,’ I believe,” Doctor Bronson continued, “and I think you had better bring that out first. Now that Mr. Stanley is with us, you will read it again with much greater interest than before.”

The youths were pleased with the suggestion, which they accepted at once. Fred laughingly remarked that there might be danger of a quarrel between them as to who should have the first privilege of reading the book. Frank thought they could get over the difficulty by dividing the two volumes between them, but he admitted that the one who read the second volume in advance of the first would be likely to have his mind confused as to the exact course of the exploration which the book described.

Doctor Bronson said he was reminded of an anecdote he once heard



MUSICIANS OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

about a man who always read books with a mark, which he carefully inserted at the end of each reading. He was going through the "Life of Napoleon" at one time, and for three evenings in succession his room-mate slyly set back the mark to the starting-point. At the end of the third evening he asked the reader what he thought of Napoleon.

"He was a most wonderful man," was the reply; "in three days he crossed the Alps three times with his whole army, and went the same way every time."

While the party were laughing over the anecdote Mr. Stanley came up, and said he wished to have a share in the fun. The Doctor repeated the story, and explained how it had been called to his mind.

"Well," said Mr. Stanley, "it would be very unfortunate for Masters Frank and Fred to get the story of the Dark Continent doubled up in the manner you suggest. I propose that they shall study it together, one reading aloud to the other, and, as the entire book is too much for the limited time of this voyage, they will be obliged to omit portions of chapters here and there. The readings can take place daily during the afternoon and evening, and the youth who is to read can devote the forenoon to selecting the parts of the chapters he will suppress and those which are to be given to the listeners. I will assist him in his selections from time to time, and, with due diligence, the book will be finished before we reach Southampton."

It was unanimously voted that the plan was an excellent one, and the boys immediately proceeded to carry it out. The volumes were brought forth, and Frank retired to a corner of the saloon to make a selection for the first afternoon's reading. Mr. Stanley sat with him a short time, marking several pages and paragraphs, and then went on deck, where he joined Doctor Bronson in a brief promenade. Meantime Fred busied himself with an examination of several other books of African travel; he was evidently familiar with their contents, as he ran through the pages with great rapidity, and marked numerous passages, with the evident intention of referring to them in the course of the time devoted to what we may call the public readings.

There was an intermission of labor towards the middle of the day, and at this time Frank and Fred made the acquaintance of two or three other youths of about their age. When the latter learned of the proposed scheme, they asked permission to be allowed to hear how the Dark Continent was traversed, and their request was readily granted. Consequently the audience that assembled in the afternoon comprised some six or eight persons, including Mr. Stanley and Doctor Bronson. Neither

great river, which no white man had ever done before him, and passed through dangers and difficulties such as few travellers of modern times have known. And, besides—”

Before Fred could finish the sentence he had begun the Doctor joined them, and asked Frank where he had put the parcel of books that they had selected to read during the voyage.

“It is in our room,” the youth replied, “and ready to be opened whenever we want any of the books. We will arrange our things this forenoon, and I will open the parcel at once.”

“You selected Mr. Stanley’s book, ‘Through the Dark Continent,’ I believe,” Doctor Bronson continued, “and I think you had better bring that out first. Now that Mr. Stanley is with us, you will read it again with much greater interest than before.”

The youths were pleased with the suggestion, which they accepted at once. Fred laughingly remarked that there might be danger of a quarrel between them as to who should have the first privilege of reading the book. Frank thought they could get over the difficulty by dividing the two volumes between them, but he admitted that the one who read the second volume in advance of the first would be likely to have his mind confused as to the exact course of the exploration which the book described.

Doctor Bronson said he was reminded of an anecdote he once heard



MUSICIANS OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

about a man who always read books with a mark, which he carefully inserted at the end of each reading. He was going through the "Life of Napoleon" at one time, and for three evenings in succession his room-mate slyly set back the mark to the starting-point. At the end of the third evening he asked the reader what he thought of Napoleon.

"He was a most wonderful man," was the reply; "in three days he crossed the Alps three times with his whole army, and went the same way every time."

While the party were laughing over the anecdote Mr. Stanley came up, and said he wished to have a share in the fun. The Doctor repeated the story, and explained how it had been called to his mind.

"Well," said Mr. Stanley, "it would be very unfortunate for Masters Frank and Fred to get the story of the Dark Continent doubled up in the manner you suggest. I propose that they shall study it together, one reading aloud to the other, and, as the entire book is too much for the limited time of this voyage, they will be obliged to omit portions of chapters here and there. The readings can take place daily during the afternoon and evening, and the youth who is to read can devote the forenoon to selecting the parts of the chapters he will suppress and those which are to be given to the listeners. I will assist him in his selections from time to time, and, with due diligence, the book will be finished before we reach Southampton."

It was unanimously voted that the plan was an excellent one, and the boys immediately proceeded to carry it out. The volumes were brought forth, and Frank retired to a corner of the saloon to make a selection for the first afternoon's reading. Mr. Stanley sat with him a short time, marking several pages and paragraphs, and then went on deck, where he joined Doctor Bronson in a brief promenade. Meantime Fred busied himself with an examination of several other books of African travel; he was evidently familiar with their contents, as he ran through the pages with great rapidity, and marked numerous passages, with the evident intention of referring to them in the course of the time devoted to what we may call the public readings.

There was an intermission of labor towards the middle of the day, and at this time Frank and Fred made the acquaintance of two or three other youths of about their age. When the latter learned of the proposed scheme, they asked permission to be allowed to hear how the Dark Continent was traversed, and their request was readily granted. Consequently the audience that assembled in the afternoon comprised some six or eight persons, including Mr. Stanley and Doctor Bronson. Neither

great river, which no white man had ever done before him, and passed through dangers and difficulties such as few travellers of modern times have known. And, besides—”

Before Fred could finish the sentence he had begun the Doctor joined them, and asked Frank where he had put the parcel of books that they had selected to read during the voyage.

“It is in our room,” the youth replied, “and ready to be opened whenever we want any of the books. We will arrange our things this forenoon, and I will open the parcel at once.”

“You selected Mr. Stanley’s book, ‘Through the Dark Continent,’ I believe,” Doctor Bronson continued, “and I think you had better bring that out first. Now that Mr. Stanley is with us, you will read it again with much greater interest than before.”

The youths were pleased with the suggestion, which they accepted at once. Fred laughingly remarked that there might be danger of a quarrel between them as to who should have the first privilege of reading the book. Frank thought they could get over the difficulty by dividing the two volumes between them, but he admitted that the one who read the second volume in advance of the first would be likely to have his mind confused as to the exact course of the exploration which the book described.

Doctor Bronson said he was reminded of an anecdote he once heard



MUSICIANS OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

about a man who always read books with a mark, which he carefully inserted at the end of each reading. He was going through the "Life of Napoleon" at one time, and for three evenings in succession his room-mate slyly set back the mark to the starting-point. At the end of the third evening he asked the reader what he thought of Napoleon.

"He was a most wonderful man," was the reply; "in three days he crossed the Alps three times with his whole army, and went the same way every time."

While the party were laughing over the anecdote Mr. Stanley came up, and said he wished to have a share in the fun. The Doctor repeated the story, and explained how it had been called to his mind. .

"Well," said Mr. Stanley, "it would be very unfortunate for Masters Frank and Fred to get the story of the Dark Continent doubled up in the manner you suggest. I propose that they shall study it together, one reading aloud to the other, and, as the entire book is too much for the limited time of this voyage, they will be obliged to omit portions of chapters here and there. The readings can take place daily during the afternoon and evening, and the youth who is to read can devote the forenoon to selecting the parts of the chapters he will suppress and those which are to be given to the listeners. I will assist him in his selections from time to time, and, with due diligence, the book will be finished before we reach Southampton."

It was unanimously voted that the plan was an excellent one, and the boys immediately proceeded to carry it out. The volumes were brought forth, and Frank retired to a corner of the saloon to make a selection for the first afternoon's reading. Mr. Stanley sat with him a short time, marking several pages and paragraphs, and then went on deck, where he joined Doctor Bronson in a brief promenade. Meantime Fred busied himself with an examination of several other books of African travel; he was evidently familiar with their contents, as he ran through the pages with great rapidity, and marked numerous passages, with the evident intention of referring to them in the course of the time devoted to what we may call the public readings.

There was an intermission of labor towards the middle of the day, and at this time Frank and Fred made the acquaintance of two or three other youths of about their age. When the latter learned of the proposed scheme, they asked permission to be allowed to hear how the Dark Continent was traversed, and their request was readily granted. Consequently the audience that assembled in the afternoon comprised some six or eight persons, including Mr. Stanley and Doctor Bronson. Neither

of the gentlemen remained there through the whole afternoon, partly for the reason that they were both familiar with the narrative and partly because they did not wish to seem otherwise than confident that the boys knew how to manage matters for themselves. This kind of work was not altogether new to Frank and Fred, as many of our readers are aware; and in all their previous experiences they had acquitted themselves admirably.

When everything was ready Frank began with the opening chapter of "Through the Dark Continent" and read as follows:

"While returning to England in April, 1874, from the Ashantee War, the news reached me that Livingstone was dead—that his body was on its way to England!

"Livingstone had then fallen! He was dead! He had died by the shores of Lake Bemba, on the threshold of the dark region he had wished to explore! The work he had promised me to perform was only begun when death overtook him!



VILLAGE WHERE DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED.

"The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock had passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear

up not only the secrets of the Great River throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant.

"The solemn day of the burial of the body of my great friend arrived. I was one of the pall-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and when I had seen the coffin lowered into the grave, and had heard the first handful of earth thrown over it, I walked away sorrowing over the fate of David Livingstone.

"Soon after this I was passing by an old book-shop, and observed a volume bearing the singular title of 'How to Observe.' Upon opening it, I perceived it contained tolerably clear instructions of 'how and what to observe.' It was very interesting, and it whetted my desire to know more; it led me to purchase quite an extensive library of books upon Africa, its geography, geology, botany, and ethnology. I thus became possessed of over one hundred and thirty books upon Africa, which I studied with the zeal of one who had a living interest in the subject, and with the understanding of one who had been already four times on that continent. I knew what had been accomplished by African explorers, and I knew how much of the dark interior was still unknown to the world. Until late hours I sat up, inventing and planning, sketching out routes, laying out lengthy lines of possible exploration, noting many suggestions which the continued study of my project created. I also drew up lists of instruments and other paraphernalia that would be required to map, lay out, and describe the new regions to be traversed.

"I had strolled over one day to the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, full of the subject. While I was discussing journalistic enterprise in general with one of the staff, the editor entered. We spoke of Livingstone and the unfinished task remaining behind him. In reply to an eager remark which I made, he asked:

"'Could you, and would you, complete the work? And what is there to do?'

"I answered:

"'The outlet of Lake Tanganika is undiscovered. We know nothing scarcely—except what Speke has sketched out—of Lake Victoria; we do not even know whether it consists of one or many lakes, and therefore the sources of the Nile are still unknown. Moreover, the western half of the African continent is still a white blank.'

"'Do you think you can settle all this, if we commission you?'

"'While I live there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done.'

"The matter was for the moment suspended, because Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, had prior claims on my services.

"A telegram was despatched to New

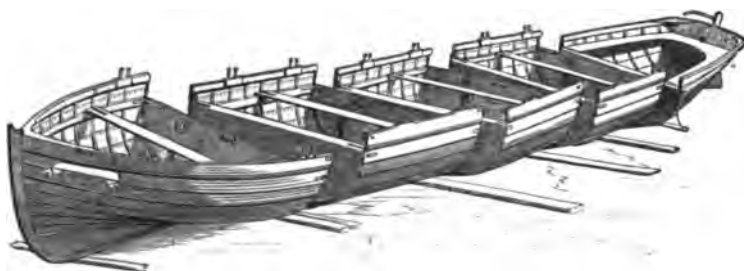


JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

York to him: 'Would he join the *Daily Telegraph* in sending Stanley out to Africa, to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone?' and, within twenty-four hours, my 'new mission' to Africa was determined on as a joint expedition, by the laconic answer which the cable flashed under the Atlantic: 'Yes; Bennett.'

"A few days before I departed for Africa, the *Daily Telegraph* announced in a leading article that its proprietors had united with Mr. James Gordon Bennett in organizing an expedition of African discovery, under the command of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. 'The purpose of the enterprise,' it said, 'is to complete the work left unfinished by the lamented death of Dr. Livingstone; to solve, if possible, the remaining problems of the geography of Central Africa; and to investigate and report upon the haunts of the slave-traders. . . . He will represent the two nations whose common interest in the regeneration of Africa was so well illustrated when the lost English explorer was rediscovered by the energetic American correspondent. In that memorable journey, Mr. Stanley displayed the best qualities of an African traveller; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposal to reinforce his own complete acquaintance with the conditions of African travel, it may be hoped that very important results will accrue from this undertaking to the advantage of science, humanity, and civilization.'

"Two weeks were allowed me for purchasing boats—a yawl, a gig, and a barge—for giving orders for pontoons, and purchasing equipment, guns, ammunition, rope, saddles, medical stores, and provisions; for making investments in gifts for native chiefs; for obtaining scientific instruments, stationery, etc., etc. The barge was an invention of my own.



THE "LADY ALICE" IN SECTIONS.

"It was to be forty feet long, six feet beam, and thirty inches deep, of Spanish cedar three eighths of an inch thick. When finished, it was to be separated into five sections, each of which should be eight feet long. If the sections should be overweight, they were to be again divided into halves for greater facility of carriage. The construction of this novel boat was undertaken by Mr. James Messenger, boat-builder, of Teddington, near London. The pontoons were made by Cording, but though the workmanship was beautiful, they were not a success, because the superior efficiency of the boat for all purposes rendered them unnecessary. However, they were not wasted. Necessity compelled us, while in Africa, to employ them for far different purposes from those for which they had originally been designed.

"There lived a clerk at the Langham Hotel, of the name of Frederick Barker, who, smitten with a desire to go to Africa, was not to be dissuaded by reports of its unhealthy climate, its dangerous fevers, or the uncompromising views of exploring life given to him. 'He would go, he was determined to go,' he said.

"Mr. Edwin Arnold, of the *Daily Telegraph*, also suggested that I should be accompanied by one or more young English boatmen of good character, on the ground that their river knowledge would be extremely useful to me. He mentioned his wish to a most worthy fisherman, named Henry Pocock, of Lower Upnor, Kent, who had kept his yacht for him, and who had fine stalwart sons, who bore the reputation of being honest and trustworthy. Two of these young men volunteered at once. Both Mr. Arnold and myself warned the Pocock family repeatedly that Africa had a cruel character, that the sudden change from the daily comforts of English life to the rigorous one of an explorer would try the most perfect constitution; would most likely be fatal to the uninitiated and unacclimatized. But I permitted myself to be overborne by the eager courage and devotion of these adventurous lads, and Francis John Pocock and Edward Pocock, two very likely-looking young men, were accordingly engaged as my assistants.

"Soon after the announcement of the 'New Mission,' applications by the score poured into the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald* for employment. Before I sailed from England, over twelve hundred letters were received from 'generals,' 'colonels,' 'captains,' 'lieutenants,' 'midshipmen,' 'engineers,' 'commissioners of hotels,' mechanics, waiters, cooks, servants, somebodies and nobodies, spiritual mediums and magnetizers, etc., etc. They all knew Africa, were perfectly acclimatized, were quite sure they would please me, would do important services, save me from any number of troubles by their ingenuity and resources, take me up in balloons or by flying carriages, make us all invisible by their magic arts, or by the 'science of magnetism' would cause all savages to fall asleep while we might pass anywhere without trouble. Indeed, I feel sure that, had enough money been at my disposal at that time, I might have led 5000 Englishmen, 5000 Americans, 2000 Frenchmen, 2000 Germans, 500 Italians, 250 Swiss, 200 Belgians, 50 Spaniards, and 5 Greeks, or 15,005 Europeans, to Africa. But the time had not arrived to depopulate Europe, and colonize Africa on such a scale, and I was compelled to respectfully decline accepting the valuable services of the applicants, and to content myself



CANDIDATES FOR SERVICE WITH STANLEY.

with Francis John and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker—whose entreaties had been seconded by his mother.

"I was agreeably surprised also, before departure, at the great number of friends I possessed in England, who testified their friendship substantially by presenting me with useful 'tokens of their regard' in the shape of canteens, watches, water-bottles, pipes, pistols, knives, pocket-companions, manifold writers, cigars, packages of medicine, Bibles, prayer-books, English tracts for the dissemination of religious knowledge among the black pagans, poems, tiny silk banners, gold rings, etc., etc. A lady for whom I have a reverent respect presented me also with a magnificent prize mastiff named Castor, an English officer presented me with another, and at the Dogs' Home at Battersea I purchased a retriever, a bull-dog, and a bull-terrier, called respectively by the Pococks, Nero, Bull, and Jack.

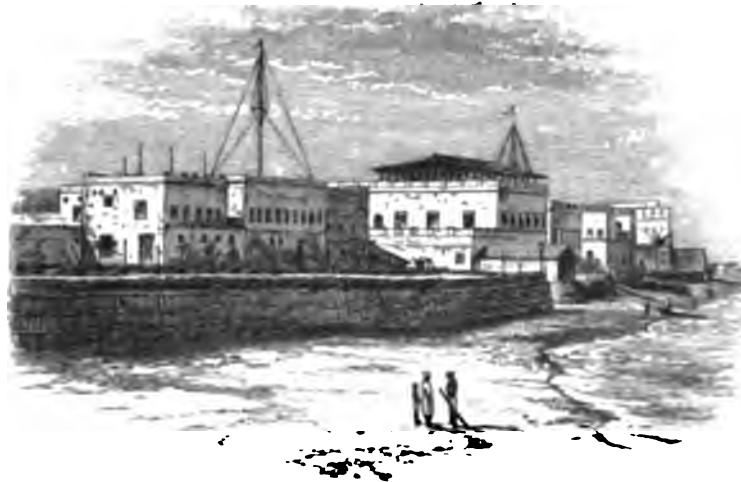
"On the 15th of August, 1874, having shipped the Europeans, boats, dogs, and general property of the expedition, I left England for the east coast of Africa to begin my explorations."

Here Frank paused and informed his listeners that he would not read in full the chapter which followed, as they could not readily comprehend it without the aid of a map. "It contains," he said, "a summary of the history of the expeditions that have sought to find the sources of the Nile from the days of Herodotus to the present time, the accounts of the discoveries of the Central African lakes and of the Nile flowing from the northern end of Lake Victoria, together with a statement of the knowledge which Dr. Livingstone possessed concerning the Congo River and its course. At the end of the chapter Mr. Stanley repeats his proposal to solve the problems concerning the extent of Lakes Tanganika and Victoria, to find the outlet of the former, and determine whether the great river which Livingston saw was the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. And now we will see," continued the youth, "how Mr. Stanley entered the African continent on his great exploration."

With these words he referred again to the book, and read as follows:

"Twenty-eight months had elapsed between my departure from Zanzibar after the discovery of Livingstone and my rearival on that island, September 21, 1874.

"The well-remembered undulating ridges, and the gentle slopes clad with palms and mango-trees bathed in warm vapor, seemed in that tranquil, drowsy state which at all times any portion of tropical Africa presents at first appearance. A pale-blue sky covered the hazy land and sleeping sea as we steamed through the strait that separates Zanzibar from the continent. Every stranger, at first view of the shores, proclaims his pleasure. The gorgeous verdure, the distant purple ridges, the calm sea, the light gauzy atmosphere, the semi-mysterious silence which pervades all nature, evoke his admiration. For it is probable that he has sailed through the stifling Arabian Sea, with the grim, frowning mountains of Nubia on the one hand, and on the other the drear, ochreous-colored ridges of the Arab



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE SEA-FRONT OF ZANZIBAR, FROM THE WATER BATTERY TO SHANGANI POINT.

peninsula; and perhaps the aspect of the thirsty volcanic rocks of Aden and the dry, brown bluffs of Guardafui is still fresh in his memory.

"The stranger, of course, is intensely interested in the life existing near the African equator, now first revealed to him, and all that he sees and hears of figures and faces and sounds is being freshly impressed on his memory. Figures and faces are picturesque enough. Happy, pleased-looking men of black, yellow, or tawny color, with long, white cotton shirts, move about with quick, active motion, and cry out, regardless of order, to their friends or mates in the Swahili or Arabic language, and their friends or mates respond with equally loud voice and lively gesture, until, with fresh arrivals, there appears to be a Babel created,



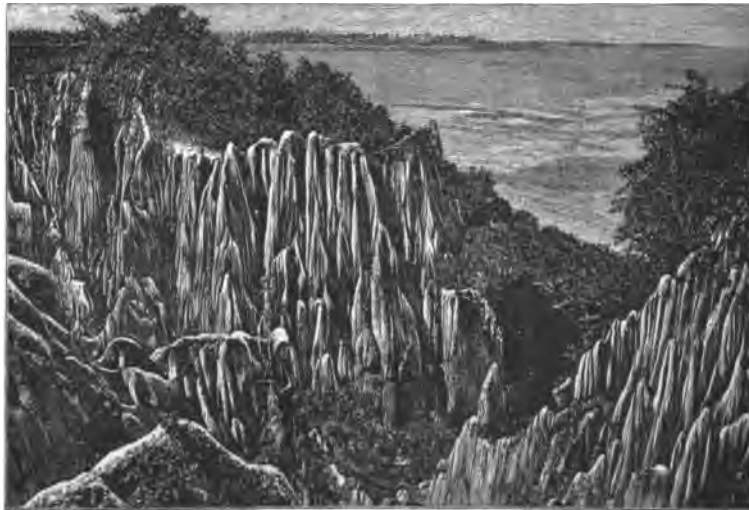
ZANZIBAR, FROM THE SEA.

wherein English, French, Swahili, and Arabic accents mix with Hindi, and, perhaps, Persian.

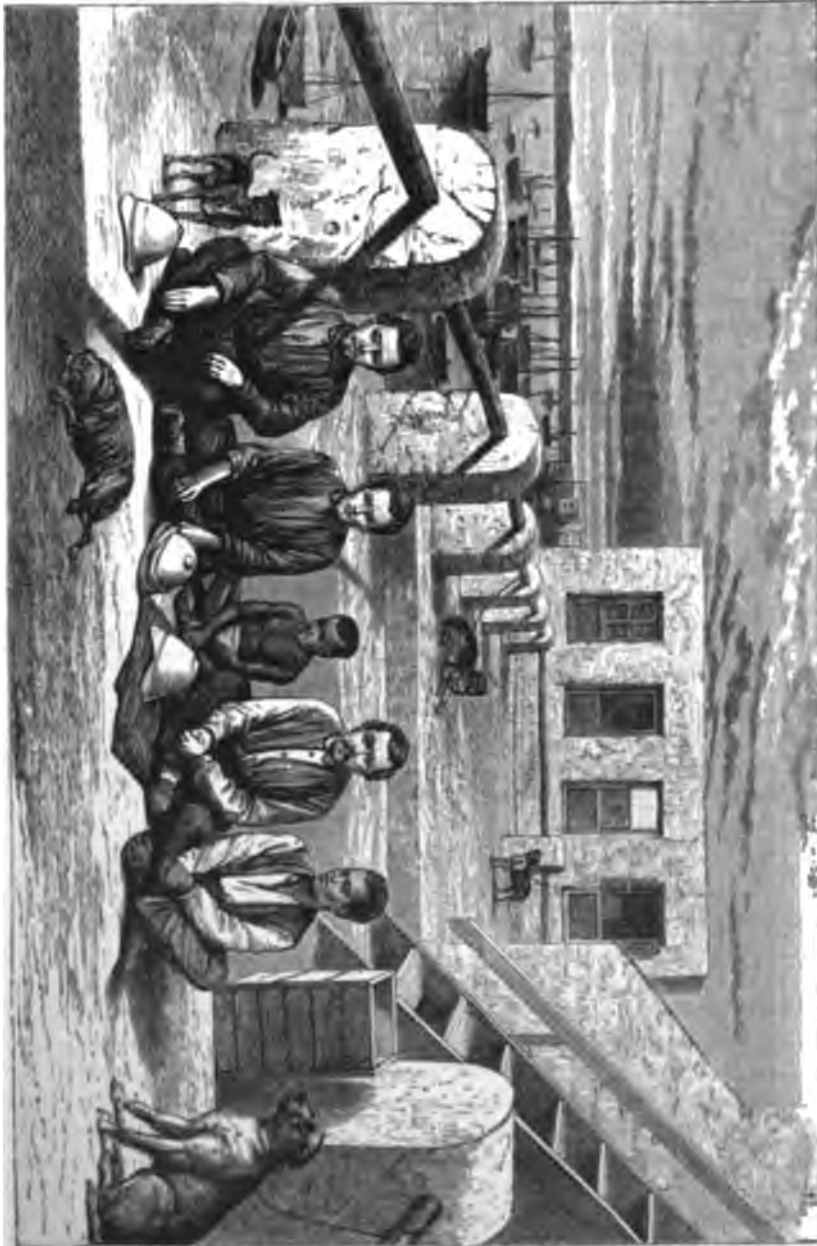
"In the midst of such a scene I stepped into a boat to be rowed to the house of my old friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, of the Bertram Agency. I was welcomed with all the friendliness and hospitality of my first visit, when, three years and a half previously, I arrived at Zanzibar to set out for the discovery of Livingstone.

"With Mr. Sparhawk's aid I soon succeeded in housing comfortably my three young Englishmen, Francis John and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker, and my five dogs, and in stowing safely on shore the yawl *Wave*, the gig, and the tons of goods, provisions, and stores I had brought.

"Life at Zanzibar is a busy one to the intending explorer. Time flies rapidly, and each moment of daylight must be employed in the selection and purchase of the various kinds of cloth, beads, and wire in demand by the different tribes of the mainland through whose countries he purposes journeying. Strong, half-naked porters come in with great bales of unbleached cottons, striped and colored fabrics, handkerchiefs and red caps, bags of blue, green, red, white, and amber-colored beads, small and large, round and oval, and coils upon coils of thick brass wire. These have to be inspected, assorted, arranged, and numbered separately, have to be packed in portable bales, sacks, or packages, or boxed, according to their character and value. The house-floors are littered with cast-off wrappings and covers, box-lids, and a medley of rejected paper, cloth, zinc covers, and broken boards, sawdust, and other *débris*. Porters and servants and masters, employees and employers, pass backward and forward, to and fro, amid all this litter, roll bales over, or tumble about boxes; and a rending of cloth or paper, clattering of hammers, demands for the marking-pots, or the number of bale and box, with quick, hurried breathing and shouting, are heard from early morning until night.



RED CLIFFS BEHIND UNIVERSITIES MISSION, ZANZIBAR.



VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF MR. AUGUST'S SPANISH HOUSE.
 Frank Pocock. Friedrich Barker. A Zanzibar boy. Edward Pocock. Kalala
 "Ball." Retterer "Nero."
 (From a photograph by Mr. Stanley) Masili "Captain" Peto Masili "Cater"

"During the day the beach throughout its length is alive with the moving figures of porters, bearing clove and cinnamon bags, ivory, copal and other gums, and hides, to be shipped in the lighters waiting along the water's edge, with sailors from the shipping, and black boatmen discharging the various imports on the sand. In the evening the beach is crowded with the naked forms of workmen and boys from the 'go-downs,' preparing to bathe and wash the dust of copal and hides off their bodies in the surf. Some of the Arab merchants have ordered chairs on the piers, or bunders, to chat sociably until the sun sets, and prayer-time has come. Boats hurry by with their masters and sailors returning to their respective vessels. Dhows move sluggishly past, hoisting as they go the creaking yards of their la-



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ZANZIBAR.

teen sails, bound for the mainland ports. Zanzibar canoes and 'matepes' are arriving with wood and produce, and others of the same native form and make are squaring their mat sails, outward bound. Sunset approaches, and after sunset silence follows soon. For as there are no wheeled carriages with the eternal rumble of their traffic in Zanzibar, with the early evening comes early peace and rest.

"Barghash bin Sayid, the Sultan of Zanzibar, heartily approved the objects of the expedition and gave it practical aid. It is impossible not to feel a kindly interest in Prince Barghash, and to wish him complete success in the reforms he is now striving to bring about in his country. Here we see an Arab prince, educated in the strictest school of Islam, and accustomed to regard the black natives of Africa as the lawful prey of conquest or lust, and fair objects of barter, sud-

denly turning round at the request of European philanthropists and becoming one of the most active opponents of the slave-trade—and the spectacle must necessarily create for him many well-wishers and friends.

"The prince must be considered as an independent sovereign. His territories include, besides the Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mafia islands, nearly 1000 miles of coast, and extend probably over an area of 20,000 square miles, with a population of half a million. The products of Zanzibar have enriched many Europeans who traded in them. Cloves, cinnamon, tortoiseshell, pepper, copal gum, ivory, orchilla weed, india-rubber, and hides have been exported for years; but this catalogue does not indicate a tithe of what might be produced by the judicious investment of capital. Those intending to engage in commercial enterprises would do well to study works on Mauritius, Natal, and the Portuguese territories, if they wish to understand what these fine, fertile lands are capable of. The cocoa-nut palm flourishes at Zanzibar and on the mainland, the oil palm thrives luxuriantly in Pemba, and sugar-cane will grow everywhere. Caoutchouc remains undeveloped in the maritime belts of woodland, and the acacia forests, with their wealth of gums, are nearly untouched. Rice is sown on the Rufiji banks, and yields abundantly; cotton would thrive in any of the rich river bottoms; and then there are, besides, the grains, millet, Indian corn, and many others, the cultivation of which, though only in a languid way, the natives understand. The cattle, coffee, and goats of the interior await also the energetic man of capital and the commercial genius.

"Those whom we call the Arabs of Zanzibar are either natives of Muscat who have immigrated thither to seek their fortunes, or descendants of the conquerors of the Portuguese; many of them are descended from the Arab conquerors who accompanied Seyyid Sultan, the grandfather of the present Seyyid Barghash. While many of these descendants of the old settlers still cling to their homesteads, farms, and plantations, and acquire sufficient competence by the cultivation of cloves, cinnamon, oranges, cocoa-nut palms, sugar-cane, and other produce, a great number have emigrated into the interior to form new colonies. Hamed Ibrahim has been eighteen years in Karagwé, Muini Kheri has been thirty years



برکش رعید

SEYYID BARGHASH.



A ZANZIBAR NURSE-MAID.

in Ujiji, Sultan bin Ali has been twenty-five years in Unyanyembé, Muini Dugumbi has been eight years in Nyangwé, Juma Merikani has been seven years in Rua, and a number of other prominent Arabs may be cited to prove that, though they themselves firmly believe that they will return to the coast some day, there are too many reasons for believing that they never will.

"The Arabs of Zanzibar, whether from more frequent intercourse with Europeans or from other causes, are undoubtedly the best of their race. More easily amenable to reason than those of Egypt, or the shy, reserved, and bigoted fanatics of Arabia, they offer no obstacles to the European traveller, but are sociable, frank, good-natured, and hospitable. In business they are keen traders, and of course will exact the highest percentage of profit out of the unsuspecting European if they are permitted. They are stanch friends and desperate haters. Blood is seldom satisfied without blood, unless extraordinary sacrifices are made. The conduct of an Arab gentleman is perfect. Impertinence is hushed instantly by the elders, and rudeness is never permitted.

"After the Arabs let us regard the Wangwana, or negro natives of Zanzibar,

just as in Europe, after studying the condition and character of the middle-classes, we might turn to reflect upon that of the laboring population.

"After nearly seven years' acquaintance with the Wangwana, I have come to perceive that they represent in their character much of the disposition of a large portion of the negro tribes of the continent. I find them capable of great love and affection, and possessed of gratitude and other noble traits of human nature: I know, too, that they can be made good, obedient servants, that many are clever, honest, industrious, docile, enterprising, brave, and moral; that they are, in short, equal to any other race or color on the face of the globe, in all the attributes of manhood. But to be able to perceive their worth, the traveller must bring an unprejudiced judgment, a clear, fresh, and patient observation, and must forget that lofty standard of excellence upon which he and his race pride themselves, before he can fairly appreciate the capabilities of the Zanzibar negro. The traveller should not forget the origin of his own race, the condition of the Briton before St. Augustine visited his country, but should rather recall to mind the first state of the

‘wild Caledonian,’ and the original circumstances and surroundings of primitive man.

“Being, I hope, free from prejudices of caste, color, race, or nationality, and endeavoring to pass what I believe to be a just judgment upon the negroes of Zanzibar, I find that they are a people just emerged into the Iron Epoch, and now thrust forcibly under the notice of nations who have left them behind by the improvements of over four thousand years. They possess beyond doubt all the vices of a people still fixed deeply in barbarism, but they understand to the full what and how low such a state is; it is, therefore, a duty imposed upon us by the religion we profess, and by the sacred command of the Son of God, to help them out of the deplorable state they are now in. At any rate, before we begin to hope for the improvement of races so long benighted, let us leave off this impotent bewailing of their vices, and endeavor to discover some of the virtues they possess as men, for it must be with the aid of their virtues, and not by their vices, that the missionary of civilization can ever hope to assist them.



LADY OF ZANZIBAR READING AN ARABIC MANUSCRIPT.

“It is to the Wangwana that Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant owe, in great part, the accomplishment of their objects, and while in the employ of those explorers, this race rendered great services to geography. From a considerable distance north of the equator down to the Zambezi and across Africa to Benguela and the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, they have made their names familiar to tribes who, but for the Wangwana, would have remained ignorant to this day of all things outside their own settlements. They possess, with many weaknesses, many fine qualities. While very superstitious, easily inclined to despair, and readily giving ear to vague, unreasonable fears, they may also, by judicious management, be induced to laugh at their own credulity and roused to a courageous attitude, to endure like stoics, and fight like heroes. It will depend alto-



NATIVE WATER-CARRIER, ZANZIBAR.

gether upon the leader of a body of such men whether their worst or best qualities shall prevail.

“There is another class coming into notice from the interior of Africa, who, though of a sterner nature, will, I am convinced, as they are better known, become greater favorites than the Wangwana. I refer to the Wanyamwezi, or the natives of Unyamwezi, and the Wasukuma, or the people of Usukuma. Naturally, being a grade less advanced towards civilization than the Wangwana, they are not so amenable to discipline as the latter. While explorers would in the present state of acquaintance prefer the Wangwana as escort, the Wanyamwezi are far superior as porters. Their greater freedom from diseases, their greater strength and endurance, the pride they take in their profession of porters, prove them born travellers of incalculable use and benefit to Africa. If kindly treated, I do not know more docile and good-natured creatures. Their skill in war, tenacity of purpose, and determination to defend the rights of their elected chief against foreigners, have furnished themes for song to the bards of Central Africa. The English discoverer

of Lake Tanganika and, finally, I myself have been equally indebted to them, both on my first and last expeditions.

"From their numbers, and their many excellent qualities, I am led to think that the day will come when they will be regarded as something better than the 'best of pagazis;' that they will be esteemed as the good subjects of some enlightened power, who will train them up as the nucleus of a great African nation, as powerful for the good of the Dark Continent, as they threaten, under the present condition of things, to be for its evil."

Here Frank paused and announced an intermission of ten minutes, to enable the reader to rest a little. During the intermission the youths discussed what they had heard, and agreed unanimously that the description of Zanzibar and its people and their ruler was very interesting.



HINDOO MERCHANT OF ZANZIBAR.

with Francis John and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker—whose entreaties had been seconded by his mother.

"I was agreeably surprised also, before departure, at the great number of friends I possessed in England, who testified their friendship substantially by presenting me with useful 'tokens of their regard' in the shape of canteens, watches, water-bottles, pipes, pistols, knives, pocket-companions, manifold writers, cigars, packages of medicine, Bibles, prayer-books, English tracts for the dissemination of religious knowledge among the black pagans, poems, tiny silk banners, gold rings, etc., etc. A lady for whom I have a reverent respect presented me also with a magnificent prize mastiff named Castor, an English officer presented me with another, and at the Dogs' Home at Battersea I purchased a retriever, a bull-dog, and a bull-terrier, called respectively by the Pococks, Nero, Bull, and Jack.

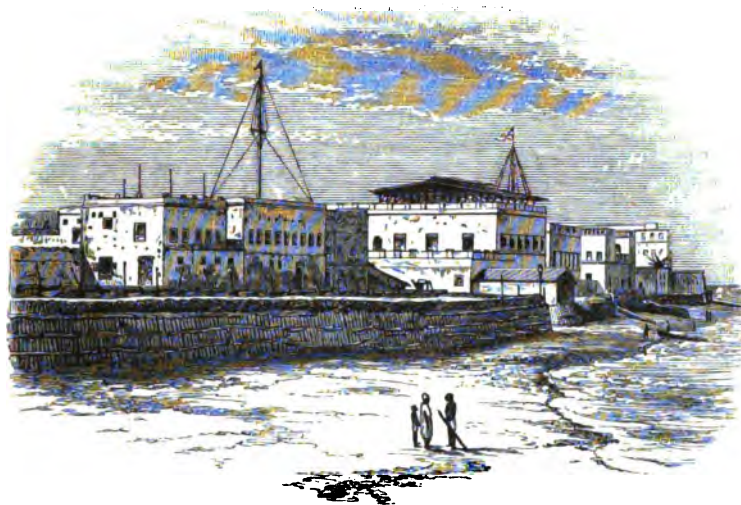
"On the 15th of August, 1874, having shipped the Europeans, boats, dogs, and general property of the expedition, I left England for the east coast of Africa to begin my explorations."

Here Frank paused and informed his listeners that he would not read in full the chapter which followed, as they could not readily comprehend it without the aid of a map. "It contains," he said, "a summary of the history of the expeditions that have sought to find the sources of the Nile from the days of Herodotus to the present time, the accounts of the discoveries of the Central African lakes and of the Nile flowing from the northern end of Lake Victoria, together with a statement of the knowledge which Dr. Livingstone possessed concerning the Congo River and its course. At the end of the chapter Mr. Stanley repeats his proposal to solve the problems concerning the extent of Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria, to find the outlet of the former, and determine whether the great river which Livingston saw was the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. And now we will see," continued the youth, "how Mr. Stanley entered the African continent on his great exploration."

With these words he referred again to the book, and read as follows:

"Twenty-eight months had elapsed between my departure from Zanzibar after the discovery of Livingstone and my rearrival on that island, September 21, 1874.

"The well-remembered undulating ridges, and the gentle slopes clad with palms and mango-trees bathed in warm vapor, seemed in that tranquil, drowsy state which at all times any portion of tropical Africa presents at first appearance. A pale-blue sky covered the hazy land and sleeping sea as we steamed through the strait that separates Zanzibar from the continent. Every stranger, at first view of the shores, proclaims his pleasure. The gorgeous verdure, the distant purple ridges, the calm sea, the light gauzy atmosphere, the semi-mysterious silence which pervades all nature, evoke his admiration. For it is probable that he has sailed through the stifling Arabian Sea, with the grim, frowning mountains of Nubia on the one hand, and on the other the drear, ochreous-colored ridges of the Arab



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE SEA-FRONT OF ZANZIBAR, FROM THE WATER BATTERY TO SHANGANI POINT.

peninsula; and perhaps the aspect of the thirsty volcanic rocks of Aden and the dry, brown bluffs of Guardafui is still fresh in his memory.

"The stranger, of course, is intensely interested in the life existing near the African equator, now first revealed to him, and all that he sees and hears of figures and faces and sounds is being freshly impressed on his memory. Figures and faces are picturesque enough. Happy, pleased-looking men of black, yellow, or tawny color, with long, white cotton shirts, move about with quick, active motion, and cry out, regardless of order, to their friends or mates in the Swahili or Arabic language, and their friends or mates respond with equally loud voice and lively gesture, until, with fresh arrivals, there appears to be a Babel created,



ZANZIBAR, FROM THE SEA.

wherein English, French, Swahili, and Arabic accents mix with Hindi, and, perhaps, Persian.

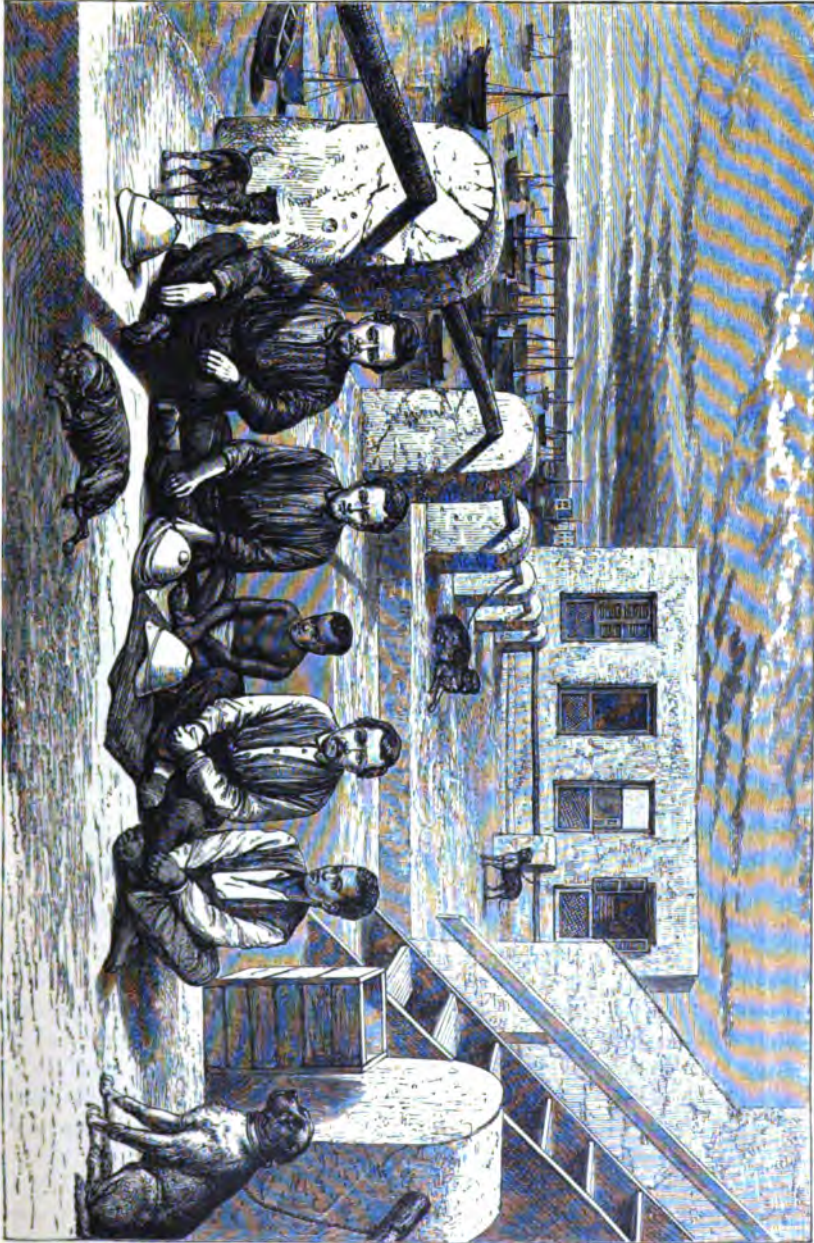
"In the midst of such a scene I stepped into a boat to be rowed to the house of my old friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, of the Bertram Agency. I was welcomed with all the friendliness and hospitality of my first visit, when, three years and a half previously, I arrived at Zanzibar to set out for the discovery of Livingstone.

"With Mr. Sparhawk's aid I soon succeeded in housing comfortably my three young Englishmen, Francis John and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker, and my five dogs, and in stowing safely on shore the yawl *Wave*, the gig, and the tons of goods, provisions, and stores I had brought.

"Life at Zanzibar is a busy one to the intending explorer. Time flies rapidly, and each moment of daylight must be employed in the selection and purchase of the various kinds of cloth, beads, and wire in demand by the different tribes of the mainland through whose countries he purposes journeying. Strong, half-naked porters come in with great bales of unbleached cottons, striped and colored fabrics, handkerchiefs and red caps, bags of blue, green, red, white, and amber-colored beads, small and large, round and oval, and coils upon coils of thick brass wire. These have to be inspected, assorted, arranged, and numbered separately, have to be packed in portable bales, sacks, or packages, or boxed, according to their character and value. The house-floors are littered with cast-off wrappings and covers, box-lids, and a medley of rejected paper, cloth, zinc covers, and broken boards, sawdust, and other *débris*. Porters and servants and masters, employees and employers, pass backward and forward, to and fro, amid all this litter, roll bales over, or tumble about boxes; and a rending of cloth or paper, clattering of hammers, demands for the marking-pots, or the number of bale and box, with quick, hurried breathing and shouting, are heard from early morning until night.



RED CLIFFS BEHIND UNIVERSITIES MISSION, ZANZIBAR.

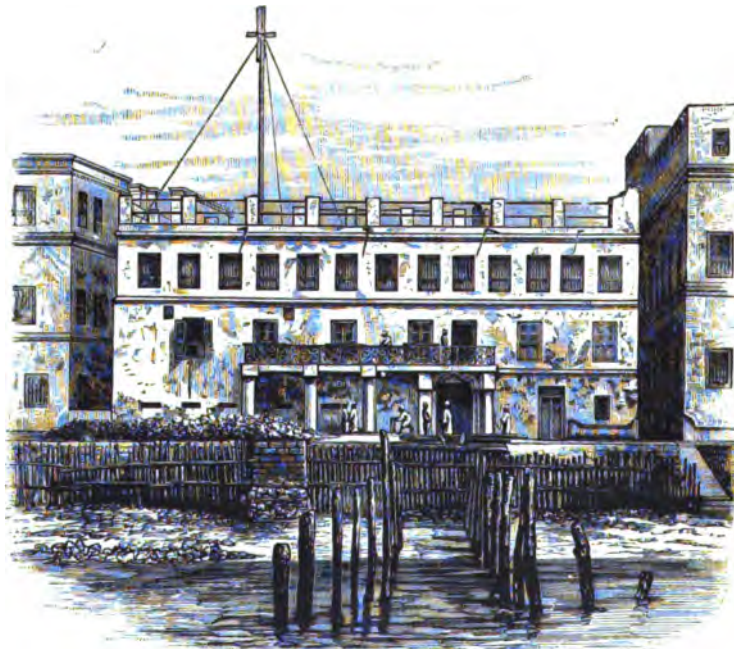


VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF MR. AUGUSTS SPANAWK'S HOUSE.

Frank Pocock. Freilerick Barker. A Zambian boy. Edward Pocock. Kaitlin.
"Bull." Reilever "Nem." Masell "Captain."
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)

Prize Masell "Caster"

"During the day the beach throughout its length is alive with the moving figures of porters, bearing clove and cinnamon bags, ivory, copal and other gums, and hides, to be shipped in the lighters waiting along the water's edge, with sailors from the shipping, and black boatmen discharging the various imports on the sand. In the evening the beach is crowded with the naked forms of workmen and boys from the 'go-downs,' preparing to bathe and wash the dust of copal and hides off their bodies in the surf. Some of the Arab merchants have ordered chairs on the piers, or bunders, to chat sociably until the sun sets, and prayer-time has come. Boats hurry by with their masters and sailors returning to their respective vessels. Dhows move sluggishly past, hoisting as they go the creaking yards of their la-



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ZANZIBAR.

teen sails, bound for the mainland ports. Zanzibar canoes and 'matepes' are arriving with wood and produce, and others of the same native form and make are squaring their mat sails, outward bound. Sunset approaches, and after sunset silence follows soon. For as there are no wheeled carriages with the eternal rumble of their traffic in Zanzibar, with the early evening comes early peace and rest.

"Barghash bin Sayid, the Sultan of Zanzibar, heartily approved the objects of the expedition and gave it practical aid. It is impossible not to feel a kindly interest in Prince Barghash, and to wish him complete success in the reforms he is now striving to bring about in his country. Here we see an Arab prince, educated in the strictest school of Islam, and accustomed to regard the black natives of Africa as the lawful prey of conquest or lust, and fair objects of barter, sud-

denly turning round at the request of European philanthropists and becoming one of the most active opponents of the slave-trade—and the spectacle must necessarily create for him many well-wishers and friends.

“The prince must be considered as an independent sovereign. His territories include, besides the Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mafia islands, nearly 1000 miles of coast, and extend probably over an area of 20,000 square miles, with a population of half a million. The products of Zanzibar have enriched many Europeans who traded in them. Cloves, cinnamon, tortoise-shell, pepper, copal gum, ivory, orchilla weed, india-rubber, and hides have been exported for years; but this catalogue does not indicate a tithe of what might be produced by the judicious investment of capital. Those intending to engage in commercial enterprises would do well to study works on Mauritius, Natal, and the Portuguese territories, if they wish to understand what these fine, fertile lands are capable of. The cocoa-nut palm flourishes at Zanzibar and on the mainland, the oil palm thrives luxuriantly in Pemba, and sugar-cane will grow everywhere. Caoutchouc remains undeveloped in the maritime belts of woodland, and the acacia forests, with their wealth of gums, are nearly untouched. Rice is sown on the Rufiji banks, and yields abundantly; cotton would thrive in any of the rich river bottoms; and then there are, besides, the grains, millet, Indian corn, and many others, the cultivation of which, though only in a languid way, the natives understand. The cattle, coffee, and goats of the interior await also the energetic man of capital and the commercial genius.

“Those whom we call the Arabs of Zanzibar are either natives of Muscat who have immigrated thither to seek their fortunes, or descendants of the conquerors of the Portuguese; many of them are descended from the Arab conquerors who accompanied Seyyid Sultan, the grandfather of the present Seyyid Barghash. While many of these descendants of the old settlers still cling to their homesteads, farms, and plantations, and acquire sufficient competence by the cultivation of cloves, cinnamon, oranges, cocoa-nut palms, sugar-cane, and other produce, a great number have emigrated into the interior to form new colonies. Hamed Ibrahim has been eighteen years in Karagwé, Muini Kheri has been thirty years



SEYYID BARGHASH.



A ZANZIBAR NURSE-MAID.

in Ujiji, Sultan bin Ali has been twenty-five years in Unyanyembé, Muini Dugumbi has been eight years in Nyangwé, Juma Merikani has been seven years in Rua, and a number of other prominent Arabs may be cited to prove that, though they themselves firmly believe that they will return to the coast some day, there are too many reasons for believing that they never will.

"The Arabs of Zanzibar, whether from more frequent intercourse with Europeans or from other causes, are undoubtedly the best of their race. More easily amenable to reason than those of Egypt, or the shy, reserved, and bigoted fanatics of Arabia, they offer no obstacles to the European traveller, but are sociable, frank, good-natured, and hospitable. In business they are keen traders, and of course will exact the highest percentage of profit out of the unsuspecting European if they are permitted. They are stanch friends and desperate haters. Blood is seldom satisfied without blood, unless extraordinary sacrifices are made. The conduct of an Arab gentleman is perfect. Impertinence is hushed instantly by the elders, and rudeness is never permitted.

"After the Arabs let us regard the Wangwana, or negro natives of Zanzibar,

just as in Europe, after studying the condition and character of the middle-classes, we might turn to reflect upon that of the laboring population.

"After nearly seven years' acquaintance with the Wangwana, I have come to perceive that they represent in their character much of the disposition of a large portion of the negro tribes of the continent. I find them capable of great love and affection, and possessed of gratitude and other noble traits of human nature: I know, too, that they can be made good, obedient servants, that many are clever, honest, industrious, docile, enterprising, brave, and moral; that they are, in short, equal to any other race or color on the face of the globe, in all the attributes of manhood. But to be able to perceive their worth, the traveller must bring an unprejudiced judgment, a clear, fresh, and patient observation, and must forget that lofty standard of excellence upon which he and his race pride themselves, before he can fairly appreciate the capabilities of the Zanzibar negro. The traveller should not forget the origin of his own race, the condition of the Briton before St. Augustine visited his country, but should rather recall to mind the first state of the

'wild Caledonian,' and the original circumstances and surroundings of primitive man.

"Being, I hope, free from prejudices of caste, color, race, or nationality, and endeavoring to pass what I believe to be a just judgment upon the negroes of Zanzibar, I find that they are a people just emerged into the Iron Epoch, and now thrust forcibly under the notice of nations who have left them behind by the improvements of over four thousand years. They possess beyond doubt all the vices of a people still fixed deeply in barbarism, but they understand to the full what and how low such a state is; it is, therefore, a duty imposed upon us by the religion we profess, and by the sacred command of the Son of God, to help them out of the deplorable state they are now in. At any rate, before we begin to hope for the improvement of races so long benighted, let us leave off this impotent bewailing of their vices, and endeavor to discover some of the virtues they possess as men, for it must be with the aid of their virtues, and not by their vices, that the missionary of civilization can ever hope to assist them.



LADY OF ZANZIBAR READING AN ARABIC MANUSCRIPT.

"It is to the Wangwana that Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant owe, in great part, the accomplishment of their objects, and while in the employ of those explorers, this race rendered great services to geography. From a considerable distance north of the equator down to the Zambezi and across Africa to Benguella and the mouth of the Congo, or Livingstone, they have made their names familiar to tribes who, but for the Wangwana, would have remained ignorant to this day of all things outside their own settlements. They possess, with many weaknesses, many fine qualities. While very superstitious, easily inclined to despair, and readily giving ear to vague, unreasonable fears, they may also, by judicious management, be induced to laugh at their own credulity and roused to a courageous attitude, to endure like stoics, and fight like heroes. It will depend alto-



NATIVE WATER-CARRIER, ZANZIBAR.

gether upon the leader of a body of such men whether their worst or best qualities shall prevail.

“There is another class coming into notice from the interior of Africa, who, though of a sterner nature, will, I am convinced, as they are better known, become greater favorites than the Wangwana. I refer to the Wanyamwezi, or the natives of Unyamwezi, and the Wasukuma, or the people of Usukuma. Naturally, being a grade less advanced towards civilization than the Wangwana, they are not so amenable to discipline as the latter. While explorers would in the present state of acquaintance prefer the Wangwana as escort, the Wanyamwezi are far superior as porters. Their greater freedom from diseases, their greater strength and endurance, the pride they take in their profession of porters, prove them born travellers of incalculable use and benefit to Africa. If kindly treated, I do not know more docile and good-natured creatures. Their skill in war, tenacity of purpose, and determination to defend the rights of their elected chief against foreigners, have furnished themes for song to the bards of Central Africa. The English discoverer

of Lake Tanganika and, finally, I myself have been equally indebted to them, both on my first and last expeditions.

"From their numbers, and their many excellent qualities, I am led to think that the day will come when they will be regarded as something better than the 'best of pagazis;' that they will be esteemed as the good subjects of some enlightened power, who will train them up as the nucleus of a great African nation, as powerful for the good of the Dark Continent, as they threaten, under the present condition of things, to be for its evil."

Here Frank paused and announced an intermission of ten minutes, to enable the reader to rest a little. During the intermission the youths discussed what they had heard, and agreed unanimously that the description of Zanzibar and its people and their ruler was very interesting.



HINDOO MERCHANT OF ZANZIBAR.

CHAPTER II.

TRANSPORTATION IN AFRICA.—MEN AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.—PORTERS, AND THEIR PECULIARITIES.—ENGAGING MEN FOR THE EXPEDITION.—A *SHAURI*.—TROUBLES WITH THE *LADY ALICE*.—AGREEMENT BETWEEN STANLEY AND HIS MEN.—DEPARTURE FROM ZANZIBAR.—BAGAMOYO.—THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION.—DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.—DIFFICULTIES WITH THE PORTERS.—SUFFERINGS ON THE MARCH.—NATIVE SUSPENSION-BRIDGES.—SHOOTING A ZEBRA.—LOSSES BY DESERTION.

BEFORE the reading was resumed, one of the youths asked if Zanzibar was the usual starting-point for expeditions for the exploration of Africa. Mr. Stanley was absent at the moment the question was asked, but the answer was readily given by Doctor Bronson.

"Zanzibar is the usual starting-point," said the Doctor, "but it is by no means the only one. Livingstone's expedition for exploring the Zambesi River set out from Zanzibar, and so did other expeditions of the great missionary. Burton and Speke started from there in 1856, when they discovered Lake Tanganika; and, four years later, Speke and Grant set out from the same place. Lieutenant Cameron, in his journey across Africa, made Zanzibar his starting point; and the expedition of Mr. Johnson to the Kilimandjaro Mountain was chiefly outfitted there, though it left the coast at Mombasa.

"Zanzibar," continued Doctor Bronson, "is the best point of departure for an inland expedition anywhere along the east coast of Africa, for the reason that it is the largest and most important place of trade. Its shops are well supplied with the goods that an explorer needs for his journey, and its merchants have a better reputation than those of other African ports. Everything in the interior of Africa must be carried on the backs of men, there being, as yet, no other system of transportation. Horses cannot live in certain parts of the interior of Africa, owing to the tsetse-fly, which kills them with its bites; and even were it not for this fly, it is likely that the heat of the climate would render them of little use. Occasionally, a traveller endeavors to use donkeys as beasts of burden, but these animals are scarce and dear, and of much less use than in other lands. Until Africa is provided with railways—and that will



NEGRO NURSEMAID, ZANZIBAR.

not be for a long while yet—the transportation must be done by men. Every caravan that leaves the coast for the interior of the continent requires a large number of porters; and the difficulty of obtaining them is one of the greatest annoyances to merchants and travellers.”

One of the youths said he supposed it was because the demand was so great that there was not a sufficient number of men.

“Not at all,” replied the Doctor. “There are plenty of men in Africa, but they are not particularly anxious to work. Their wants are few, and they can live upon very little; consequently they are not over-desirous to go on a journey of several hundred miles and carry heavy burdens on their shoulders or heads. Added to their laziness is a lack of a feeling of responsibility or of honor. After engaging to go on a journey they fail to appear at the appointed time, and whenever they

are weary of their work they coolly drop their burdens at the side of the road and make off into the bushes. In the first few days of a journey a traveller is always deserted by many of his porters, and it is only when he gets far from the coast and has possibly entered an enemy's country that he can keep his men together. All travellers have the same story to tell, and they all agree that the Zanzibari porters are the most faithful of all in keeping their engagements, or, to say it better, the least unfaithful. For this reason, also, Zanzibar is a favorite starting-

point for explorers. Frank will now read to us about the difficulties which Mr. Stanley encountered in outfitting his expedition."

Acting upon this hint, Frank opened the book and read as follows:



A ZANZIBAR BRIDE.

"It is a most sobering employment, the organizing of an African expedition. You are constantly engaged, mind and body; now in casting up accounts, and now travelling to and fro hurriedly to receive messengers, inspecting purchases, bargaining with keen-eyed, relentless Hindi merchants, writing memoranda, haggling over extortionate prices, packing up a multitude of small utilities, pondering upon your lists of articles, wanted, purchased, and unpurchased, groping about in the recesses of a highly exercised imagination for what you ought to purchase, and can not do without, superintending, arrang-

ing, assorting, and packing. And this under a temperature of 95° Fahr.

"In the midst of all this terrific, high-pressure exercise arrives the first batch of applicants for employment. For it has long ago been bruited abroad that I am ready to enlist all able-bodied human beings willing to carry a load. Ever since I arrived at Zanzibar I have had a very good reputation among Arabs and Wangwana. They have not forgotten that it was I who found the 'old white man'—Livingstone—in Ujiji, nor that liberality and kindness to my men were my special characteristics. They have also, with the true Oriental spirit of exaggeration, proclaimed that I was but a few months absent; and that, after this brief excursion, they returned to their homes to enjoy the liberal pay awarded them, feeling rather the better for the trip than otherwise. This unsought-for reputation brought on me the laborious task of selecting proper men out of an extraordinary number of applicants. Almost all the cripples, the palsied, the consumptive, and



WINDOW OF AN ARAB HOUSE, ZANZIBAR.

the superannuated that Zanzibar could furnish applied to be enrolled on the muster-list, but these, subjected to a searching examination, were refused. Hard upon their heels came all the roughs, rowdies, and ruffians of the island, and these, schooled by their fellows, were not so easily detected. Slaves were also refused, as being too much under the influence and instruction of their masters, and yet many were engaged of whose character I had not the least conception, until, months afterwards, I learned from their quarrels in the camp how I had been misled by the clever rogues.

"All those who bore good characters on the Search Expedition, and had been despatched to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872, were employed without delay. Out of these the chiefs were selected: these were, Manwa Sera, Chowperèh, Wadi Rehani, Kachéché, Zaidi, Chakanja, Farjalla, Wadi Safeni, Bukhet, Mabruki Manyapara, Mabruki Unyanyembé, Muini Pembe, Ferahan, Bwana Muri, Khamseen, Mabruki Speke, Simba, Gardner, Hamoidah, Zaidi Mganda, and Ulimengo.

"All great enterprises require a preliminary deliberative palaver, or, as the Wangwana call it, 'Shauri.' In East Africa, particularly, shauris are much in vogue. Precipitate, energetic action is dreaded. '*Poli, poli!*' or 'Gently!' is the warning word of caution given.

"The chiefs arranged themselves in a semicircle on the day of the shauri, and

I sat *à la Turque* fronting them. 'What is it, my friends? Speak your minds.' They hummed and hawed, looked at one another, as if on their neighbor's faces they might discover the purport of their coming, but, all hesitating to begin, finally broke down in a loud laugh.

"Manwa Sera, always grave, unless hit dexterously with a joke, hereupon affected anger, and said, '*You* speak, son of Safeni; verily we act like children! Will the master eat us?'



COXSWAIN ULEDI, AND MANWA SERA, CHIEF CAPTAIN.

(From a Photograph.)

"Wadi, son of Safeni, thus encouraged to perform the spokesman's duty, hesitates exactly two seconds, and then ventures with diplomatic blandness and *graciosity*. 'We have come, master, with words. Listen. It is well we should know every step before we leap. A traveller journeys not without knowing whither he wanders. We have come to ascertain what lands you are bound for.'

"Imitating the son of Safeni's gracious blandness, and his low tone of voice, as though the information about to be imparted to the intensely interested and eagerly listening group were too important to speak it loud, I described in brief outline the prospective journey, in broken Kiswahili. As country after country was mentioned of which they had hitherto had but vague ideas, and river after river, lake after lake named, all of which I hoped with their trusty aid to explore carefully, various ejaculations expressive of wonder or joy, mixed with a little alarm, broke from their lips, but when I concluded, each of the group drew a long breath, and



A MERCHANT OF ZANZIBAR.

almost simultaneously they uttered, admiringly, 'Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!'

"'But, master,' said they, after recovering themselves, 'this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years.' 'Nonsense,' I replied. 'Six, nine, or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to reach Ujiji, it is true, but, if you remember, I was but sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji and back. Is it not so?' 'Ay, true,' they answered. 'Very well, and I assure you I have not come to live in Africa. I have come simply to see those rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home. You remember while going to Ujiji I permitted the guide to show the way, but when we were returning who was it that led the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass which could not lie like the guide?' 'Ay, true, master, true every word.' 'Very well, then, let us finish the shauri, and go. To-morrow we will make a proper agreement before the consul;' and, in Scriptural phrase, 'they forthwith arose and did as they were commanded.'

"Upon receiving information from the coast that there was a very large number of men waiting for me, I became still more fastidious in my choice. But with all my care and gift of selection, I was mortified to discover that many faces and characters had baffled the rigorous scrutiny to which I had subjected them, and

that some scores of the most abandoned and depraved characters on the island had been enlisted by me on the expedition. One man, named Msenna, imposed upon me by assuming such a contrite, penitent look, and weeping such copious tears, when I informed him that he had too bad a character to be employed, that my good-nature was prevailed upon to accept his services, upon the understanding that, if he indulged his murderous propensities in Africa, I should return him chained the entire distance to Zanzibar, to be dealt with by his prince. He delivered his appeal with impassioned accents and lively gestures, which produced a great effect upon the mixed audience who listened to him, and, gathering from their faces more than from my own convictions that he had been much abused and very much misunderstood, his services were accepted, and as he appeared to be an influential man, he was appointed a junior captain with prospects of promotion and higher pay.

"Subsequently, however, on the shores of Lake Victoria it was discovered—for in Africa people are uncommonly communicative—that Msenna had murdered eight people, that he was a ruffian of the worst sort, and that the merchants of Zanzibar had experienced great relief when they heard that the notorious Msenna was about to bid farewell for a season to the scene of so many of his wild exploits, Msenna was only one of many of his kind, but I have given in detail the manner of his enlistment that my position may be better understood.

"The weight of a porter's load should not exceed sixty pounds. On the arrival of the sectional exploring boat *Lady Alice*, great were my vexation and astonishment when I discovered that four of the sections weighed two hundred and eighty pounds each, and that one weighed three hundred and ten pounds! She was, it is true, a marvel of workmanship, and an exquisite model of a boat, such, indeed, as few builders in England or America could rival, but in her present condition her carriage through the jungles would necessitate a pioneer force a hundred strong to clear the impediments and obstacles on the road.

"I found an English carpenter named Ferris, to whom I showed the boat and explained that the narrowness of the path would make her portage absolutely impossible, for since the path was often only eighteen inches wide in Africa, and hemmed in on each side with dense jungle, any package six feet broad could by no means be conveyed along it. It was therefore necessary that each of the four sections should be subdivided, by which means I should obtain eight portable sections, each three feet wide. Mr. Ferris, perfectly comprehending his instructions, and with the aid given by the young Pococks, furnished me within two weeks with the newly modelled *Lady Alice*. Meantime I was busy purchasing cloth, beads, wire, and other African goods, the most of them coming from the establishment of Tarya Topan, one of the millionaire merchants of Zanzibar. I made Tarya's acquaintance in 1871, and the righteous manner in which he then dealt by me caused me now to proceed to him again for the same purpose as formerly.

"The total weight of goods, cloth, beads, wire, stores, medicine, bedding, clothes, tents, ammunition, boat, oars, rudders and thwarts, instruments and stationery, photographic apparatus, dry plates, and miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention, weighed a little over eighteen thousand pounds, or rather more than eight tons, divided as nearly as possible into loads weighing sixty pounds

each, and requiring therefore the carrying capacity of three hundred men. The loads were made more than usually light, in order that we might travel with celerity, and not fatigue the people.

" But still further to provide against sickness and weakness, a supernumerary force of forty men were recruited at Bagamoyo, Konduchi, and the Rufiji delta, who were required to assemble in the neighborhood of the first-mentioned place. Two hundred and thirty men, consisting of Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and coast people from Mombasa, Tanga, and Saadani, affixed their marks opposite their names before the American consul, for wages varying from two to ten dollars per month and rations, according to their capacity, strength, and intelligence, with the understanding that they were to serve for two years, or

until such time as their services should be no longer required in Africa, and were to perform their duties cheerfully and promptly.

" On the day of 'signing' the contract each adult received an advance of twenty dollars, or four months' pay, and each youth ten dollars, or four months' pay. Ration money was also paid them from the time of first enlistment, at the rate of one dollar per week, up to the day we left the coast. The entire amount disbursed in cash for advances of pay and rations at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo was \$6260, or nearly thirteen hundred pounds.

" The obligations, however, were not all on one side. Besides the due payment to them of their wages, I was compelled to bind myself to them, on the word of an 'honorable white man,' to observe the following conditions as to conduct towards them:

" 1st. That I should treat them kindly, and be patient with them.

" 2d. That in cases of sickness, I should dose them with proper medicine, and see them nourished with the best the country afforded. That if patients were unable to proceed, they should be conveyed to such places as should be considered safe for their persons and their freedom, and convenient for their return, on convalescence, to their friends. That, with all patients thus left behind, I should leave sufficient cloth or beads to pay the native practitioner for his professional attendance, and for the support of the patient.

" 3d. That in cases of disagreement between man and man, I should judge justly, honestly, and impartially. That I should do my utmost to prevent the ill-treatment of the weak by the strong, and never permit the oppression of those unable to resist.



TARYA TOPAN.

"That I should act like a 'father and mother' to them, and to the best of my ability resist all violence offered to them by 'savage natives, and roving and lawless banditti.'

"They also promised, upon the above conditions being fulfilled, that they would do their duty like men, would honor and respect my instructions, giving me their united support, and endeavoring to the best of their ability to be faithful servants, and would never desert me in the hour of need. In short, that they would behave like good and loyal children, and 'may the blessing of God,' said they 'be upon us.'

"How we kept this bond of mutual trust and forbearance will be best seen in the following chapters, which record the strange and eventful story of our journeys.

"The fleet of six Arab vessels which were to bear us away to the west across the Zanzibar Sea were at last brought to anchor a few yards from the wharf of the American Consulate. The Wangwana, true to their promise that they would be ready, appeared with their bundles and mats, and proceeded to take their places in the vessels waiting for them. As fast as each dhow was reported to be filled, the *nakhuda*, or captain, was directed to anchor farther off shore to await the signal to sail. By 5 P. M., of the 12th of November, 224 men had responded to their names, and five of the Arab vessels, laden with the *personnel*, cattle, and *matériel* of the expedition, were impatiently waiting, with anchor heaved short, the word of command. One vessel still lay close ashore, to convey myself, and Frederick Barker—in charge of the personal servants—our baggage, and dogs. Turning round to my constant and well-tried friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, I fervently clasped his hand, and with a full heart, though halting tongue, attempted to pour out my feelings of gratitude for his kindness and long-sustained hospitality, my keen regret at parting, and hopes of meeting again. But I was too agitated to be eloquent, and all my forced gayety could not carry me through the ordeal. So we parted in almost total silence, but I felt assured that he would judge my emotions by his own feelings.



UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT MBWENNI, ZANZIBAR.

MAKKA IN THE HOUSE OF THE MERCHANT OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



"A wave of my hand, and the anchors were hove up and laid within ship, and then, hoisting our lateen sails, we bore away westward to launch ourselves into the arms of Fortune. Many wavings of kerchiefs and hats, parting signals from white hands, and last long looks at friendly white faces, final confused impressions of the grouped figures of our well-wishers, and then the evening breeze had swept us away into mid-sea, beyond reach of recognition.

"The parting is over! We have said our last words for years, perhaps forever, to kindly men! The sun sinks fast to the western horizon, and gloomy is the twilight that now deepens and darkens. Thick shadows fall upon the distant land and over the silent sea, and oppress our throbbing, regretful hearts, as we glide away through the dying light towards the Dark Continent.



"TOWARDS THE DARK CONTINENT."

"Upon landing at Bagamoyo, on the morning of the 13th of November, we marched to occupy the old house where we had stayed so long to prepare the first expedition. The goods were stored, the dogs chained up, the riding asses tethered, the rifles arrayed in the store-room, and the sectional boat laid under a roof close by, on rollers, to prevent injury from the white ants—a precaution which, I need hardly say, we had to observe throughout our journey. Then some more ration money, sufficient for ten days, had to be distributed among the men, the young Pococks were told off to various camp duties, to initiate them to exploring life in Africa, and then, after the first confusion of arrival had subsided, I began to muster the new *engagés*.

"There is an institution at Bagamoyo which ought not to be passed over without remark, but the subject cannot be properly dealt with until I have described the similar institution, of equal importance, at Zanzibar: viz., the Universities Mission. Besides, I have three pupils of the Universities Mission who are about

to accompany me into Africa—Robert Feruzi, Andrew, and Dallington. Robert is a stout lad of eighteen years old, formerly a servant to one of the members of Lieutenant Cameron's expedition. Andrew is a strong youth of nineteen years, rather reserved, and, I should say, not of a very bright disposition. Dallington is much younger, probably only fifteen, with a face strongly pitted with traces of a violent attack of small-pox, but as bright and intelligent as any boy of his age, white or black.

"The Universities Mission is the result of the sensation caused in England by Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambezi and of Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa. It was despatched by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in the year 1860, and consisted of Bishop Mackenzie, formerly Archdeacon of Natal, and the Rev. Messrs. Proctor, Seudamore, Burrup, and Rowley. It was established at first in the Zambezi country, but was moved, a few years later, to Zanzibar. Several of the reverend gentlemen connected with it have died at their post of duty, Bishop Mackenzie being the first to fall, but the work goes on. The mission at Bagamoyo is in charge of four French priests, eight brothers, and twelve sisters, with ten lay brothers employed in teaching agriculture. The French fathers superintend the tuition of two hundred and fifty children, and give employment to about eighty adults. One hundred and seventy freed slaves were furnished from the slave captures made by British cruisers. They are taught to earn their own living as soon as they arrive of age, and are furnished with comfortable lodgings, clothing, and household utensils.

"'Notre Dame de Bagamoyo' is situated about a mile and a half north of Bagamoyo, overlooking the sea, which washes the shores just at the base of the tolerably high ground on which the mission buildings stand. Thrift, order, and that peculiar style of neatness common to the French are its characteristics. The coco-nut palm, orange, and mango flourish in this pious settlement, while a vari-



SCENE IN BAGAMOTO.

ety of garden vegetables and grain are cultivated in the fields; and broad roads, cleanly kept, traverse the estate. During the superior's late visit to France he obtained a considerable sum for the support of the mission, and he has lately established a branch mission at Kidudwe. It is evident that, if supported constantly by his friends in France, the superior will extend his work still farther into the interior, and it is therefore safe to predict that the road to Ujiji will in time possess a chain of mission stations affording the future European trader and traveller safe retreats with the conveniences of civilized life.*

"There are two other missions on the east coast of Africa: that of the Church Missionary Society, and the Methodist Free Church at Mombasa. The former has occupied this station for over thirty years, and has a branch establishment at Rabbai Mpia, the home of the Dutch missionaries, Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt. But these missions have not obtained the success which such long self-abnegation and devotion to the pious service deserved.

"On the morning of the 17th of November, 1874, the first bold step for the interior was taken. The bugle mustered the people to rank themselves before our quarters, and each man's load was given to him according as we judged his power of bearing burden. To the man of strong, sturdy make, with a large development of muscle, the cloth bale of sixty pounds was given, which would in a couple of months, by constant expenditure, be reduced to fifty pounds, in six months perhaps to forty pounds, and in a year to about thirty pounds, provided that all his comrades were faithful to their duties; to the short, compactly-formed man, the bead-sack, of fifty pounds' weight; to the light youth of eighteen or twenty years old, the box of forty pounds, containing stores, ammunition, and sundries. To the steady, respectable, grave-looking men of advanced years, the scientific instruments, thermometers, barometers, watches, sextant, mercury-bottles, compasses, pedometers, photographic apparatus, dry plates, stationery, and scientific books, all packed in forty-pound cases, were distributed; while the man most highly recommended for steadiness and cautious tread was intrusted with the carriage of the three chronometers, which were stowed in balls of cotton, in a light case weighing not more than twenty-five pounds. The twelve Kirangozis, or guides, tricked out this day in flowing robes of crimson blanket-cloth, demanded the privilege of conveying the several loads of brass-wire coils; and as they form the second advanced guard, and are active, bold youths—some of whom are to be hereafter known as the boat's crew, and to be distinguished by me above all others except the chiefs—they are armed with Snider rifles, with their respective accoutrements. The boat-carriers are herculean in figure and strength, for they are practised bearers of loads, having resigned their ignoble profession of hamal in Zanzibar to carry sections of the first Europe-made boat that ever floated on Lakes Victoria and Tanganika and the extreme sources of the Nile and the Livingstone. To each section of the boat there are four men, to relieve one another in couples. They get higher pay than even the chiefs, except the chief captain, Manwa Sera, and, besides receiving double rations, have the privilege of taking their wives along with them.

* Mr. Stanley's words were prophetic. Since the above was written a mission has been established at Ujiji and several other missions at points along the road between Lake Tanganika and Bagamoyo.

There are six riding asses also in the expedition, all saddled, one for each of the Europeans—the two Pockocks, Barker, and myself—and two for the sick; for the latter there are also three of Seydel's net hammocks, with six men to act as a kind of ambulance party.

"At nine A.M. we file out of Bagamoyo in the following order: Four chiefs a few hundred yards in front; next the twelve guides, clad in red robes of Jobo, bearing the wire coils; then a long file of two hundred and seventy strong, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of the *Lady Alice*; after them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of some of the chiefs and boat-bearers, following their mothers and assisting them with trifling loads of utensils, followed by the riding asses, Europeans, and gun-bearers; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs who act as rear-guard, and whose duties are to pick up stragglers, and act as supernumeraries until other men can be procured; in all, three hundred and fifty-six souls connected with the Anglo-American expedition. The lengthy line occupies nearly half a mile of the path which, at the present day, is the commercial and exploring highway into the lake regions.

"Edward Pockock acts as bugler, and he has familiarized Hamadi, the chief guide, with its notes, so that, in case of a halt being required, Hamadi may be informed immediately. The chief guide is also armed with a prodigiously long horn of ivory, his favorite instrument, and one that belongs to his profession, which he has permission to use only when approaching a suitable camping-place, or to notify to us danger in the front. Before Hamadi strides a chubby little boy with a native drum, which he is to beat only when in the neighborhood of villages, to warn them of the advance of a caravan, a caution most requisite, for many villages are situated in the midst of a dense jungle, and the sudden arrival of a large force of strangers before they had time to hide their little belongings might awaken jealousy and distrust.

"In this manner we begin our long journey, full of hopes. There is noise and laughter along the ranks, and a hum of gay voices murmuring through the fields, as we rise and descend with the waves of the land and wind with the sinuities of the path. Motion had restored us all to a sense of satisfaction. We had an intensely bright and fervid sun shining above us, the path was dry, hard, and admirably fit for travel, and during the commencement of our first march nothing could be conceived in better order than the lengthy, thin column about to confront the wilderness.



WIFE OF MANWA SERA.
(From a Photograph.)

I sat *à la Turque* fronting them. 'What is it, my friends? Speak your minds.' They hummed and hawed, looked at one another, as if on their neighbor's faces they might discover the purport of their coming, but, all hesitating to begin, finally broke down in a loud laugh.

"Manwa Sera, always grave, unless hit dexterously with a joke, hereupon affected anger, and said, 'You speak, son of Safeni; verily we act like children! Will the master eat us?'



COXSWAIN ULEDI, AND MANWA SERA, CHIEF CAPTAIN.

(From a Photograph.)

"Wadi, son of Safeni, thus encouraged to perform the spokesman's duty, hesitates exactly two seconds, and then ventures with diplomatic blandness and *graciously*. 'We have come, master, with words. Listen. It is well we should know every step before we leap. A traveller journeys not without knowing whither he wanders. We have come to ascertain what lands you are bound for.'

"Imitating the son of Safeni's gracious blandness, and his low tone of voice, as though the information about to be imparted to the intensely interested and eagerly listening group were too important to speak it loud, I described in brief outline the prospective journey, in broken Kiswahili. As country after country was mentioned of which they had hitherto had but vague ideas, and river after river, lake after lake named, all of which I hoped with their trusty aid to explore carefully, various ejaculations expressive of wonder or joy, mixed with a little alarm, broke from their lips, but when I concluded, each of the group drew a long breath, and



A MERCHANT OF ZANZIBAR.

almost simultaneously they uttered, admiringly, 'Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!'

"'But, master,' said they, after recovering themselves, 'this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years.' 'Nonsense,' I replied. 'Six, nine, or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to reach Ujiji, it is true, but, if you remember, I was but sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji and back. Is it not so?' 'Ay, true,' they answered. 'Very well, and I assure you I have not come to live in Africa. I have come simply to see those rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home. You remember while going to Ujiji I permitted the guide to show the way, but when we were returning who was it that led the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass which could not lie like the guide?' 'Ay, true, master, true every word!' 'Very well, then, let us finish the shauri, and go. To-morrow we will make a proper agreement before the consul;' and, in Scriptural phrase, 'they forthwith arose and did as they were commanded.'

"Upon receiving information from the coast that there was a very large number of men waiting for me, I became still more fastidious in my choice. But with all my care and gift of selection, I was mortified to discover that many faces and characters had baffled the rigorous scrutiny to which I had subjected them, and

that some scores of the most abandoned and depraved characters on the island had been enlisted by me on the expedition. One man, named Msenna, imposed upon me by assuming such a contrite, penitent look, and weeping such copious tears, when I informed him that he had too bad a character to be employed, that my good-nature was prevailed upon to accept his services, upon the understanding that, if he indulged his murderous propensities in Africa, I should return him chained the entire distance to Zanzibar, to be dealt with by his prince. He delivered his appeal with impassioned accents and lively gestures, which produced a great effect upon the mixed audience who listened to him, and, gathering from their faces more than from my own convictions that he had been much abused and very much misunderstood, his services were accepted, and as he appeared to be an influential man, he was appointed a junior captain with prospects of promotion and higher pay.

"Subsequently, however, on the shores of Lake Victoria it was discovered—for in Africa people are uncommonly communicative—that Msenna had murdered eight people, that he was a ruffian of the worst sort, and that the merchants of Zanzibar had experienced great relief when they heard that the notorious Msenna was about to bid farewell for a season to the scene of so many of his wild exploits, Msenna was only one of many of his kind, but I have given in detail the manner of his enlistment that my position may be better understood.

"The weight of a porter's load should not exceed sixty pounds. On the arrival of the sectional exploring boat *Lady Alice*, great were my vexation and astonishment when I discovered that four of the sections weighed two hundred and eighty pounds each, and that one weighed three hundred and ten pounds! She was, it is true, a marvel of workmanship, and an exquisite model of a boat, such, indeed, as few builders in England or America could rival, but in her present condition her carriage through the jungles would necessitate a pioneer force a hundred strong to clear the impediments and obstacles on the road.

"I found an English carpenter named Ferris, to whom I showed the boat and explained that the narrowness of the path would make her portage absolutely impossible, for since the path was often only eighteen inches wide in Africa, and hemmed in on each side with dense jungle, any package six feet broad could by no means be conveyed along it. It was therefore necessary that each of the four sections should be subdivided, by which means I should obtain eight portable sections, each three feet wide. Mr. Ferris, perfectly comprehending his instructions, and with the aid given by the young Pococks, furnished me within two weeks with the newly modelled *Lady Alice*. Meantime I was busy purchasing cloth, beads, wire, and other African goods, the most of them coming from the establishment of Tarya Topan, one of the millionaire merchants of Zanzibar. I made Tarya's acquaintance in 1871, and the righteous manner in which he then dealt by me caused me now to proceed to him again for the same purpose as formerly.

"The total weight of goods, cloth, beads, wire, stores, medicine, bedding, clothes, tents, ammunition, boat, oars, rudders and thwarts, instruments and stationery, photographic apparatus, dry plates, and miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention, weighed a little over eighteen thousand pounds, or rather more than eight tons, divided as nearly as possible into loads weighing sixty pounds

each, and requiring therefore the carrying capacity of three hundred men. The loads were made more than usually light, in order that we might travel with celerity, and not fatigue the people.

"But still further to provide against sickness and weakness, a supernumerary force of forty men were recruited at Bagamoyo, Konduchi, and the Rufiji delta, who were required to assemble in the neighborhood of the first-mentioned place. Two hundred and thirty men, consisting of Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and coast people from Mombasa, Tanga, and Saadani, affixed their marks opposite their names before the American consul, for wages varying from two to ten dollars per month and rations, according to their capacity, strength, and intelligence, with the understanding that they were to serve for two years, or until such time as their services should be no longer required in Africa, and were to perform their duties cheerfully and promptly.

"On the day of 'signing' the contract each adult received an advance of twenty dollars, or four months' pay, and each youth ten dollars, or four months' pay. Ration money was also paid them from the time of first enlistment, at the rate of one dollar per week, up to the day we left the coast. The entire amount disbursed in cash for advances of pay and rations at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo was \$6260, or nearly thirteen hundred pounds.

"The obligations, however, were not all on one side. Besides the due payment to them of their wages, I was compelled to bind myself to them, on the word of an 'honorable white man,' to observe the following conditions as to conduct towards them:

"1st. That I should treat them kindly, and be patient with them.

"2d. That in cases of sickness, I should dose them with proper medicine, and see them nourished with the best the country afforded. That if patients were unable to proceed, they should be conveyed to such places as should be considered safe for their persons and their freedom, and convenient for their return, on convalescence, to their friends. That, with all patients thus left behind, I should leave sufficient cloth or beads to pay the native practitioner for his professional attendance, and for the support of the patient.

"3d. That in cases of disagreement between man and man, I should judge justly, honestly, and impartially. That I should do my utmost to prevent the ill-treatment of the weak by the strong, and never permit the oppression of those unable to resist.



TARYA TOPAN.

"That I should act like a 'father and mother' to them, and to the best of my ability resist all violence offered to them by 'savage natives, and roving and lawless banditti.'

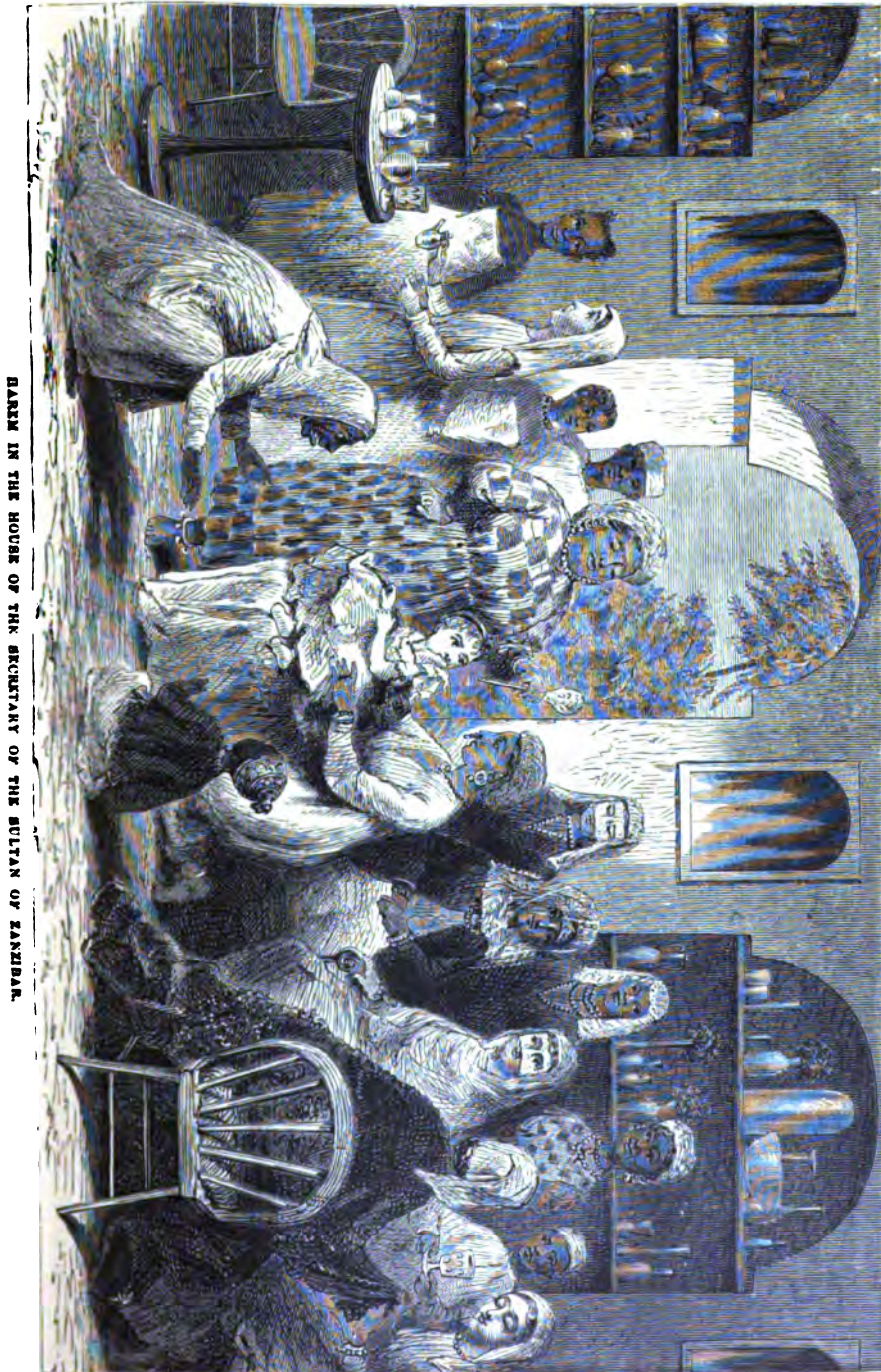
"They also promised, upon the above conditions being fulfilled, that they would do their duty like men, would honor and respect my instructions, giving me their united support, and endeavoring to the best of their ability to be faithful servants, and would never desert me in the hour of need. In short, that they would behave like good and loyal children, and 'may the blessing of God,' said they 'be upon us.'

"How we kept this bond of mutual trust and forbearance will be best seen in the following chapters, which record the strange and eventful story of our journeys.

"The fleet of six Arab vessels which were to bear us away to the west across the Zanzibar Sea were at last brought to anchor a few yards from the wharf of the American Consulate. The Wangwana, true to their promise that they would be ready, appeared with their bundles and mats, and proceeded to take their places in the vessels waiting for them. As fast as each dhow was reported to be filled, the *nakhuda*, or captain, was directed to anchor farther off shore to await the signal to sail. By 5 P. M., of the 12th of November, 224 men had responded to their names, and five of the Arab vessels, laden with the *personnel*, cattle, and *matériel* of the expedition, were impatiently waiting, with anchor heaved short, the word of command. One vessel still lay close ashore, to convey myself, and Frederick Barker—in charge of the personal servants—our baggage, and dogs. Turning round to my constant and well-tried friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, I fervently clasped his hand, and with a full heart, though halting tongue, attempted to pour out my feelings of gratitude for his kindness and long-sustained hospitality, my keen regret at parting, and hopes of meeting again. But I was too agitated to be eloquent, and all my forced gayety could not carry me through the ordeal. So we parted in almost total silence, but I felt assured that he would judge my emotions by his own feelings.



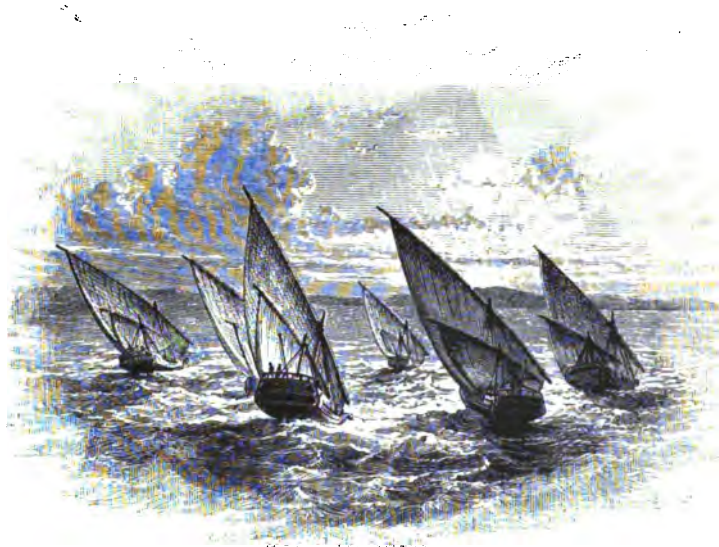
UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT MBWENNI, ZANZIBAR.



BARRE IN THE HOUSE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

"A wave of my hand, and the anchors were hove up and laid within ship, and then, hoisting our lateen sails, we bore away westward to launch ourselves into the arms of Fortune. Many wavings of kerchiefs and hats, parting signals from white hands, and last long looks at friendly white faces, final confused impressions of the grouped figures of our well-wishers, and then the evening breeze had swept us away into mid-sea, beyond reach of recognition.

"The parting is over! We have said our last words for years, perhaps forever, to kindly men! The sun sinks fast to the western horizon, and gloomy is the twilight that now deepens and darkens. Thick shadows fall upon the distant land and over the silent sea, and oppress our throbbing, regretful hearts, as we glide away through the dying light towards the Dark Continent.



"TOWARDS THE DARK CONTINENT."

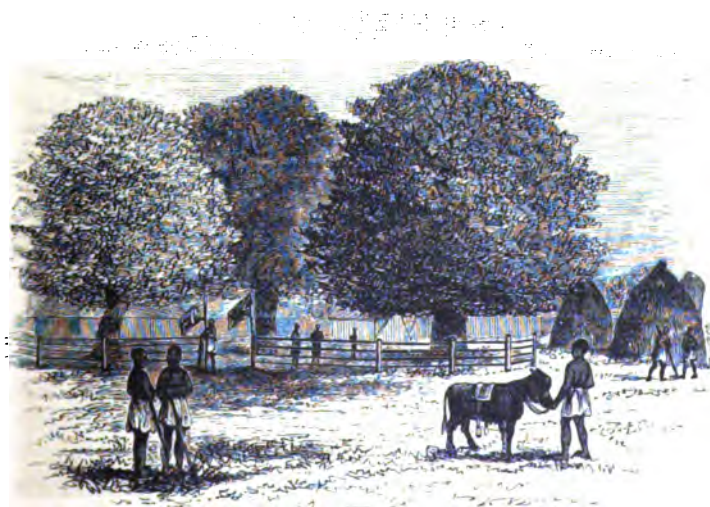
"Upon landing at Bagamoyo, on the morning of the 13th of November, we marched to occupy the old house where we had stayed so long to prepare the first expedition. The goods were stored, the dogs chained up, the riding asses tethered, the rifles arrayed in the store-room, and the sectional boat laid under a roof close by, on rollers, to prevent injury from the white ants—a precaution which, I need hardly say, we had to observe throughout our journey. Then some more ration money, sufficient for ten days, had to be distributed among the men, the young Pococks were told off to various camp duties, to initiate them to exploring life in Africa, and then, after the first confusion of arrival had subsided, I began to muster the new *engagés*.

"There is an institution at Bagamoyo which ought not to be passed over without remark, but the subject cannot be properly dealt with until I have described the similar institution, of equal importance, at Zanzibar: viz., the Universities Mission. Besides, I have three pupils of the Universities Mission who are about

to accompany me into Africa—Robert Feruzi, Andrew, and Dallington. Robert is a stout lad of eighteen years old, formerly a servant to one of the members of Lieutenant Cameron's expedition. Andrew is a strong youth of nineteen years, rather reserved, and, I should say, not of a very bright disposition. Dallington is much younger, probably only fifteen, with a face strongly pitted with traces of a violent attack of small-pox, but as bright and intelligent as any boy of his age, white or black.

"The Universities Mission is the result of the sensation caused in England by Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambezi and of Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa. It was despatched by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in the year 1860, and consisted of Bishop Mackenzie, formerly Archdeacon of Natal, and the Rev. Messrs. Proctor, Scudamore, Burrup, and Rowley. It was established at first in the Zambezi country, but was moved, a few years later, to Zanzibar. Several of the reverend gentlemen connected with it have died at their post of duty, Bishop Mackenzie being the first to fall, but the work goes on. The mission at Bagamoyo is in charge of four French priests, eight brothers, and twelve sisters, with ten lay brothers employed in teaching agriculture. The French fathers superintend the tuition of two hundred and fifty children, and give employment to about eighty adults. One hundred and seventy freed slaves were furnished from the slave captures made by British cruisers. They are taught to earn their own living as soon as they arrive of age, and are furnished with comfortable lodgings, clothing, and household utensils.

"'Notre Dame de Bagamoyo' is situated about a mile and a half north of Bagamoyo, overlooking the sea, which washes the shores just at the base of the tolerably high ground on which the mission buildings stand. Thrift, order, and that peculiar style of neatness common to the French are its characteristics. The cocoa-nut palm, orange, and mango flourish in this pious settlement, while a vari-



SCENE IN BAGAMOTO.

ety of garden vegetables and grain are cultivated in the fields; and broad roads, cleanly kept, traverse the estate. During the superior's late visit to France he obtained a considerable sum for the support of the mission, and he has lately established a branch mission at Kidudwe. It is evident that, if supported constantly by his friends in France, the superior will extend his work still farther into the interior, and it is therefore safe to predict that the road to Ujiji will in time possess a chain of mission stations affording the future European trader and traveller safe retreats with the conveniences of civilized life.*

"There are two other missions on the east coast of Africa: that of the Church Missionary Society, and the Methodist Free Church at Mombasa. The former has occupied this station for over thirty years, and has a branch establishment at Rabbai Mpia, the home of the Dutch missionaries, Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt. But these missions have not obtained the success which such long self-abnegation and devotion to the pious service deserved.

"On the morning of the 17th of November, 1874, the first bold step for the interior was taken. The bugle mustered the people to rank themselves before our quarters, and each man's load was given to him according as we judged his power of bearing burden. To the man of strong, sturdy make, with a large development of muscle, the cloth bale of sixty pounds was given, which would in a couple of months, by constant expenditure, be reduced to fifty pounds, in six months perhaps to forty pounds, and in a year to about thirty pounds, provided that all his comrades were faithful to their duties; to the short, compactly-formed man, the bead-sack, of fifty pounds' weight; to the light youth of eighteen or twenty years old, the box of forty pounds, containing stores, ammunition, and sundries. To the steady, respectable, grave-looking men of advanced years, the scientific instruments, thermometers, barometers, watches, sextant, mercury-bottles, compasses, pedometers, photographic apparatus, dry plates, stationery, and scientific books, all packed in forty-pound cases, were distributed; while the man most highly recommended for steadiness and cautious tread was intrusted with the carriage of the three chronometers, which were stowed in balls of cotton, in a light case weighing not more than twenty-five pounds. The twelve Kirangozis, or guides, tricked out this day in flowing robes of crimson blanket-cloth, demanded the privilege of conveying the several loads of brass-wire coils; and as they form the second advanced guard, and are active, bold youths—some of whom are to be hereafter known as the boat's crew, and to be distinguished by me above all others except the chiefs—they are armed with Snider rifles, with their respective accoutrements. The boat-carriers are herculean in figure and strength, for they are practised bearers of loads, having resigned their ignoble profession of hamal in Zanzibar to carry sections of the first Europe-made boat that ever floated on Lakes Victoria and Tanganika and the extreme sources of the Nile and the Livingstone. To each section of the boat there are four men, to relieve one another in couples. They get higher pay than even the chiefs, except the chief captain, Manwa Sera, and, besides receiving double rations, have the privilege of taking their wives along with them.

* Mr. Stanley's words were prophetic. Since the above was written a mission has been established at Ujiji and several other missions at points along the road between Lake Tanganika and Bagamoyo.

FUNERAL OF EDWARD PROCTOR: VIEW OF OUR CAMP.





A LEADING CITIZEN OF BAGAMOYO.

“Presently, however, the fervor of the dazzling sun grows overpowering as we descend into the valley of the Kingani River. The ranks become broken and disordered; stragglers are many; the men complain of the terrible heat; the dogs pant in agony. Even we ourselves, under our solah topees, with flushed faces and perspiring brows, with handkerchiefs ever in use to wipe away the drops which almost blind us, and our heavy woollens giving us a feeling of semi-asphyxiation, would fain rest, were it not that the sun-bleached levels of the tawny, thirsty valley offer no inducements. The veterans of travel push on towards the river, three miles distant, where they may obtain rest and shelter, but the inexperienced are lying prostrate on the ground, exclaiming against the heat, and crying for water, bewailing their folly in leaving Zanzibar. We stop to tell them to rest awhile, and then to come on to the river, where they will find us; we advise, encourage, and console the irritated people as best we can, and tell them that it is only the commencement of a journey that is so hard; that all this pain and weariness are always felt by beginners, but that by and by it is shaken off, and that those who are steadfast emerge out of the struggle heroes.

"Frank and his brother Edward, despatched to the ferry at the beginning of these delays, have now got the sectional boat *Lady Alice* all ready, and the ferrying of men, goods, asses, and dogs across the Kingani is prosecuted with vigor, and at 3.30 P.M. the boat is again in pieces, slung on the bearing-poles, and the expedition has resumed its journey to Kikoka, the first halting-place.

"But before we reach camp we have acquired a fair idea as to how many of our people are stanch and capable, and how many are too feeble to endure the fatigues of bearing loads. The magnificent prize mastiff dog Castor died of heat apoplexy within two miles of Kikoka, and the other mastiff, Captain, seems likely to follow soon, and only Nero, Bull, and Jack, though prostrate and breathing hard, show any signs of life.

"At Kikoka, then, we rest the next day. We discharge two men, who have been taken seriously ill, and several new recruits, who arrive at camp during the night preceding and this day, are engaged.

"As there are so many subjects to be touched upon along the seven thousand miles of explored lines, I propose to be brief with the incidents and descriptive sketches of our route to Ituru, because the country for two thirds of the way has been sufficiently described in 'How I Found Livingstone' and elsewhere.

"At Rosako the route began to diverge from that which led to Msuwa and Simba-Mwenni, and opened out on a stretch of beautiful park land, green as an English lawn, dipping into lovely vales, and rising into gentle ridges. Thin, shal-



THE EXPEDITION AT ROSAKO.

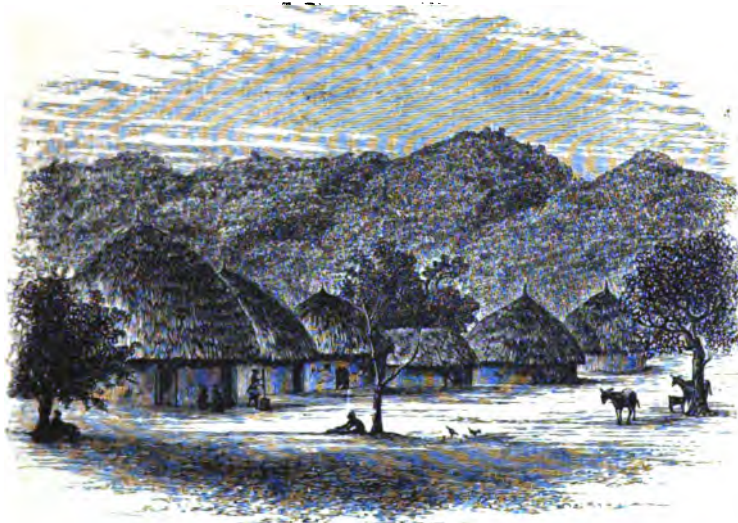
low threads of water, in furrow-like beds or in deep, narrow ditches, which expose the sandstone strata on which the fat, ochreous soil rests, run in mazy curves round forest clumps or through jungle tangles, and wind about among the higher elevations, on their way towards the Wami River. We followed this river for some distance, crossing it several times at fords where the water was about two and a half feet deep. At one of the fords there was a curious suspension-bridge over the river, constructed of lianes, with great ingenuity, by the natives. The banks were at this point sixteen feet high above the river, and from bank to bank the distance was only thirty yards; it was evident, therefore, that the river must be a dangerous torrent during the rainy season.

"On the 3d of December we came to the Mkundi River, a tributary of the Wami, which divides Nguru country from Usagara. Simba-Mwenni—the Lion Lord—owns five villages in this neighborhood. He was generous, and gratified us with a gift of a sheep, some flour, and plantains, accepting with pleasure some cloth in return.

"The Wa-Nguru are fond of black and white beads and brass wire. They split the lobes of their ears, and introduce such curious things as the necks of gourds or round disks of wood to extend the gash. A medley of strange things are worn round the neck, such as tiny goats' horns, small brass chains, and large, egglike beads. Blue Kaniki and the red-barred Barsati are the favorite cloths in this region. The natives dye their faces with ochre, and, probably influenced by the example of the Wanyamwezi, dress their hair in long ringlets, which are adorned with pendants of copper, or white or red beads of the large Sam-sam pattern.

"Grand and impressive scenery meets the eye as we march to Makubika, where we attain an altitude of two thousand six hundred and seventy-five feet above the ocean. Peaks and knolls rise in all directions, for we are now ascending to the eastern front of the Kaguru Mountains. The summits of Ukamba are seen to the north, its slopes famous for the multitude of elephants. Farther inland we reached the spine of a hill at four thousand four hundred and ninety feet, and beheld an extensive plain, stretching northwest and west, with browsing herds of noble game. Camping on its verge, between a humpy hill and some rocky knolls, near a beautiful pond of crystal-clear water, I proceeded with my gun-bearer, Billali, and the notorious Msenna, in the hope of bringing down something for the Wangwana.

"The plain was broader than I had judged it by the eye from the crest of the hill whence we had first sighted it. It was not until we had walked briskly over a long stretch of tawny grass, crushed by sheer force through a brambly jungle, and trampled down a path through clumps of slender cane-stalks, that we came at last in view of a small herd of zebras. These animals are so quick of scent and ear, and so vigilant with their eyes, that, across an open space, it is most difficult to stalk them. But, by dint of tremendous exertion, I contrived to approach within two hundred and fifty yards, taking advantage of every thin tussock of grass, and, almost at random, fired. One of the herd leaped from the ground, galloped a few short, maddened strides, and then, on a sudden, staggered, kneeled, trembled, and fell over, its legs kicking the air. Its companions whinnied shrilly for their mate, and presently, wheeling in circles with graceful motion, advanced nearer, still



VIEW FROM THE VILLAGE OF MAMBOYA.

whinnying, until I dropped another, with a crushing ball through the head—much against my wish, for I think zebras were created for better purpose than to be eaten. The remnant of the herd vanished.

“Billali, requested to run to camp to procure Wangwana to carry the meat, was only too happy, knowing what brave cheers and hearty congratulations would greet him. Msenna was already busy skinning one of the animals, some three hundred yards from me, when, turning my head, I made out the form of some tawny animal, that was advancing with a curious long step, and I recognized it to be a lion. I motioned to Msenna, who happened to be looking up, and beckoned him. ‘What do you think it is, Msenna?’ I asked. ‘Simba [a lion], master,’ he answered.

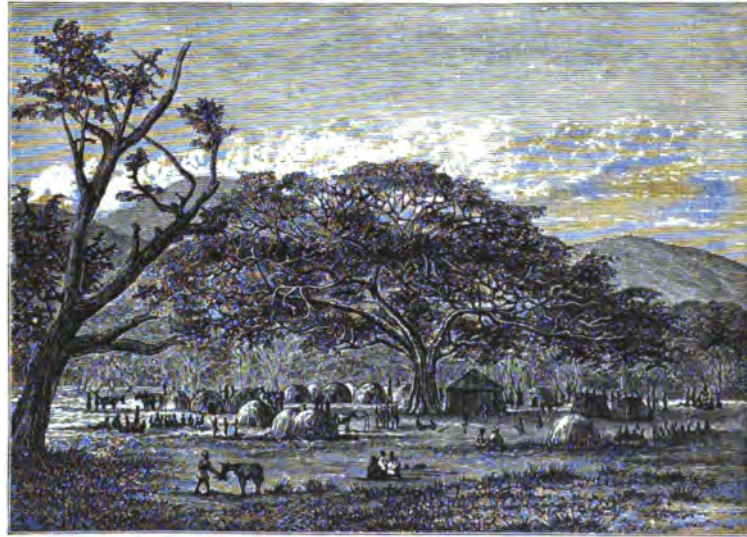
“The animal approached slowly, while I made ready to receive him with an explosive bullet from the elephant rifle. When within three hundred yards he paused, and then turned and trotted off into a bit of scrubby jungle, about eight hundred yards away. Ten minutes elapsed, and then as many animals emerged from the same spot into which the other had disappeared, and approached us in stately column. But it being now dusk I could not discern them very clearly. We both were, however, quite sure in our own minds that they were lions, or at any rate some animals so like them in the twilight that we could not imagine them to be anything else. When the foremost had come within one hundred yards I fired. It sprang up and fell, and the others disappeared with a dreadful rush. We now heard shouts behind us, for the Wangwana had come; so, taking one or two with me, I endeavored to discover what I felt sure to be a prostrate lion, but it could not be found.

“The next day Manwa Sera went out to hunt for the lion-skin, but returned after a long search with only a strong doubt in his mind as to its having been a

lion, and a few reddish hairs to prove that it was something which had been eaten by hyenas. This day I succeeded in shooting a small antelope of the springbok kind.

"On the 12th of December, twenty-five days' march from Bagamoyo, we arrived at Mpwapwa.

"Mpwapwa has also some fine trees, but no forest; the largest being the tamarind, sycamore, cottonwood, and baobab. The collection of villages denominated by this title lies widely scattered on either side of the Mpwapwa stream, at the base of the southern slope of a range of mountains that extends in a sinuous line from Chunya to Ugombo. I call it a range, because it appeared to be one from Mpwapwa; but in reality it is simply the northern flank of a deep indentation in the great mountain chain that extends from Abyssinia, or even Suez, down to the Cape of Good Hope. At the extreme eastern point of this indentation from the western side lies Lake Ugombo, just twenty-four miles from Mpwapwa.



OUR CAMP AT MPWAPWA.

(From a Photograph.)

"Desertions from the expedition had been frequent. At first, Kachéché, the chief detective, and his gang of four men, who had received their instructions to follow us a day's journey behind, enabled me to recapture sixteen of the deserters: but the cunning Wangwana and Wanyamwezi soon discovered this resource of mine against their well-known freaks, and, instead of striking east in their departure, absconded either south or north of the track. We then had detectives posted long before dawn, several hundred yards away from the camp, who were bidden to lie in wait in the bush until the expedition had started, and in this manner we succeeded in repressing to some extent the disposition to desert, and arrested very many men on the point of escaping; but even this was not adequate. Fifty had



DETECTIVE AND ASSISTANTS.

abandoned us before reaching Mpwapwa, taking with them the advances they had received, and often their guns, on which our safety might depend.

"Several feeble men and women also had to be left behind, and it was evident that the very wariest methods failed to bind the people to their duties. The best of treatment and abundance of provisions daily distributed were alike insufficient to induce such faithless natures to be loyal. However, we persisted, and as often as we failed in one way we tried another. Had all these men remained loyal to their contract and promises, we should have been too strong for any force to attack us, as our numbers must necessarily have commanded respect in lands and among tribes where only power is respected.

"One day's march from Mpwapwa brought us to Chunya—an exposed and weak settlement, overlooking the desert or wilderness separating Usagara from Ugogo. Close to our right towered the Usagara Mountains, and on our left stretched the inhospitable arm of the wilderness. Fifteen or twenty miles distant to the south rose the vast cluster of Rubeho's cones and peaks.

"The water at Chunya is nitrous and bitter to the taste. The natives were once prosperous, but repeated attacks from the Wahehé to the south and the Wabumba to the north have reduced them in numbers, and compelled them to seek refuge on the hill-summits.

"On the 16th of December, at early dawn, we struck camp, and at an energetic pace descended into the wilderness, and at 7 P. M. the vanguard of the expedition entered Ugogo, camping two or three miles from the frontier village of Kikombo.

The next day, at a more moderate pace, we entered the populated district, and took shelter under a mighty baobab a few hundred yards distant from the chief's village."

Here Frank announced that it was late in the afternoon, and he wished to take a promenade on deck. With the permission of his auditors he would postpone the narrative until evening. The proposal was accepted, but before the youth could retire he was warmly thanked by those whom he had so agreeably entertained.



AN AFRICAN BELLE.

CHAPTER III.

RETARDED BY RAINS AND OTHER MISHAPS.—GENERAL DESPONDENCY.—DEATH OF EDWARD POCKOCK.—A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—A LAND OF PLENTY.—ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA LAKE.—NATIVE SONG.—AFLOAT ON THE GREAT LAKE.—TERRIBLE TALES OF THE INHABITANTS.—ENCOUNTERS WITH THE NATIVES.—THE VICTORIA NILE.—RIPON FALLS.—SPEKE'S EXPLORATIONS.—THE ALEXANDRA NILE.—ARRIVAL AT KING MTESA'S COURT.—A MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION.—IN THE MONARCH'S PRESENCE.—STANLEY'S FIRST OPINIONS OF MTESA.

WHEN the audience assembled in the evening Frank turned rapidly several pages of the book and said that Mr. Stanley's expedition was greatly retarded by the heavy rains which fell frequently and converted the ground into a water-soaked marsh, through which it was very difficult to proceed. Christmas day was a day of gloom, as everybody was wet and cold and hungry; the natives had little grain to sell, and the expedition was reduced to half-rations of food.



AN AFRICAN BLACKSMITH'S-SHOP.

Mr. Stanley wrote in his diary that he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds when he left Zanzibar, but his sufferings and lack of nourishing food had brought him down to one hundred and thirty-four pounds in thirty-eight days; and the young Englishmen that accompanied him were similarly reduced. In every new territory they entered

they were obliged to pay tribute to the ruler, according to the custom of Africa, and the settlement of the question of tribute required a great deal of bargaining. There were frequent desertions of men, and in many instances they had not the honesty to leave behind them their loads and guns. At one place it was discovered that fifty men had formed a conspiracy to desert in a body, but the scheme was stopped by arresting the ringleaders and disarming their followers.

"Some twenty or more men were on the sick-list and too ill to walk," said Frank, "several were carried in hammocks, and others were left at the native villages, in accordance with the arrangements made at Zanzibar. The expedition halted four days at Suna, in the Warimi country, where grain was purchased at a high price, and the people seemed inclined to make trouble. The leader of the expedition was obliged to use a great deal of tact to conciliate the chiefs of this people, who are numerous and well-armed, so that an attack would have been no easy matter to resist. Edward Pocock was taken seriously ill at Suna, and carried in a hammock to Chiwyu—four hundred miles from the coast, and at an elevation of five thousand four hundred feet above the sea. In spite of all the attentions he received, he died soon after their arrival at the latter place. I will read Stanley's account of the burial of his faithful companion and friend :

"We excavated a grave, four feet deep, at the foot of a hoary acacia with wide-spreading branches ; and on its ancient trunk Frank engraved a deep cross, the emblem of the faith we all believe in ; and, when folded in its shroud, we laid the body in its final resting-place, during the last gleams of sunset. We read the beautiful prayers of the church-service for the dead, and, out of respect for the departed—whose frank, sociable, and winning manners had won their friendship and regard—nearly all the Wangwana were present, to pay a last tribute of sighs to poor Edward Pocock.

"When the last solemn prayer had been read, we retired to our tents, to brood, in sorrow and silence, over our irreparable loss."

"By the 21st of January," said Frank, "eighty-nine men had deserted, twenty had died, and there were many sick or disabled. Mr. Stanley would have been justified in fearing that he would be obliged to abandon his expedition and retreat to the coast. The loads were reduced as much as possible, every article that could in any way be spared being thrown out and destroyed. On the 24th the natives attacked the camp, but were driven back ; and another battle followed on the 25th, with the same result. On the 26th the march was resumed, and the hostile region was left behind. New men were engaged at some of the villages, the weather improved, provisions were abundant, and in the early days of

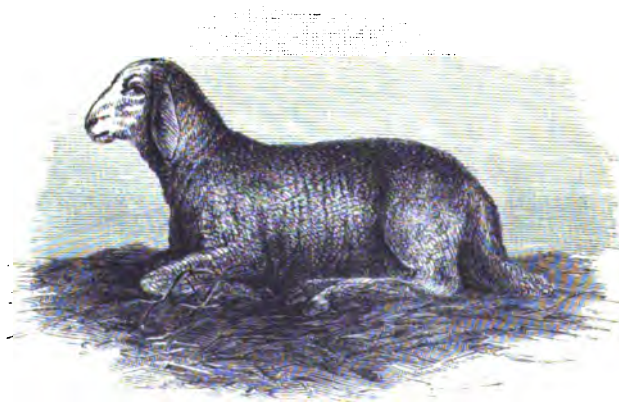


FUNERAL OF EDWARD POODCK: VIEW OF OUR CAMP.



February the halting-places of the expedition presented a marked contrast to those of a month earlier.

"The country in which they were now travelling," Frank continued, "was a fertile region, with broad pastures, and occasional stretches of forest—a land of plenty and promise. The natives had an abundance of



AN AFRICAN LAMB.

cattle, sheep, goats, and chickens, which they sold at low prices; they were entirely friendly to the travellers, and whenever the expedition moved away from its camps, it was urged to come again. Mr. Stanley gives the following list of prices, which he paid in this land of abundance:

" 1 ox	6 yards of sheeting.
1 goat	2 " "
1 sheep	2 " "
1 chicken	1 necklace.
6 chickens	2 yards of sheeting."

"On the 26th of February it was reported that another day's march would bring them to the shore of the Great Nyanza, the Victoria Lake. I will now read you what Mr. Stanley says about this march, and his first view of the lake.

"On the morning of the 27th of February we rose up early, and braced ourselves for the long march of nineteen miles, which terminated at 4 P.M. at the village of Kagehyi.

"The people were as keenly alive to the importance of this day's march, and as fully sensitive to what this final journey to Kagehyi promised their wearied frames, as we Europeans. They, as well as ourselves, looked forward to many weeks of rest from our labors and to an abundance of good food.

"When the bugle sounded the signal to 'Take the road,' the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana responded to it with cheers, and loud cries of 'Ay indeed, ay indeed, please God;' and their good-will was contagious. The natives, who had mustered strongly to witness our departure, were affected by it, and stimulated our people by declaring that the lake was not very far off—'but two or three hours' walk.'

"We dipped into the basins and troughs of the land, surmounted ridge after ridge, crossed water-courses and ravines, passed by cultivated fields, and through villages smelling strongly of cattle, by good-natured groups of natives, until, ascending a long, gradual slope, we heard, on a sudden, hurrahing in front, and then we too, with the lagging rear, knew that those in the van were in view of the Great Lake! the lake which Speke discovered in 1858.

"Frank Pocock impetuously strode forward until he gained the brow of the hill. He took a long, sweeping look at something, waved his hat, and came down towards us, his face beaming with joy, as he shouted out enthusiastically, with the fervor of youth and high spirits, 'I have seen the lake, sir, and it is grand!'



WANYAMWEZI PORTER.

Frederick Barker, riding painfully on an ass, and sighing wearily from illness and the length of the journey, lifted his head to smile his thanks to his comrade.

"Presently we also reached the brow of the hill, where we found the expedition halted, and the first quick view revealed to us a long, broad arm of water, which a dazzling sun transformed into silver, some six hundred feet below us, at the distance of three miles.

"A more careful and detailed view of the scene showed us that the hill on which we stood sloped gradually to the broad bay or gulf edged by a line of green, wavy reeds and thin groves of umbrageous trees scattered along the shore, on which stood several small villages of conical huts. Beyond these, the lake stretched like a silvery plain far to the eastward, and away across to a boundary of dark-blue hills and mountains, while several gray, rocky islets mocked us at first with an illusion of Arab dhows with white sails. The Wanyamwezi struck up the song of triumph:

"Sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended:
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to the great Nyanza.
Sing all, sing loud, O friends, sing to the great sea;
Give your last look to the lands behind and then turn to the sea.

"Long time ago you left your lands,
Your wives and children, your brothers and your friends:
Tell me, have you seen a sea like this
Since you left the great salt sea?

CHORUS.

"Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended:
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to this great sea.
This sea is fresh, is good, and sweet;
Your sea is salt, and bad, unfit to drink.
This sea is like wine to drink for thirsty men;
The salt sea—bah! it makes men sick.'

"I have in the above (as literal a translation as I can render it) made no attempt at rhyme—nor, indeed, did the young, handsome, and stalwart Corypheus who delivered the harmonious strains with such startling effect. The song, though extemporized, was eminently dramatic, and when the chorus joined in it made the hills ring with a wild and strange harmony. Reanimated by the cheerful music, we flung the flags to the breeze, and filed slowly down the slopes towards the fields of Kagehyi.

"About half a mile from the villages we were surprised by seeing hundreds of warriors decked with feathered head-dresses and armed to the teeth, advancing on the run towards us, and exhibiting, as they came, their dexterity with bows and arrows and spears. They had at first been alarmed at the long procession filing down the hill, supposing we were bent on hostilities, but, though discovering their error, they still thought it too good an opportunity to be lost for showing their bravery, and therefore amused us with this by-play. Sungoro Tarib, an Arab resident at Kagehyi, also despatched a messenger with words of welcome, and an invitation to us to make Kagehyi our camp, as Prince Kaduma, chief of Kagehyi, was his faithful ally.



VIEW OF KAGEHYI FROM THE EDGE OF THE LAKE.

(From a Photograph.)

"In a short time we had entered the wretched-looking village, and Kaduma was easily induced by Sungoro to proffer hospitalities to the strangers. A small conical hut, about twenty feet in diameter, badly lighted, and with a strong smell of animal matter—its roof swarmed with bold rats, which, with a malicious persistence, kept popping in and out of their nests in the straw roof, and rushing over the walls—was placed at my disposal as a storeroom. Another small hut was presented to Frank Pocock and Fred Barker as their quarters.

"In summing up, during the evening of our arrival at this rude village on the Nyanza, the number of statute miles travelled by us, as measured by two rated pedometers and pocket watch, I ascertained it to be seven hundred and twenty. The time occupied—from November 17, 1874, to February 27, 1875, inclusive—was one hundred and three days, divided into seventy marching and thirty-three halting days, by which it will be perceived that our marches averaged a little over ten miles per day. But as halts are imperative, the more correct method of ascertaining the rate of travel would be to include the time occupied by halts and marches, and divide the total distance by the number of days occupied. This reduces the rate to seven miles per diem.

"We all woke on the morning of the 28th of February with a feeling of intense relief. There were no more marches, no more bugle-calls to rouse us up for another fatiguing day, no more fear of hunger—at least for a season.

"At 9 A.M. a *burzah*, or levee, was held. First came Frank and Fred—now quite recovered from fever—to bid me good-morning, and to congratulate themselves and me upon the prospective rest before us. Next came the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi chiefs, to express a hope that I had slept well, and after them the bold youths of the expedition; then came Prince Kaduma and Sungoro, to whom we were bound this day to render an account of the journey and to give the



FRANK POCKOCK.

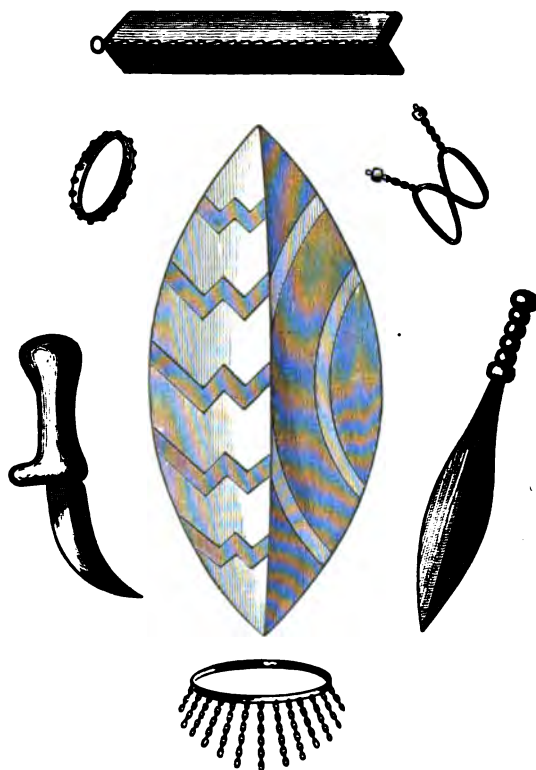
(From a Photograph taken at Kagehyi.)

latest news from Zanzibar; and, lastly, the princess and her principal friends—for introductions have to be undergone in this land as in others. The *burzah* lasted two hours, after which my visitors retired to pursue their respective avocations, which I discovered to be principally confined, on the part of the natives, to gossiping, making or repairing fishing-nets, hatchets, canoes, food-troughs, village fences, and huts, and on the part of our people to arranging plans for building their own grass-huts, being perfectly content to endure a long stay at Kagehyi.

“Though the people had only their own small domestic affairs to engage their attentions, and Frank and Fred were for this day relieved from duty, I had much to do—observations to take to ascertain the position of Kagehyi, and its altitude above the sea; to prepare paper, pens, and ink for the morrow’s report to the journals which had despatched me to this remote and secluded part of the globe; to make calculations of the time likely to be occupied in a halt at Kagehyi, in preparing and equipping the *Lady Alice* for sea, and in circumnavigating the great ‘Nianja,’ as the Wasukuma call the lake.* It was also incumbent upon me to ascertain the

* Captain Speke spelled it “Nyanza,” which means “lake,” or “great water.” Out of regard to the work of the great explorer the name has been retained.

political condition of the country before leaving the port and the camp, that my mind might be at rest about its safety during my contemplated absence. Estimates were also to be entered upon as to the quantity of cloth and beads likely to be required for the provisioning of the expeditionary force during my absence, and as to the amount of tribute and presents to be bestowed upon the King of Uchambi—of which Kagehyi was only a small district, and to whom Prince Kaduma was only a subordinate and tributary. In brief, my own personal work was but begun, and pages would not suffice to describe in detail the full extent of the new duties now devolving upon me.



AFRICAN ARMS AND ORNAMENTS.

“The village of Kagehyi, in the Uchambi district and country of Usukuma, became after our arrival a place of great local importance. It attracted an unusual number of native traders from all sides within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Fishermen from Ukerewé, whose purple hills we saw across the arm of the lake, came in their canoes, with stores of dried fish; the people of Igusa, Sima, and Magu, east of us in Usukuma, brought their cassava, or manioc, and ripe bananas; the herdsmen of Usmau, thirty miles south of Kagehyi, sent their oxen; and the tribes of Muanza—famous historically as being the point whence Speke first saw

this broad gulf of Lake Victoria—brought their hoes, iron wire, and salt, besides great plenty of sweet potatoes and yams.

“Within seven days the *Lady Alice* was ready, and strengthened for a rough sea-life. Provisions of flour and dried fish, bales of cloth and beads of various kinds, odds and ends of small possible necessities were boxed, and she was declared at last to be only waiting for her crew. ‘Would any one volunteer to accompany me?’ A dead silence ensued. ‘Not for rewards and extra pay?’ Another dead silence: no one would volunteer.

“‘Yet I must,’ said I, ‘depart. Will you let me go alone?’

“‘No.’

“‘What then? Show me my braves—those men who freely enlist to follow their master round the sea.’

“All were again dumb. Appealed to individually, each said he knew nothing of sea life; each man frankly declared himself a terrible coward on water.

“‘Then what am I to do?’

“Manwa Sera said:

“‘Master, have done with these questions. Command your party. All your people are your children, and they will not disobey you. While you ask them as a friend, no one will offer his services. Command them, and they will all go.’



VIEW NEAR VICTORIA LAKE.

“So I selected a chief, Wadi Safeni—the son of Safeni—and told him to pick out the elect of the young men. Wadi Safeni chose men who knew nothing of boat-life. Then I called Kachéché, the detective, and told him to ascertain the names of those young men who were accustomed to sea-life, upon which Kachéché informed me that the young guides first selected by me at Bagamoyo were the sailors of the expedition. After reflecting upon the capacities of the younger

men, as they had developed themselves on the road, I made a list of ten sailors and a steersman, to whose fidelity I was willing to intrust myself and fortunes while coasting round the Victoria sea.

"Accordingly, after drawing up instructions for Frank Pocock and Fred Barker, on about a score of matters concerning the well-being of the expedition during my absence, and enlisting for them, by an adequate gift, the good-will of Sungoro and Prince Kaduma, I set sail on the 8th of March, 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which we first sighted, and which henceforward is known, in honor of its first discoverer, as 'Speke Gulf.'



DWELLERS ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

"The reluctance of my followers to venture upon Lake Victoria was due to what they had heard about it from Prince Kaduma's people. 'There were,' they said, a people dwelling on its shores who were gifted with tails; another who trained enormous and fierce dogs for war; another a tribe of cannibals, who preferred human flesh to all other kinds of meat. The lake was so large it would take years to trace its shores, and who then at the end of that time would remain alive?' Its opposite shores, from their very vagueness of outline, and its people, from the distorting fogs of misrepresentation through which we saw them, only heightened the fears of my men as to the dangers which filled the prospect."

"Mr. Stanley explored the shores of Speke Gulf," said Frank, after a short pause, "and then proceeded to follow the eastern shore of the great lake, which stretched out to the east and north apparently as limitless as the ocean. On the islands of Speke Gulf he found great numbers of crocodiles, and at almost every step he took among the reeds, on the shore of one of the islands, a huge crocodile rushed past him into the water. Hippopotami were numerous, some of them coming disagreeably near to his boat, and evidently desiring to make his acquaintance. The natives around the gulf were not hostile, but caused despondency in the hearts of Stanley's men by predicting that it would take him eight years to circumnavigate the lake.

"But on the shores of the lake itself the people showed signs of hos-

tility, and came to the water's edge with their spears and shields. On such occasions the party kept away from land and parleyed at a safe distance. Once a war-canoe carrying some forty men armed with spears and slings came close alongside the *Lady Alice*; the men in the canoe were insolent and evidently wanted to fight. Before beginning, however, they exhibited their skill by throwing stones with their slings, and whenever they made good shots the strangers applauded and smiled. In fact, they had been smiling all the time since the canoe came alongside.

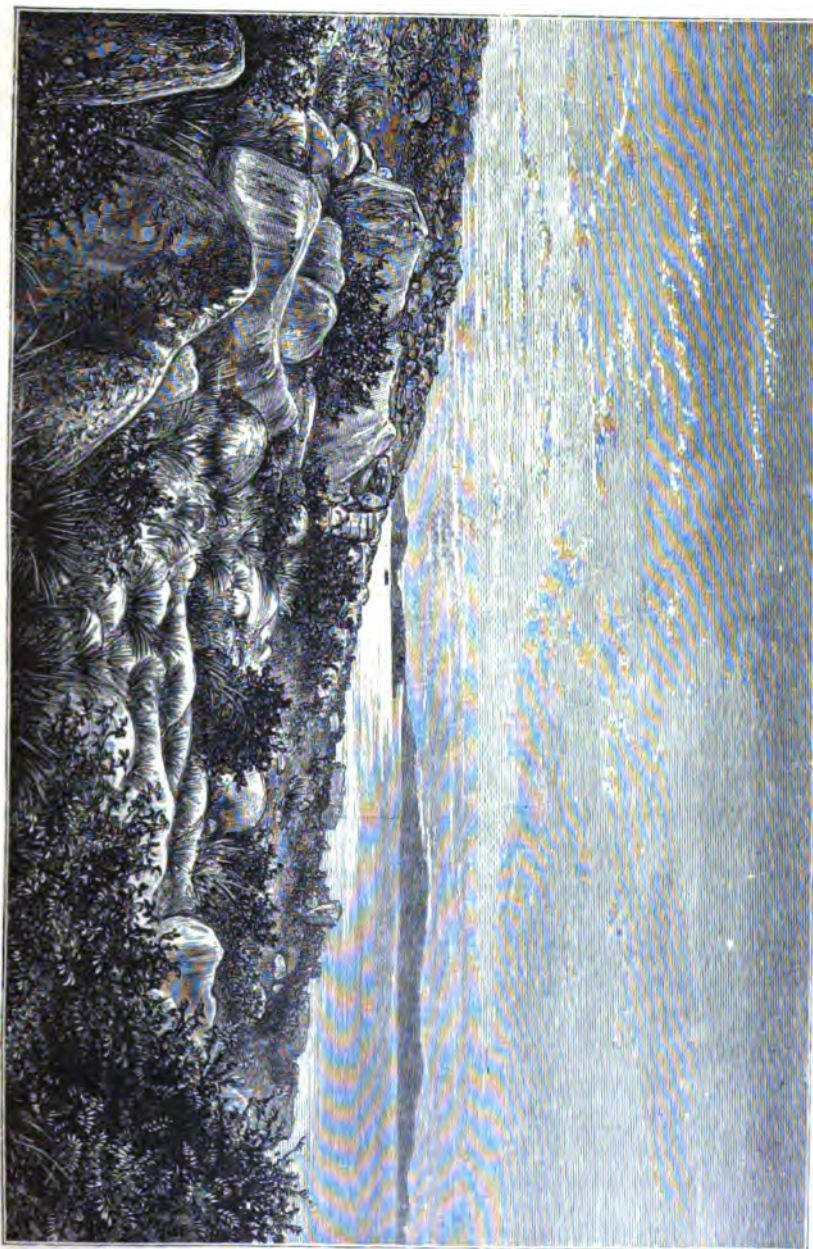
"When he considered the time had come to put an end to their insolence, Mr. Stanley drew his revolver and fired rapidly into the water in the direction where the last stone had been flung. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme, as none of the fellows had ever before heard the sound of a firearm. They sprang into the water and swam away for dear life, leaving their canoe in the hands of the strangers. They were finally coaxed back, but were more respectful in their demeanor.

"At another time," said Frank, "the natives came with a large fleet of canoes and attacked the *Lady Alice*, but were driven off without serious difficulty. Mr. Stanley's plan was, in fights of this sort, to use his large rifle with explosive shells, which he aimed just at the water-line of the canoes. The craft would thus be sunk or disabled, while the crew, who are all good swimmers, ran no risk of being drowned. Pursuit would thus be stopped, and the *Lady Alice* have plenty of time to escape.



THE "LADY ALICE" AT BRIDGE ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.

"Without accident, the adventurous party reached the outlet of the lake and visited Ripon Falls, the head of the Victoria Nile, which flows



VIEW OF THE BAY LEADING TO RUGAZI CHANNEL, FROM KIGOMA, NEAR KISORO, SOUTH SIDE OF UGANDA, COAST OF GREAT L.L.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)

into the Albert Nyanza. The latter lake is the source of the White Nile—the Nile of Egypt, and one of the historic rivers of the world.”

One of the youths asked how the Ripon Falls received that name.

“The name was given by Captain Speke, the first white man who ever saw the falls,” replied Frank. “He may be called their discoverer, as the visit to the falls was made during his exploration of the Victoria Nyanza. At the time his expedition was fitted out, the Marquis of Ripon was the president of the Royal Geographical Society, and hence the name that Captain Speke gave to the falls.”

“I suppose, then, that the Victoria Nyanza, or Victoria Lake, is the source of the Nile,” another of Frank’s auditors remarked.

Frank looked inquiringly at Doctor Bronson, who immediately came to the youth’s assistance.

“For all practical purposes,” said the Doctor, “Captain Speke’s claim that he had discovered the source of the Nile when he found the stream which drained the lake, was a just one. But by common consent of geographers the source of a river is the brook or rivulet, however tiny, that rises farthest from its mouth. Adopting this as a rule, the source of the Nile was not the Victoria Lake itself, but its longest affluent, and this is a question not yet fully determined, though it is fairly well settled that the honor belongs to the Alexandra Nile, or Kagera River, which is certainly the longest affluent of the lake. The Kagera River flows from Alexandra Lake, which lies nearly due west from the southern end of Victoria Lake; the distance is about one hundred and fifty miles in a direct line, but much greater according to the African routes of travel.”

“Did Mr. Stanley visit Alexandra Lake and find out what streams flowed into it?” one of the youths inquired, as Doctor Bronson paused.

“He was unable to do so,” was the reply, “and no other traveller has yet completed the exploration. Some geographers think that the longest affluent of Lake Victoria will yet prove to be one of the streams coming in from the eastward, and having its source at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro; but until this is shown to be an established fact, we may assume that the Alexandra Nile is the head of the great river of Egypt, as it certainly is the largest stream that flows into Victoria Lake.”

“Are there any other falls on the Victoria Nile besides the Ripon Falls just mentioned?” was the next inquiry from the audience.

“There are several falls and rapids on the stream,” the Doctor answered, “the most important being Murchison Falls, not far from where the Victoria Nile emerges into Albert Lake. Lake Albert is more than a thousand feet below the level of Lake Victoria, and therefore you may



VIEW OF NIROP FALLS FROM THE UGANDA SIDE.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)



DRESSED FOR COLD WEATHER.

expect a rapid descent of the river that connects these two bodies of water.

"During the time that Egypt had partial control of the lake region of Central Africa, its government established a military station at Foueira, on the Victoria Nile, just above the Kuruma Falls. The river was explored from one end to the other, and it was ascertained that, though there were several places where for many miles the current was comparatively placid, there were so many falls and rapids that navigation was practically impossible. Consequently no use was made of the stream, and all expeditions through that region travel by land.

Unless an expedition is sufficiently powerful to force its way, travellers avoid the villages and keep as much as possible in the wilderness, to escape the extortionate demands of its petty chiefs, who invariably demand a high tribute. Whatever they see they want, and it requires a great deal of diplomacy to escape from them without being stripped of everything of any value.

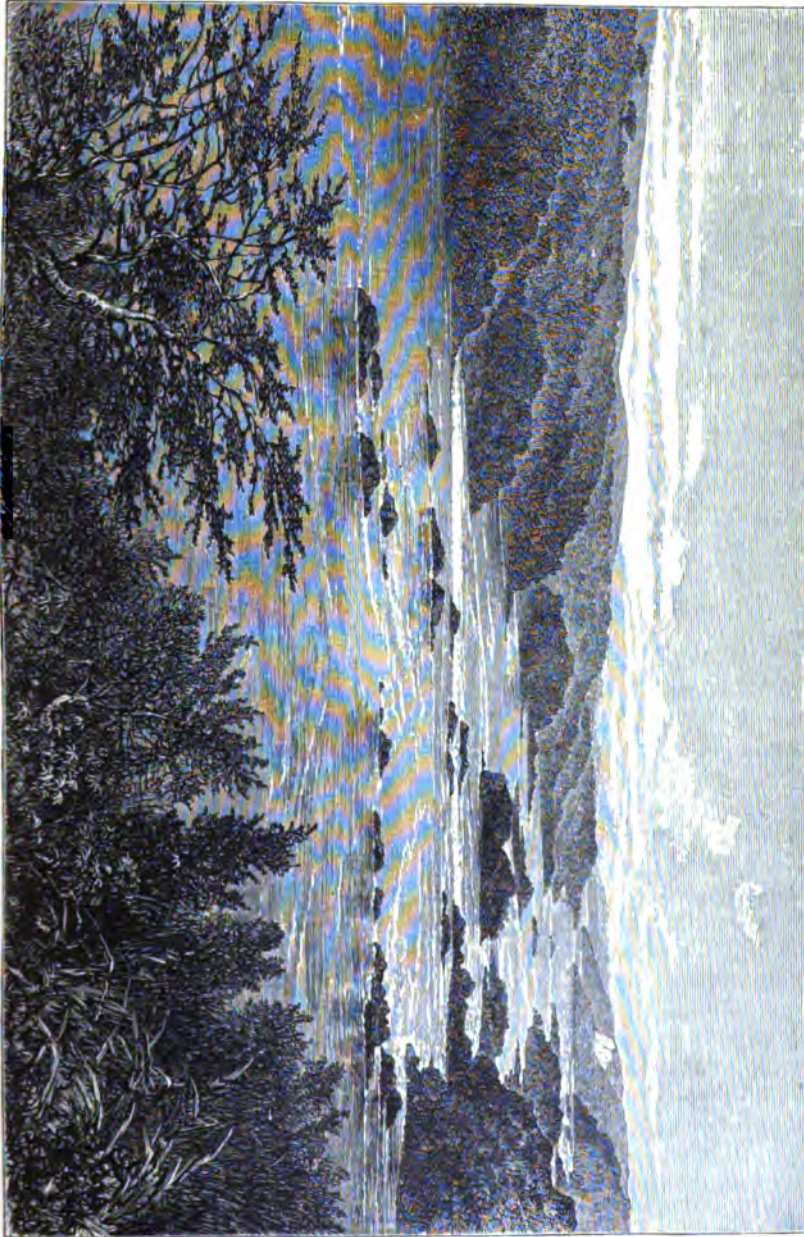
"But we are wandering from the route where we left Mr. Stanley," said Doctor Bronson, "and will now turn back to see where he went after visiting Ripon Falls. Frank will inform us."

Under this hint Frank continued:

"Where the lake narrows at the head of the Victoria Nile, or just above the falls, there is a V-shaped bay which is called Napoleon Channel. On the east of this channel is the country of Usoga, and on the west that of Uganda. The latter is the territory of the famous King Mtesa, or rather it was his territory at the time of Mr. Stanley's visit, as he has since died and left the kingdom to his son.

"Mr. Stanley found the people of Uganda friendly; and by one of the local chiefs he sent a message to the king to announce his coming. Then he waited at one of the islands until the chief returned with Mtesa's reply, which was that Stanley should come and see him. Escorted by a small fleet of war-canoes, commanded by a native named Magassa, he proceeded on his journey to Usavara, the port of Mtesa's capital, about ten miles farther inland. I will read Mr. Stanley's account of his reception.

"When about two miles from Usavara we saw what we estimated to be thou-



THE VICTORIA NILE, NORTH OF NIJON FALLS, RUNNING TOWARDS UNTORO, FROM THE ESOGA SIDE OF THE VALLE.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)

sands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with firearms, and was at once obeyed by his dozen musketeers. Half a mile off I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the ends of which stood several finely-dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while two or three hundred heavily-loaded guns announced to all around that the white man had landed. Numerous kettle and bass drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode up towards the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe, which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to me begged me to understand that this short young man was the *katekiro*. Not knowing very well who the "katekiro" was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow was far more profound and stately than mine. I was perplexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray any embarrassment.

"A dozen well-dressed people now came forward, and grasping my hand declared in the Swahili language that I was welcome to Uganda. The *katekiro* motioned with his head, and amid a perfect concourse of beaten drums, which drowned all conversation, we walked side by side, and followed by curious thousands, to a courtyard, and a circle of grass-thatched huts surrounding a larger house, which I was told were my quarters.

"The *katekiro* and several of the chiefs accompanied me to my new hut, and a very sociable conversation took place. There was present a native of Zanzibar, named Tori, whom I shortly discovered to be chief drummer, engineer, and general jack-of-all-trades for the *kabaka* (king). From this clever, ingenious man I obtained the information that the *katekiro* was the prime-minister or the *kabaka's* deputy, and that the titles of the other chiefs were Chambarango, Kangau, Mkwenda, Seke-bobo, Kitunzi, Sabaganzi, Kauta, Saruti. There were several more present, but I must defer mention of them to other chapters.

"Waganda,* as I found subsequently, are not in the habit of remaining incurious before a stranger. Hosts of questions were fired off at me about my health, my journey and its aim, Zanzibar, Europe and its people, the seas and the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, angels and devils, doctors, priests, and craftsmen in general; in fact, as the representative of nations who 'know everything,' I was subjected to a most searching examination, and in one hour and ten minutes it was declared

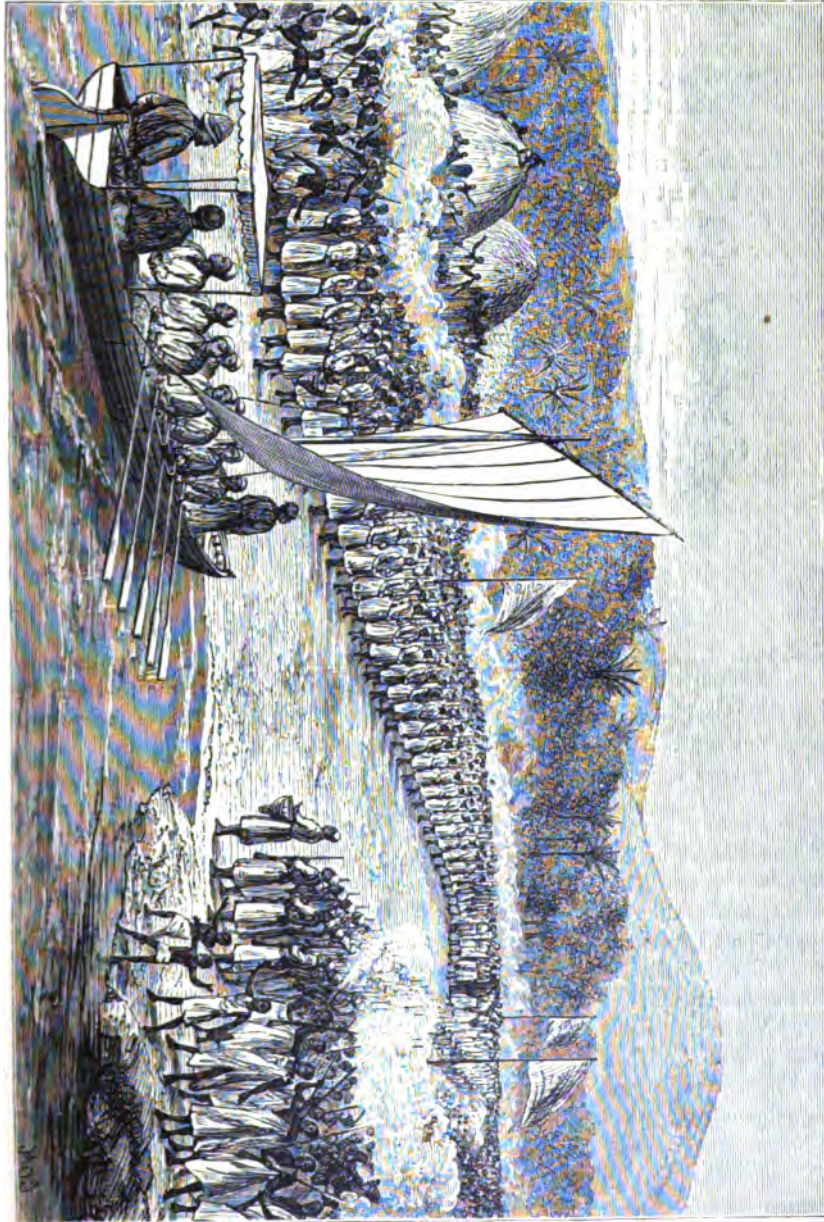
* Waganda signifies "people of Uganda." The prefix Ki, as in Ki-Swahili or Ki-Sagara, denotes language of Swahili or Sagara. The prefix U represents country; Wa, a plural, denoting people; M, singular, for a person, thus:

U—Sagara. Country of Sagara.

Wa—Sagara. People of Sagara.

M—Sagara. A person of Sagara.

Ki—Sagara. Language of Sagara, or after the custom, manner, or style of Sagara, as English stands in like manner for anything relating to England.



RECEPTION BY KING MINKU'S BODY-GUARD AT USAYARA.

unanimously that I had 'passed.' Forthwith, after the acclamation, the stately bearing became merged into a more friendly one, and long, thin, nervous black hands were pushed into mine enthusiastically, from which I gathered that they applauded me as though I had won the honors of a senior wrangler. Some proceeded direct to the *kabaka* and informed him that the white man was a genius, knew everything, and was remarkably polite and sociable, and the *kabaka* was said to have 'rubbed his hands as though he had just come into the possession of a treasure.'

"The fruits of the favorable verdict passed upon myself and merits were seen presently in fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before me and said:



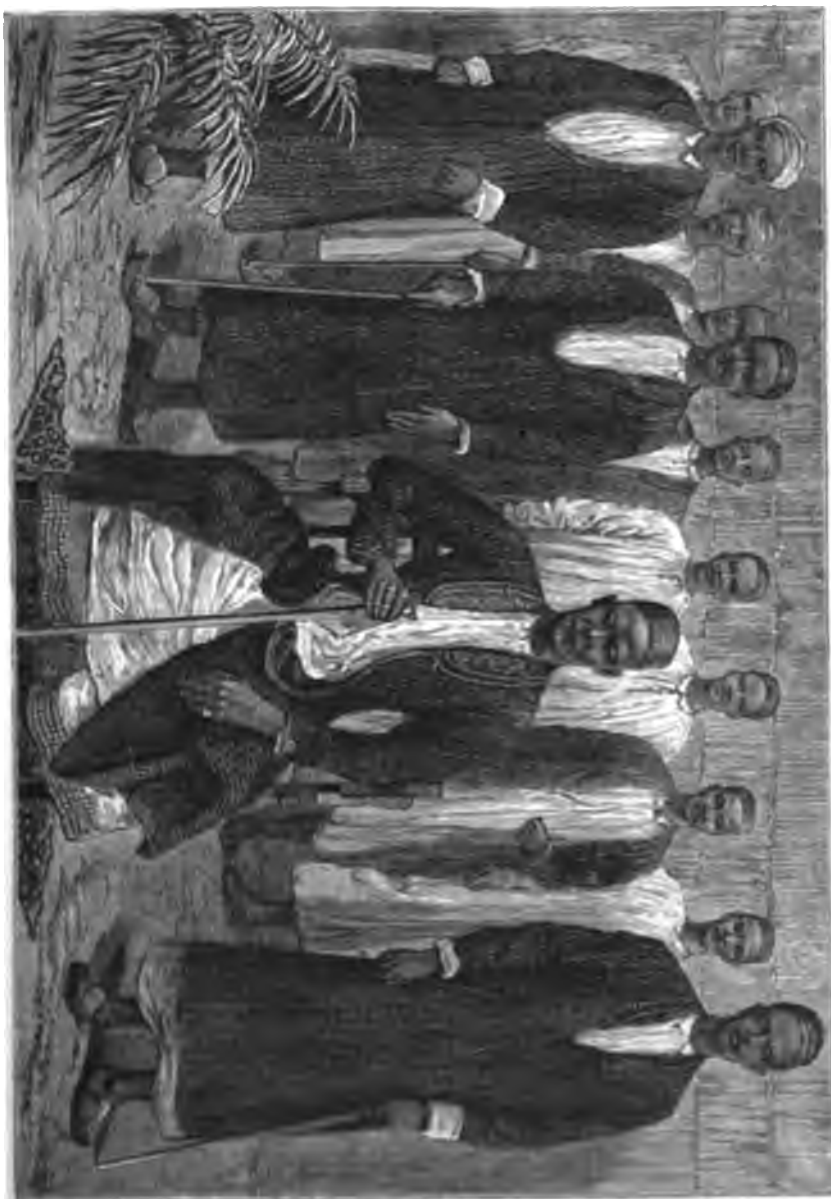
WAITING ORDERS.

"'The *kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend who has travelled so far to see him. The *kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied. The *kabaka* has sent his slave with these few things to his friend that he may eat, and at the ninth hour, after his friend has rested, the *kabaka* will send and call for him to appear at the *burzah*. I have spoken. *Twinyanzi-yanzi-yanzi*!' (thanks, thanks, thanks).

"I replied suitably, though my politeness was not so excessive as to induce me to kneel before the courtly butler and thank him for permission to say I thanked him.

"The ninth hour of the day approached. We had bathed, brushed, cleaned ourselves, and were prepared externally and mentally for the memorable hour when we should meet the foremost man of equatorial Africa. Two of the *kabaka*'s pages, clad in a costume semi-Kingwana and semi-Kiganda, came to summon us—the Kingwana part being the long white shirt of Zanzibar, folded with a belt or band about the loins, the Kiganda part being the Sohari doti cloth depending from the right shoulder to the feet. 'The *kabaka* invites you to the *burzah*,' said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard, five of the boat's crew on each side of me, armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short, broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the *kabaka* is seated with a multitude of chiefs, Wakungu* and Watongoleh, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, etc., etc. As we approached the nearest group it opened and the drummers beat mighty sounds, Tori's drumming being conspicuous from its sharper beat. The foremost man of equatorial Africa

* Wakungu is the plural of *mkungu*, a rank equivalent to "general." Watongoleh is the plural of *mtongoleh*, or "colonel."



SEKIDORO, CHIEF OF CHAGWA. MTESA, THE EMPEROR OF UGANDA. CHAMBALEHO, THE CHIEF.
 FOXINO, THE PRIME MINISTER. OTHER CHIEFS.
 (From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)

risers and advances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners, etc., etc.

“The *kabaka*, a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands warmly and impressively, and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to show the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.

“He first took a deliberate survey of me, which I returned with interest, for he was as interesting to me as I was to him. His impression of me was that I was younger than Speke, not so tall, but better dressed. This I gathered from his criticisms, as confided to his chiefs and favorites.

“My impression of him was that he and I would become better acquainted, that I should make a convert of him, and make him useful to Africa—but what other impressions I had may be gathered from the remarks I wrote that evening in my diary :

“‘As I had read Speke’s book for the sake of its geographical information, I retained but a dim remembrance of his description of his life in Uganda. If I remember rightly, Speke described a youthful prince, vain and heartless, a wholesale murderer and tyrant, one who delighted in fat women. Doubtless he de-



DWARF AT THE KING'S COURT.

scribed what he saw, but it is far from being the state of things now. Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do. I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region ; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone’s hopes, for with his aid the civilization of equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I remember the ardor and love which animated Living-

stone when he spoke of Sekeletu; had he seen Mtesa, his ardor and love for him had been tenfold, and his pen and tongue would have been employed in calling all good men to assist him.'

"Five days later I wrote the following entry:

" 'I see that Mtesa is a powerful emperor, with great influence over his neighbors. I have to-day seen the turbulent Mankorongo, King of Usui, and Mirambo, that terrible phantom who disturbs men's minds in Unyamwezi, through their embassies kneeling and tendering their tribute to him. I saw over three thousand soldiers of Mtesa nearly half civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs who might be classed in the same scale as the men of Zanzibar and Oman, clad in as rich robes and armed in the same fashion, and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labor; his name is Muley bin Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honor the memory of Muley bin Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation-stones laid by Muley bin Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth.'

"It may easily be gathered from these entries that a feeling of admiration for Mtesa must have begun very early, and that either Mtesa is a very admirable man, or that I am a very impressionable traveller, or that Mtesa is so perfect in the art of duplicity and acted so clever a part, that I became his dupe."

Here Frank paused, and suggested that they would leave Mr. Stanley with the King of Uganda until the next day, when Fred would take up the reading during the afternoon and evening. As it was near the time for retiring, no one made any objection to adjournment, and in a very few minutes the members of the impromptu geographical society had dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF KING MTESA.—HIS RECEPTION OF MR. STANLEY.—A NAVAL REVIEW.—STANLEY'S MARKSMANSHIP.—THE KING'S PALACE.—RUBAGA, THE KING'S CAPITAL.—RECEPTION AT THE PALACE.—MEETING COLONEL LINANT DE BELLEFONDS.—CONVERTING MTESA TO CHRISTIANITY.—APPEAL FOR MISSIONARIES TO BE SENT TO MTESA.—DEPARTURE FOR USUKUMU.—FIGHT WITH THE NATIVES AT BUMBIK ISLAND.—SUFFERINGS OF STANLEY AND HIS COMPANIONS ON LAKE VICTORIA.—A NARROW ESCAPE.—RETURN TO KAGEHI.—DEATH OF FRED BARKER.—EMBARKING THE EXPEDITION.—KING LUKONGEH AND HIS PEOPLE.

IT was Fred's turn to read on the second day of the voyage, and early in the morning he began his preparations. With the aid of Mr. Stanley he marked the portions of the chapters that he would read and those that could be omitted in view of the brief time at their disposal. At the opening of the afternoon session of his geographical society Fred announced that he would begin the day's work by reading the description of King Mtesa's personal appearance as Mr. Stanley has recorded it.

"In person Mtesa is tall, probably six feet one inch, and slender. He has very intelligent and agreeable features, reminding me of some of the faces of the great stone images at Thebes, and of the statues in the museum at Cairo. He has the same fulness of lips, but their grossness is relieved by the general expression of amiability blended with dignity that pervades his face, and the large, lustrous, lambent eyes that lend it a strange beauty, and are typical of the race from which I believe him to have sprung. His color is of a dark red-brown, of a wonderfully smooth surface. When not engaged in council he throws off unreservedly the bearing that characterizes him when on the throne, and gives rein to his humor, indulging in hearty peals of laughter. He seems to be interested in the discussion of the



THE KING'S DINNER-DISH.

manners and customs of European courts, and to be enamoured of hearing of the wonders of civilization. He is ambitious to imitate, as much as lies in his power, the ways of the white man. When any piece of information is given him, he takes upon himself the task of translating it to his wives and chiefs, though many of the latter understand the Swahili language as well as he does himself."

"Mr. Stanley writes that the king treated him with great courtesy," said Fred, after a short pause, "and they evidently liked each other's acquaintance. One day the king invited him to witness a naval review on the waters of Murchison Bay, on which Usavara is situated: at a signal from Mtesa forty magnificent canoes, each rowed by thirty men, swept around a point of land and drew up in front of the shore where the king and his guest and attendants were stationed. The captain of each canoe was dressed in a white cotton shirt and a cloth head-cover, neatly folded turban fashion, while the admiral wore over his shirt a crimson jacket, profusely decorated with gold braid, and on his head the red fez of Zanzibar. Each captain, as he passed the king, seized shield and spear, and went through the performance of defence and attack by water.

"When the review was over the king asked Stanley, whom he called Stamlee, to show him how the white men could shoot. It was a heavy responsibility to be thus the representative of the shooting abilities of the whole white race, but there was no way of escaping it. A young crocodile was asleep on the rocks, and Stanley nearly severed its head from its body at the distance of one hundred yards with a three-ounce ball, an act which was accepted as conclusive proof that all white men are dead-shots.

"And now" said Fred, "I will read the account of Mr. Stanley's visit to Rubaga, the capital city of Uganda. It is about ten miles from Usavara, the place where Mr. Stanley met the king, as has just been described. His majesty was on a hunting excursion at Usavara at the time of the explorer's arrival; he was accompanied by his court, after the manner of the kings of other countries under similar circumstances.

"On the 10th of April the court broke up its hunting-lodges at Usavara, on Murchison Bay, and moved to the capital, whither I was strongly urged to follow. Mtesa, escorted by about two hundred musketeers and the great Wakungu and their armed retainers, travelled quickly; but owing to my being obliged to house my boat from the hot sun, I did not reach the capital until 1 P.M.

"The road had been prepared for his Imperial Majesty's hunting excursion, and was eight feet wide, through jungle and garden, forest and field. Beautiful landscapes were thus enjoyed of rolling land and placid lake, of gigantic tamarinds and gum-trees, of extensive banana groves and plantations of the ficus, from the bark

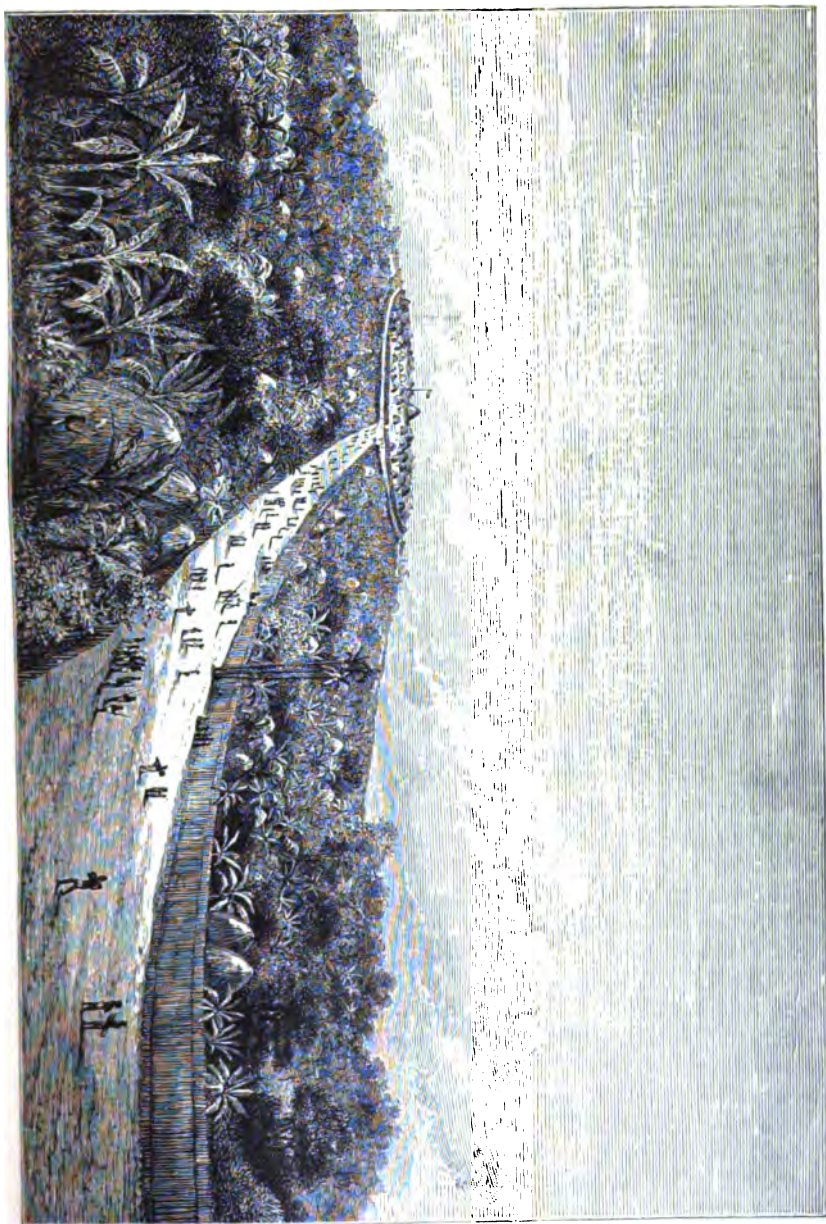
"While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the emperor to show me my house. Following him, I was ushered within a corner lot of the fenced square, between two avenues, into what I might appropriately term a 'garden villa' of Uganda. My house, standing in the centre of a plantain garden about one hundred feet square, was twenty feet long, and of a marquee shape, with a miniature portico or eave projecting like a bonnet over the doorway, and was divided into two apartments. Close by, about thirty feet off, were three domelike huts for the boat's crew and the kitchen, and in a corner of the garden was a railed space for our bullocks and goats. Were it not that I was ever anxious about my distant camp in Usukuma, I possessed almost everything requisite to render a month's stay very agreeable, and for the time I was as proud of my tiny villa as a London merchant is of his country-house.

"In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. A number of people in brown robes, or white dresses, some with white goatskins over their brown robes, others with cords folded like a turban round their heads, which I heard were distinguishing marks of the executioners, were also ascending to the *burzah*. Court after court was passed until we finally stood upon the level top in front of the great house of cane and straw which the Waganda fondly term *kibuga*, or the palace. The space at least was of aulic extent, and the prospect gained at every point was also worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch.

"On all sides rolled in grand waves a voluptuous land of sunshine and plenty and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great equatorial freshwater sea. Isolated hill-cones, similar to that of Rubaga, or square tabular masses, rose up from the beautiful landscape to attract, like mysteries, the curious stranger's observation, and villages and banana groves of still fresher green, far removed on the crest of distant swelling ridges, announced that Mtesa owned a land worth loving. Dark, sinuous lines traced the winding courses of deep ravines filled with trees, and grassy extents of gently undulating ground marked the pastures; broader depressions suggested the cultivated gardens and the grain fields, while on the far verge of the horizon we saw the beauty and the charm of the land melting into the blues of distance.

"The drums sounded. Mtesa had seated himself on the throne, and we hastened to take our seats.

"Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while he was in man's disguise, he was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned his divinity, and yet out of his great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, he asked his great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between him whom white men love and adore, and Mohammed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavored to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mohammed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the



MTESA'S ROYAL RESIDENCE.

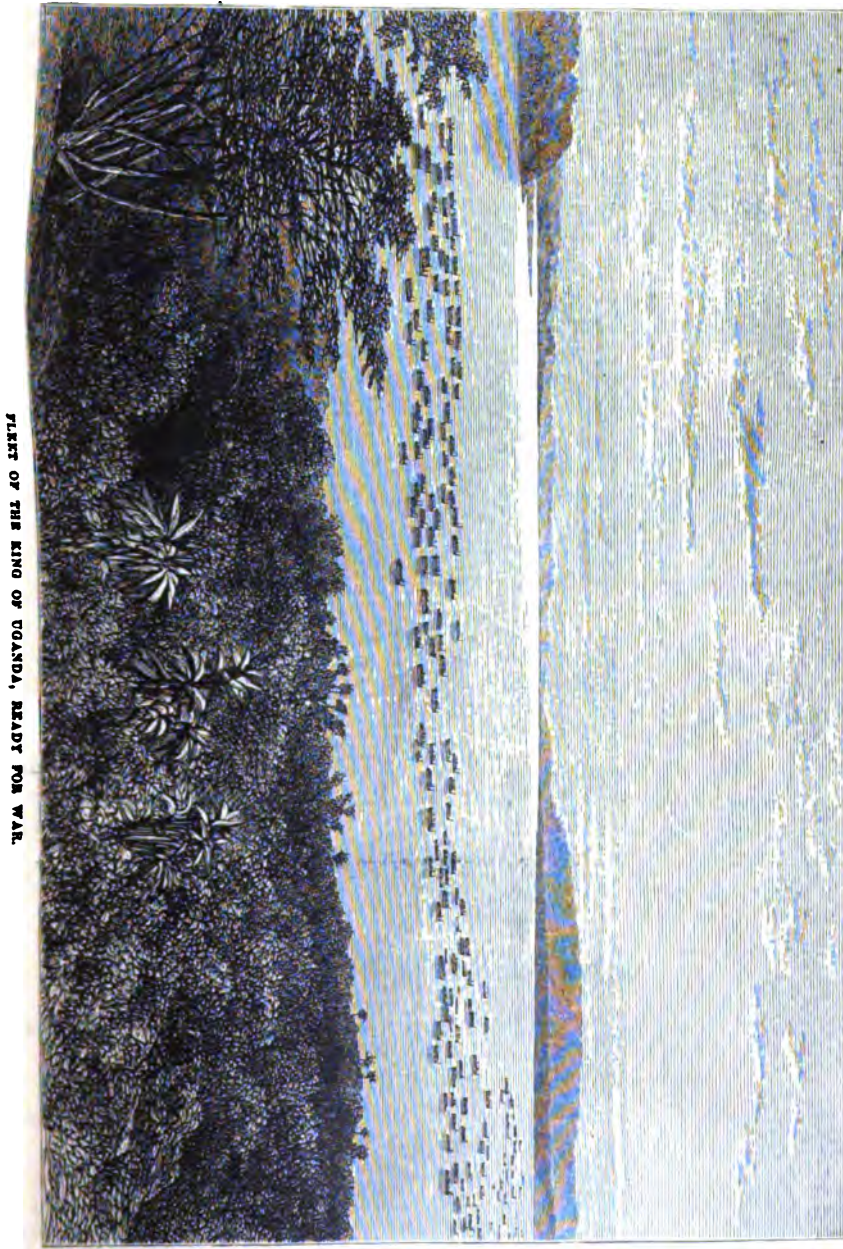
"While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the emperor to show me my house. Following him, I was ushered within a corner lot of the fenced square, between two avenues, into what I might appropriately term a 'garden villa' of Uganda. My house, standing in the centre of a plantain garden about one hundred feet square, was twenty feet long, and of a marquee shape, with a miniature portico or eave projecting like a bonnet over the doorway, and was divided into two apartments. Close by, about thirty feet off, were three domelike huts for the boat's crew and the kitchen, and in a corner of the garden was a railed space for our bullocks and goats. Were it not that I was ever anxious about my distant camp in Usukuma, I possessed almost everything requisite to render a month's stay very agreeable, and for the time I was as proud of my tiny villa as a London merchant is of his country-house.

"In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. A number of people in brown robes, or white dresses, some with white goatskins over their brown robes, others with cords folded like a turban round their heads, which I heard were distinguishing marks of the executioners, were also ascending to the *burzah*. Court after court was passed until we finally stood upon the level top in front of the great house of cane and straw which the Waganda fondly term *kibuga*, or the palace. The space at least was of aulic extent, and the prospect gained at every point was also worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch.

"On all sides rolled in grand waves a voluptuous land of sunshine and plenty and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great equatorial fresh-water sea. Isolated hill-cones, similar to that of Rubaga, or square tabular masses, rose up from the beautiful landscape to attract, like mysteries, the curious stranger's observation, and villages and banana groves of still fresher green, far removed on the crest of distant swelling ridges, announced that Mtesa owned a land worth loving. Dark, sinuous lines traced the winding courses of deep ravines filled with trees, and grassy extents of gently undulating ground marked the pastures; broader depressions suggested the cultivated gardens and the grain fields, while on the far verge of the horizon we saw the beauty and the charm of the land melting into the blues of distance.

"The drums sounded. Mtesa had seated himself on the throne, and we hastened to take our seats.

"Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while he was in man's disguise, he was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned his divinity, and yet out of his great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, he asked his great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between him whom white men love and adore, and Mohammed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavored to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mohammed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the



FLEET OF THE KING OF UGANDA, READY FOR WAR.

unbeliever was an act that merited Paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments, and Idi, the emperor's writer, transcribed in Kiganda the words of the Law as given to him in choice Swahili by Robert Feruzi, one of my boat's crew, and a pupil of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar.



AUDIENCE-HALL OF THE PALACE AT RUBAGA.

"The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story as I gave it to them that little of other business was done. The political *burzah* and seat of justice had now become an alcove, where only the moral and religious laws were discussed.

"Before we broke up our meeting Mtesa informed me that I should meet a *white man* at his palace the next day.

"'A white man, or a Turk?'

"'A white man like yourself,' repeated Mtesa.

"'No; impossible!'

"'Yes, you will see. He comes from Masr (Cairo), from Gordoom (Gordon) Pasha.'

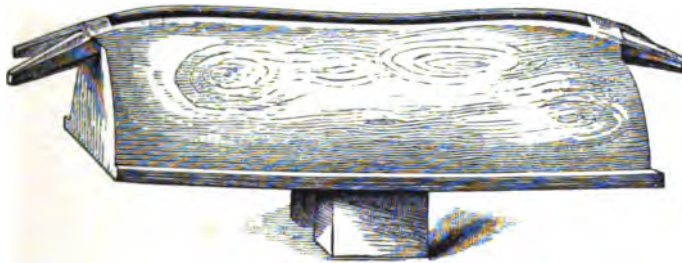
"'Ah, very well, I shall be glad to see him, and if he is really a white man, I may probably stay with you four or five days longer,' said I to Mtesa, as I shook hands with him, and bade him good-night.

"The 'white man,' reported to be coming the next day, arrived at noon with great *éclat* and flourishes of trumpets, the sounds of which could be heard all over the capital. Mtesa hurried off a page to invite me to his *burzah*. I hastened up by a private entrance. Mtesa and all his chiefs, guards, pages, executioners, claimants, guests, drummers, and fifers were already there, *en grande tenue*.

"Mtesa was in a fever, as I could see by the paling of the color under his eyes and his glowing eyeballs. The chiefs shared their master's excitement.

"'What shall we do,' he asked, 'to welcome him?'

"'Oh, form your troops in line from the entrance to the *burzah* down to the gate of the outer court, and present arms, and as he comes within the gate let your drums and fifes sound a loud welcome.'



WOODEN KETTLE-DRUM.

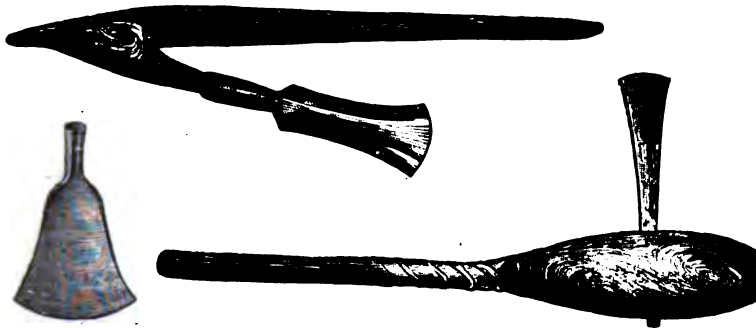
"'Beautiful!' said Mtesa. 'Hurry Tori, Chambarango, Sekebobo: form them in two lines just as Stanlee says. Oh, that is beautiful! And shall we fire guns, Stanlee?'

"'No, not until you shake hands with him; and, as he is a soldier, let the guards fire, then they will not injure any one.'

"Mtesa's flutter of excitement on this occasion made me think that there must have been a somewhat similar scene before my landing at Usavara, and that Tori must have been consulted frequently upon the form of ceremony to be adopted.

"What followed upon the arrival of the white man at the outer gate had best be told as an interlude by the stranger himself.

"'At two o'clock, the weather having cleared up, Mtesa sent a messenger to inform me that he was ready to receive me. Notice is given in the camp; every one puts on his finest clothes; at last we are ready; my brave Soudanians look quite smart in their red jackets and white trousers. I place myself at their head; trumpets flourish and drums sound as we follow an avenue from eighty-five to a



AFRICAN HATCHET, SPADE, AND ADZE.

hundred yards wide, running direct north and south, and terminating at Mtesa's palace. . . .

"On entering this court, I am greeted with a frightful uproar; a thousand instruments, each one more outlandish than the other, produce the most discordant and deafening sounds. Mtesa's body-guard carrying guns present arms on my appearance; the king is standing at the entrance of the reception-hall, I approach and bow to him *à la turque*. He holds out his hand, which I press; I immediately perceive a sunburnt European to the left of the king, a traveller, whom I imagine to be Cameron. We exchange glances without speaking.

"Mtesa enters the reception-room, and we follow him. It is a narrow hall about sixty feet long by fifteen feet wide, the ceiling of which, sloping down at the entrance, is supported by a double row of wooden pillars which divide the room into two aisles. The principal and central room is unoccupied, and leads to the king's throne; the two aisles are filled with the great dignitaries and chief officers. At each pillar stands one of the king's guard, wearing a long red mantle, a white turban ornamented with monkey-skin, white trousers and black blouse with a red band. All are armed with guns.

"Mtesa takes his place on his throne, which is a wooden seat in the shape of an office arm-chair; his feet rest upon a cushion; the whole placed on a leopard's skin spread over a Smyrna carpet. Before the king is a highly-polished elephant's tusk, and at his feet are two boxes containing fetiches; on either side the throne is a lance (one copper, the other steel), each held by a guard; these are the insignia of Uganda; the dog which Speke mentions has been done away with. Crouching at the foot of the king are the vizier and two scribes.

"Mtesa is dignified in his manner, and does not lack a certain natural air of distinction; his dress is elegant—a white *couftan* finished with a red band, stockings, slippers, vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, and a *tarbouche* with a silver plate on the top. He wears a sword with ivory-inlaid hilt (a Zanzibar weapon), and a staff.

"I exhibited my presents, which Mtesa scarcely pretended to see, his dignity forbidding him to show any curiosity.

"I address the traveller, who sits in front of me, on the left of the king: "Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Cameron?"

"STANLEY. "No, sir; Mr. Stanley."

"MYSELF. "M. Linant de Bellefonds, member of the Gordon-Pasha Expedition."

"We bow low to each other, as though we had met in a drawing-room, and our conversation is at an end for the moment.

"This meeting with Mr. Stanley greatly surprises me. Stanley was far from my thoughts; I was totally ignorant of the object of his expedition.

"I take leave of the king, who meanwhile has been amusing himself by making my unlucky soldiers parade and flourish their trumpets. I shake hands with Mr. Stanley, and ask him to honor me with his presence at dinner."

"Colonel Linant de Bellefonds having thus described our meeting, there remains but little for me to add.

"As soon as I saw him approaching the *burzah*, I recognized him to be a Frenchman. Not being introduced to him—and as I was then but a mere guest

of Mtesa, with whom it was M. Linant's first desire to converse—I simply bowed to him, until he had concluded addressing the emperor, when our introduction took place as he has described.

“I was delighted at seeing him, and much more delighted when I discovered that M. Linant was a very agreeable man. I observed that there was a vast difference between his treatment of his men and the manner in which I treated mine, and that his intercourse with the Waganda was conducted after exactly opposite principles to those which governed my conduct. He adopted a half-military style which the Waganda ill brooked, and many things uncomplimentary to him were uttered by them. He stationed guards at the entrance to his courtyard to keep the Waganda at a distance, except those bearing messages from Mtesa, while my courtyard was nearly full of Watongolehs, soldiers, pages, children, with many a



HEAD OF A "MADOQUA"—SPECIES OF ANTELOPE.

dark-brown woman listening with open ears to my conversation with the Waganda. In fact, my courtyard from morning to night swarmed with all classes, for I loved to draw the natives to talk, so that perfect confidence might be established between us, and I might gain an insight into their real natures. By this freer converse with them I became, it seemed, a universal favorite, and obtained information sufficient to fill two octavo volumes.

“M. Linant passed many pleasant hours with me. Though he had started from Cairo previous to my departure from Zanzibar, and consequently could communicate no news from Europe, I still felt that for a brief period I enjoyed civilized life. The religious conversations which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds; when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M.

Linant, to Mtesa's astonishment, employed nearly the same words, and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before, one having arrived from the southeast, the other having emerged from the north, should nevertheless both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind without the *burzah* as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous.

"The period of my stay with Mtesa drew to a close, and I requested leave to depart, begging the fulfilment of a promise he had made to me that he would furnish me with transport sufficient to convey the expedition by water from Kagehyi in Usukuma to Uganda. Nothing loath, since one white man would continue his residence with him till my return, and being eager to see the gifts I told him were safe at Usukuma, he gave his permission, and commanded Magassa to collect thirty canoes, and to accompany me to my camp. On the 15th of April, then, escorted by Magassa and his Watongolehs, and also by M. Linant and ten of his Nubian soldiers, we left Rubaga and arrived at Usavara.

"In the evening I concluded my letters dated 14th of April, 1875, which were sent to the *Daily Telegraph* and the New York *Herald*, the English and American journals I represented here, appealing for a Christian mission to be sent to Mtesa.

"The appeal, written hurriedly, and included in the letter left at Usavara, was as follows:

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and his Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race. Such a man, or men, Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, Usoga, Unyoro, and Karagwé—an empire three hundred and sixty geographical miles in length, by fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that, if they will only come to him, he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my

NEUGELAND HOUSE, AN AFRICAN MISSION STATION, WITH GRAVE OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE.



witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists and the pious people of England. "Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at two millions. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter-skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyan-yembé. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible."

"When the letters were written and sealed I committed them to the charge of Colonel Linant. My friend promised he would await my return from Usukuma; meanwhile he lent me a powerful field-glass, as mine, being considerably injured, had been given to Mtesa.

"The parting between M. Linant and myself I shall allow him to describe:

"At 5 A.M. drums are beaten; the boats going with Stanley are collecting together.

"Mr. Stanley and myself are soon ready. The *Lady Alice* is unmoored; luggage, sheep, goats, and poultry are already stowed away in their places. There is nothing to be done except to hoist the American flag and head the boat southward. I accompany Stanley to his boat; we shake hands and commend each other to the care of God. Stanley takes the helm; the *Lady Alice* immediately swerves like a spirited horse, and bounds forward lashing the water of the Nyanza into foam. The starry flag is hoisted, and floats proudly in the breeze; I immediately raise a loud hurrah with such hearty good-will as perhaps never before greeted the traveller's ears.

"The *Lady Alice* is already far away. We wave our handkerchiefs as a last farewell; my heart is full; I have just lost a brother. I had grown used to seeing Stanley, the open-hearted, sympathetic man and friend and admirable traveller. With him I forgot my fatigue; this meeting had been like a return to my own country. His engaging, instructive conversation made the hours pass like minutes. I hope I may see him again, and have the happiness of spending several days with him."

One of the youthful auditors asked at this point what became of Colonel Linant de Bellefonds. Fred replied as follows to the inquiry:

"He remained about six weeks at Mtesa's court, looking for the return of Mr. Stanley. The latter was delayed in various ways, and finally Colonel Linant started on his return to Gondokoro, to report to his superior officer, Gordon Pasha. He had a severe battle with the natives of

Unyoro; it lasted several hours, but he managed to escape and reach Gordon Pasha's headquarters. In the following August he was sent on an expedition among the Bari tribe, and, at a place called Labore, he and all the men accompanying him were killed. He was an efficient officer, and was greatly liked by those with whom he served.

"Mr. Stanley was greatly delayed on his return to Usukuma," Fred continued, "by the inefficiency of Magassa and his habits of procrastination. He did not assemble the required number of canoes which Mtesa had promised, and when Stanley sent him for more he returned



WARRIORS OF THE UPPER NILE REGION.

without them. His whole course of action was one of duplicity, and caused a great deal of trouble and delay to the expedition. Stanley was not sufficiently powerful to force him to obey, and he was too far away from Mtesa's capital to inform the king of the bad conduct of his lieutenant.

"On the way down the coast Mr. Stanley explored the Alexandra Nile for a short distance. He reported it about five hundred yards wide at its mouth, and narrowed to a width of one hundred yards about two miles above. Its current was so strong that the *Lady Alice* breasted it with difficulty, and, after an ascent of three miles, the attempt to go farther was abandoned. In one place a depth of eighty-five feet was obtained with the sounding-line, and it was evident that the volume of water discharged by the river is very large. The people residing in the valley of the Alexandra Nile call it 'the mother of the river at Jinga,' or the Ripon Falls.

"At Bumbireh Island the expedition stopped to purchase food, of which they had run short, but the natives proved to be unfriendly. Bumbireh is about eleven miles long by two in width, and has a population estimated at four thousand, scattered in some fifty villages. Here is Mr. Stanley's account of his experiences at this island.

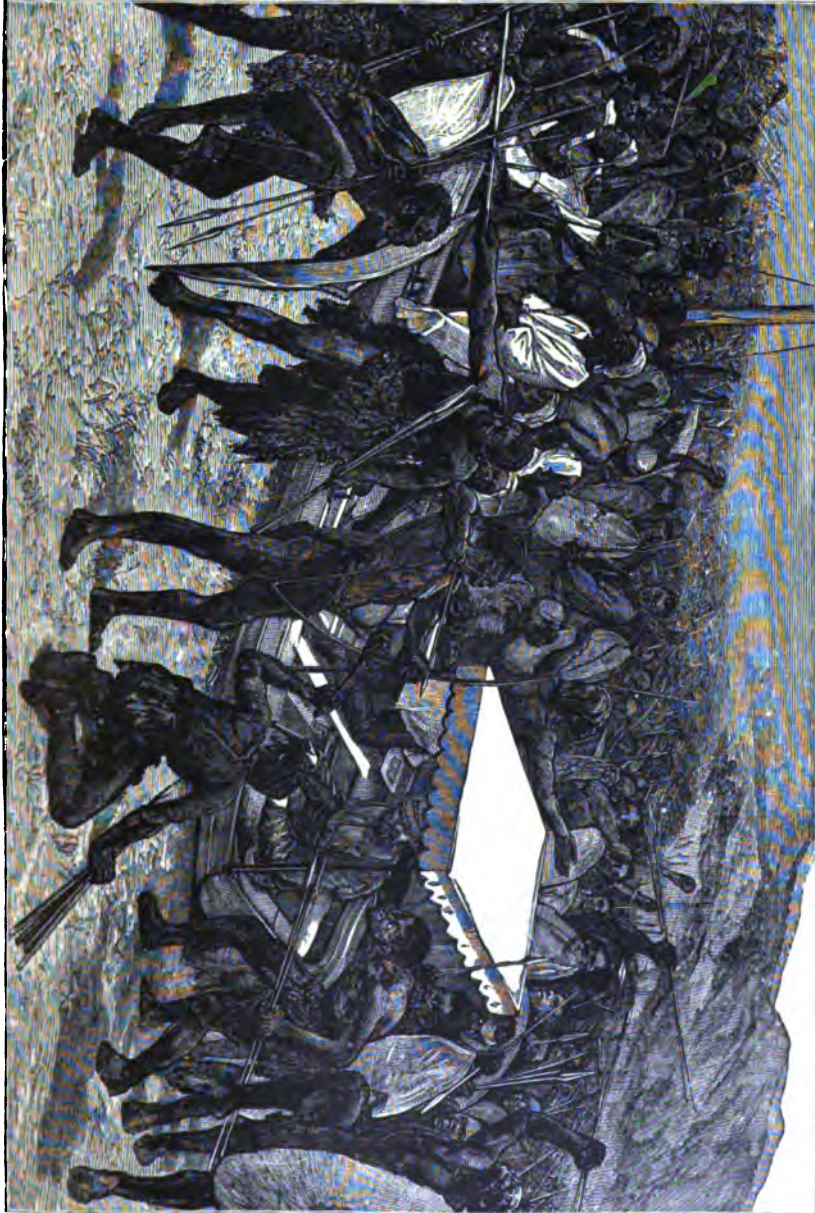
"At 9 A.M. we discovered a cove near the southeast end of the long island, and pulled slowly into it. Immediately the natives rushed down the slopes, shouting war-cries and uttering fierce ejaculations. When about fifty yards from the shore I bade the men cease rowing, but Safeni and Baraka became eloquent, and said, 'It is almost always the case, master, with savages. They cry out and threaten and look big, but you will see that all that noise will cease as soon as they hear us speak. Besides, if we leave here without food, where shall we obtain it?'

"The last argument was unanswerable, and though I gave no orders to resume their oars, four of the men impelled the boat on slowly, while Safeni and Baraka prepared themselves to explain to the natives, who were now close within hearing, as they came rushing to the water's edge. I saw some lift great stones, while others prepared their bows.

"We were now about ten yards from the beach, and Safeni and Baraka spoke, earnestly pointing to their mouths, and by gestures explaining that their bellies were empty. They smiled with insinuating faces; uttered the words 'brothers,' 'friends,' 'good fellows,' most volubly; cunningly interpolated the words Mtesa—the *kabaka*—Uganda, and Antari, King of Ihangiro, to whom Bumbireh belongs. Safeni and Baraka's pleasant volubility seemed to have produced a good effect, for the stones were dropped, the bows were unstrung, and the lifted spears lowered to assist the steady, slow-walking pace with which they now advanced.

"Safeni and Baraka turned to me triumphantly, and asked, 'What did we say, master?' and then, with engaging frankness, invited the natives, who were now about two hundred in number, to come closer. The natives consulted a little while,

RECEPTION AT BUMBIRIA ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANKA.



and several—now smiling pleasantly themselves—advanced leisurely into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly, with a rush, they ran the boat ashore; and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about twenty yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving us almost stupefied with astonishment!

"Then ensued a scene which beggars description. A forest of spears was levelled; thirty or forty bows were drawn taut; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved above our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other, and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

"In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver. But the apparent hopelessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I should get no aid from my crew; but, while bitterly blaming myself for my imprudence in having yielded—against my instincts—to placing myself in the power of such savages, I vowed that, if I escaped this once, my own judgment should guide my actions for the future.

"I assumed a resigned air, though I still retained my revolvers. My crew also bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage which assailed them with almost sublime imperturbability. Safeni crossed his arms with the meekness of a saint. Baraka held his hands palms outward, asking, with serene benignity, 'What, my friends, ails you? Do you fear empty hands and smiling people like us? We are friends; we came, as friends, to buy food, two or three bananas, a few mouthfuls of grain or potatoes or muhogo (cassava), and, if you permit us, we shall depart as friends.'

"Our demeanor had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed to be subsiding, when some fifty new-comers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft, again the bows were drawn, and again the barbed arrows seemed flying. Safeni received a push which sent him tumbling; little Kirango received a blow on the head with a spear-staff; Saramba gave a cry as a club descended on his back.

"I sprang up this time to remonstrate, with the two revolvers in my left hand. I addressed myself to an elder, who seemed to be restraining the people from proceeding too far. I showed him beads, cloth, wire, and invoked the names of Mtesa, and Antari their king.

"The sight of the heaps of beads and cloth I exposed awakened, however, the more deliberate passions of selfishness and greed in each heart. An attempt at massacre, they began to argue, would certainly entail the loss of some of themselves. 'Guns might be seized, and handled with terrible effect, even by dying men, and who knows what those little iron things in the white man's hands are?' they seemed to be asking themselves. The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to the right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted this elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be Shekka, the King of Bumbireh.

"Shekka then, having thus bestirred himself, beckoned to half a dozen men,



HUT AND GRANARY ON THE ISLAND.

and walked away a few yards behind the mass. Half the crowd followed the king and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their tongues on us, and to continually menace us with either club or spear.

"The issue had surely arrived. There had been just one brief moment of agony when I reflected how unlovely death appears in such guise as that in which it then threatened me. What would my people think as they anxiously waited for the never-returning master! What would Pocock and Barker say when they heard of the tragedy of Bumbireh! And my friends in America and Europe!

"A messenger from the king and the council arrives, and beckons Safeni. I said to him, 'Safeni, use your wit.' 'Please God, master,' he replied.

"Safeni drew nearly all the crowd after him, for curiosity is strong in the African. I saw him pose himself. A born diplomatist was Safeni. His hands moved up and down, outward and inward; a cordial frankness sat naturally on his face; his gestures were graceful; the man was an orator, pleading for mercy and justice.

"Safeni returned, his face radiant. 'It is all right, master, there is no fear. They say we must stop here until to-morrow.'

"'Will they sell us food?'

"'Oh, yes, as soon as they settle their shauri.'

"While Safeni was speaking six men rushed up and seized the oars.

"Safeni, though hitherto politic, lost temper at this, and endeavored to prevent them. They raised their clubs to strike him. I shouted out, 'Let them go, Safeni.'

"'A loud cheer greeted the seizure of the oars. I became convinced now that this one little act would lead to others; for man is the same all over the world. If a man submit once, he must be prepared to submit again.

"The 'shauri' proceeded. Another messenger came, demanding five cloths and five fundo of necklaces. They were delivered. But as it was now near noon, and they were assured we could not escape, the savages withdrew to their nearest village to refresh themselves with wine and food.

"After the warriors had departed some women came to look at us. We spoke kindly to them, and in return they gave us the consoling assurance that we should be killed, but they said that if we could induce Shekka to make blood-brother-



A WOMAN OF THE ISLAND.

hood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed, there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

"About 3 P.M. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavor to induce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood.

"A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace, on which the banana grove and village of Kajurri stood. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Almost all of them bore the peculiar shields of Usongora. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us recognized as indicating hostilities.

"Even Safeni and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were 'Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble.'

"'Never mind me,' I replied, 'I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?'

"'We are,' they all firmly answered.

"'Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these three fundo of beads, and ask him to exchange blood with you.'

"Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within one hundred and fifty yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men beapainted for war were increasing Shekka's force. Some

of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought. Their gestures were wild, their voices were shrill and fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

"Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over three hundred.

"Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry. Without hesitation they came straight to the boat, and, hissing something to us, seized our Kiganda drum. It was such a small affair, we did not resist; still the manner in which it was taken completely undeceived us, if any small hope of peace remained. Loud applause greeted the act of gallantry.

"Then two men came down towards us, and began to drive some cows away that were grazing between us and the men on the hill. Safeni asked of one of them, 'Why do you do that?'



VILLAGE ENCLOSING CATTLE.

"'Because we are going to begin fighting presently, and if you are men, you may begin to prepare yourselves,' he said, scornfully.

"'Thanks, my bold friend,' I muttered to myself. 'Those are the truest words we have heard to-day.'

"The two men were retiring up the hill. 'Here, Safeni,' I said, 'take these two fine red cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it with the force of a hundred men down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are.'

"'Yes, Inshallah Master,' they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

"I waited until he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

"The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, 'Safeni! Safeni, return!'"

"The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and with one accord they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

"My boat was at the water's edge. 'Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;' and, clear of all obstruction, she darted out upon the lake.

"Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths in his hand.

The foremost of a crowd of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"Spring into the water, man, head first,' I cried.

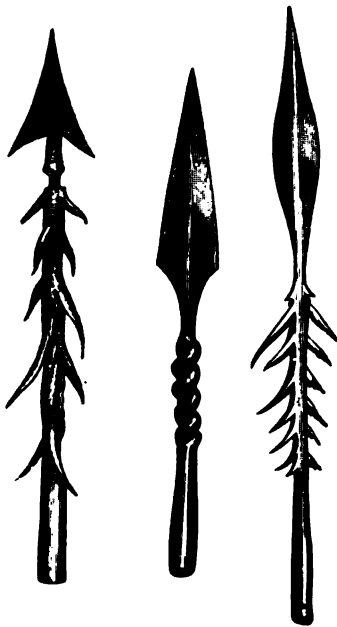
"The balanced spear was about to fly, and another man was preparing his weapon for a deadly cast, when I raised my gun and the bullet ploughed through him and through the second. The bowmen halted and drew their bows. I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst, and the natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

"Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about one hundred yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove. Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

"The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom-

boards out of the boat and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore. I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three-ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

"It was 5 P.M. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we had head-winds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, where should we apply for food? Fresh water we had in abundance, sufficient to satisfy the thirst of all the armies of the world for a century. But food? Whither should we turn for it?"



HEADS OF SPEARS.



CENTRAL AFRICAN GOAT.

Fred paused a few moments while his auditors waited in breathless anxiety for the continuation of the story.

"At night a storm came on," said Fred, "and the *Mice* drifted helplessly, while her occupants, weakened by nearly fifty hours without food and drenched by the rain that fell in torrents, felt that they were about to 'die in the Nyanza' as they had been told to do by the cruel natives of Bumbireh. In the morning the storm abated, and they reached an uninhabited island which Mr. Stanley appropriately named Refuge Island. The men gathered bananas, cherries, and other fruits, while their leader shot some ducks, so that they had an abundant supper, which, you may be sure, was eagerly devoured. They remained two days at Refuge Island to rest and gain strength, and also to make oars to replace those lost at Bumbireh. Then they continued their voyage and reached their old camp at Kagehyi without further molestation or suffering.

"The party was welcomed most joyously by Frank Pocock and the men in camp, but the news that greeted the explorer was full of sadness. When he inquired for Fred Barker, young Pocock pointed to a cairn of stones near the shore, and in a low voice said Barker had died twelve days before, and was buried under the cairn. Several of the Zanzibaris



CAIRN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK BARKER :
MAJITA AND URURI MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE, ACROSS SPEKE GULF.

had died, including three of the most trustworthy men of the expedition, while some of the worst spirits in the camp were on the verge of mutiny. The natives had continued friendly, and the camp was so well supplied with provisions that those who had preserved their health were in excellent condition.

"Mr. Stanley and those who accompanied him on the boat expedition were greatly reduced by their privations and exposure, Stanley weighing only one hundred and fifteen pounds, or sixty-three pounds less than when he left Zanzibar. Rest was imperative, and in Stanley's case it was accompanied by fever which reduced him to a weight of one hundred and eight pounds in a few days. On the fifth day he had conquered the fever by liberal doses of quinine, but found himself very weak and pale."

One of the youths asked what became of Magassa and his fleet of canoes.

"That was what worried Mr. Stanley," replied Fred, "and during the delirium of his fever he was constantly asking for the canoes. They never came, and it was necessary to obtain other boats or make the journey by land. After much bargaining and diplomacy twenty-one canoes were purchased from Lukongeh, King of Ukerewé, a large island which separates Speke Gulf from the waters of the lake. They were in poor condition, but, by much patching and calking, were made available for transporting the expedition to Refuge Island, where the boat party retreated after its encounter with the natives of Bumbireh.

"Mr. Stanley gives some interesting details concerning the king and people of Ukerewé.

"The king, Lukongeh, was a handsome, open-faced, light-colored man about twenty-seven years old; he is supposed to be endowed with supernatural power, and seizes every opportunity to heighten this belief. He is believed to be enabled to create a drought at pleasure, and to cause the land to be drenched with rain. It was fortunate that, since his accession to power, rain had been regular and copious in its season. The king had not been slow to point out this immense advantage which Ukerewé had gained since he succeeded his father; he was therefore beloved and feared.



AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MROSSI, KING LUKONGEH'S CAPITAL.

"Aware of the value of a reputation as rain-maker, he was ambitious to add to it that of 'great medicine man,' and he besought me to impart to him some of the grand secrets of Europe—such as how to transform men into lions and leopards, to cause the rains to fall or cease, the winds to blow, and trees to produce fruit. Demands of this character are commonly made by African chiefs. When I stated my inability to comply with these requests, the king whispered to his chiefs:

"He will not give me what I ask, because he is afraid that he will not get the canoes; but you will see when my men return from Uganda, he will give me all I ask."

"Many stories were current about the witchcraft practised by the people of Ukara Island, proving that those islanders have been at pains to spread abroad a good repute for themselves, that they are cunning, and, aware that superstition is a weakness of human nature, have sought to thrive upon it. Their power—according to the Wakerewé—over the amphibian is wonderful. They had crocodiles which were trained to do anything they were told to do, and their king had a hippopotamus which came to him each morning to be milked!



STOW HOUSE FOR GRAIN



WAKEREWÉ STOOL.

"Coils of brass wire are much coveted by the Wakerewé, for the adornment of their wives, who wear it in such numerous circlets round their necks as to give them at a distance an appearance of wearing ruffs. Wristlets of copper and brass and iron, and anklets of the same metal, besides armlets of ivory, are the favorite decorations of the men.

"Owing to the size of the expedition and the limited capacity of the canoes, it required two journeys of the flotilla to transport the entire party, with its baggage, from Kaghyi to Refuge Island. The work was safely accomplished, friendly terms were made with the natives in the vicinity; and now," said Fred, as he closed the book, "we will leave the entire party until we assemble again in the evening."



WAKEREWÉ DWELLING-HOUSE.



FISH-NETS.



WAKEREWÉ CANOES.



WAKEREWÉ WARRIOR.



STRANGE GRANITE BOWLS OF UZU ISLAND, MIDWAY BETWEEN UGANDA AND KENYA.
(From a Photograph by Sir Stanley)



A WOMAN OF THE ISLAND.

hood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed, there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

"About 3 P.M. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavor to induce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood.

"A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace, on which the banana grove and village of Kajurri stood. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Almost all of them bore the peculiar shields of Usongora. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us recognized as indicating hostilities.

"Even Safeni and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were 'Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble.'

"'Never mind me,' I replied, 'I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?'

"'We are,' they all firmly answered.

"'Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these three fundo of beads, and ask him to exchange blood with you.'

"Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within one hundred and fifty yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men beapainted for war were increasing Shekka's force. Some

of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought. Their gestures were wild, their voices were shrill and fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

"Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over three hundred.

"Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry. Without hesitation they came straight to the boat, and, hissing something to us, seized our Kiganda drum. It was such a small affair, we did not resist; still the manner in which it was taken completely undeceived us, if any small hope of peace remained. Loud applause greeted the act of gallantry.

"Then two men came down towards us, and began to drive some cows away that were grazing between us and the men on the hill. Safeni asked of one of them, 'Why do you do that?'



VILLAGE ENCLOSING CATTLE.

"'Because we are going to begin fighting presently, and if you are men, you may begin to prepare yourselves,' he said, scornfully.

"'Thanks, my bold friend,' I muttered to myself. 'Those are the truest words we have heard to-day.'

"The two men were retiring up the hill. 'Here, Safeni,' I said, 'take these two fine red cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it with the force of a hundred men down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are.'

"'Yes, Inshallah Master,' they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

"I waited until he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

"The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, 'Safeni! Safeni, return!'

"The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and with one accord they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

"My boat was at the water's edge. 'Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;' and, clear of all obstruction, she darted out upon the lake.

"Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths in his hand. The foremost of a crowd of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"'Spring into the water, man, head first,' I cried.

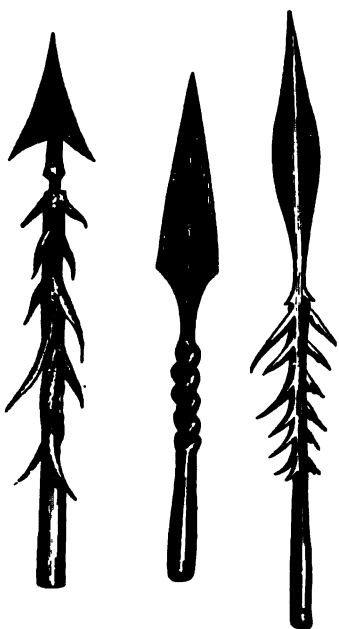
"The balanced spear was about to fly, and another man was preparing his weapon for a deadly cast, when I raised my gun and the bullet ploughed through him and through the second. The bowmen halted and drew their bows. I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst, and the natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

"Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about one hundred yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove. Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

"The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom-

boards out of the boat and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore. I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three-ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

"It was 5 P.M. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we had head-winds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, where should we apply for food? Fresh water we had in abundance, sufficient to satisfy the thirst of all the armies of the world for a century. But food? Whither should we turn for it?"



HEADS OF SPEARS.



CENTRAL AFRICAN GOAT.

Fred paused a few moments while his auditors waited in breathless anxiety for the continuation of the story.

"At night a storm came on," said Fred, "and the *Alice* drifted helplessly, while her occupants, weakened by nearly fifty hours without food and drenched by the rain that fell in torrents, felt that they were about to 'die in the Nyanza' as they had been told to do by the cruel natives of Bumbireh. In the morning the storm abated, and they reached an uninhabited island which Mr. Stanley appropriately named Refuge Island. The men gathered bananas, cherries, and other fruits, while their leader shot some ducks, so that they had an abundant supper, which, you may be sure, was eagerly devoured. They remained two days at Refuge Island to rest and gain strength, and also to make oars to replace those lost at Bumbireh. Then they continued their voyage and reached their old camp at Kagehyi without further molestation or suffering.

"The party was welcomed most joyously by Frank Pocock and the men in camp, but the news that greeted the explorer was full of sadness. When he inquired for Fred Barker, young Pocock pointed to a cairn of stones near the shore, and in a low voice said Barker had died twelve days before, and was buried under the cairn. Several of the Zanzibaris



CAIRN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK BARKER :
MAJITA AND URURI MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE, ACROSS SPEKE GULF.

had died, including three of the most trustworthy men of the expedition, while some of the worst spirits in the camp were on the verge of mutiny. The natives had continued friendly, and the camp was so well supplied with provisions that those who had preserved their health were in excellent condition.

“Mr. Stanley and those who accompanied him on the boat expedition were greatly reduced by their privations and exposure, Stanley weighing only one hundred and fifteen pounds, or sixty-three pounds less than when he left Zanzibar. Rest was imperative, and in Stanley’s case it was accompanied by fever which reduced him to a weight of one hundred and eight pounds in a few days. On the fifth day he had conquered the fever by liberal doses of quinine, but found himself very weak and pale.”

One of the youths asked what became of Magassa and his fleet of canoes.

“That was what worried Mr. Stanley,” replied Fred, “and during the delirium of his fever he was constantly asking for the canoes. They never came, and it was necessary to obtain other boats or make the journey by land. After much bargaining and diplomacy twenty-one canoes were purchased from Lukongeh, King of Ukerewé, a large island which separates Speke Gulf from the waters of the lake. They were in poor condition, but, by much patching and calking, were made available for transporting the expedition to Refuge Island, where the boat party retreated after its encounter with the natives of Bumbireh.

“Mr. Stanley gives some interesting details concerning the king and people of Ukerewé.

"The king, Lukongeh, was a handsome, open-faced, light-colored man about twenty-seven years old; he is supposed to be endowed with supernatural power, and seizes every opportunity to heighten this belief. He is believed to be enabled to create a drought at pleasure, and to cause the land to be drenched with rain. It was fortunate that, since his accession to power, rain had been regular and copious in its season. The king had not been slow to point out this immense advantage which Ukerewé had gained since he succeeded his father; he was therefore beloved and feared.



AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MSOSSI, KING LUKONGEH'S CAPITAL.

"Aware of the value of a reputation as rain-maker, he was ambitious to add to it that of 'great medicine man,' and he besought me to impart to him some of the grand secrets of Europe—such as how to transform men into lions and leopards, to cause the rains to fall or cease, the winds to blow, and trees to produce fruit. Demands of this character are commonly made by African chiefs. When I stated my inability to comply with these requests, the king whispered to his chiefs:

"'He will not give me what I ask, because he is afraid that he will not get the canoes; but you will see when my men return from Uganda, he will give me all I ask.'

"Many stories were current about the witchcraft practised by the people of Ukara Island, proving that those islanders have been at pains to spread abroad a good repute for themselves, that they are cunning, and, aware that superstition is a weakness of human nature, have sought to thrive upon it. Their power—according to the Wakerewé—over the amphibians is wonderful. They had crocodiles which were trained to do anything they were told to do, and their king had a hippopotamus which came to him each morning to be milked!



STOW-HOUSE FOR GRAIN.

“Coils of brass wire are much coveted by the Wakerewé, for the adornment of their wives, who wear it in such numerous circlets round their necks as to give them at a distance an appearance of wearing ruffs. Wristlets of copper and brass and iron, and anklets of the same metal, besides armlets of ivory, are the favorite decorations of the men.



WAKEREWÉ STOOL.

“Owing to the size of the expedition and the limited capacity of the canoes, it required two journeys of the flotilla to transport the entire party, with its baggage, from Kagehyi to Refuge Island. The work was safely accomplished, friendly terms were made with the natives in the vicinity; and now,” said Fred, as he closed the book, “we will leave the entire party until we assemble again in the evening.”



WAKEREWÉ DWELLING-HOUSE.



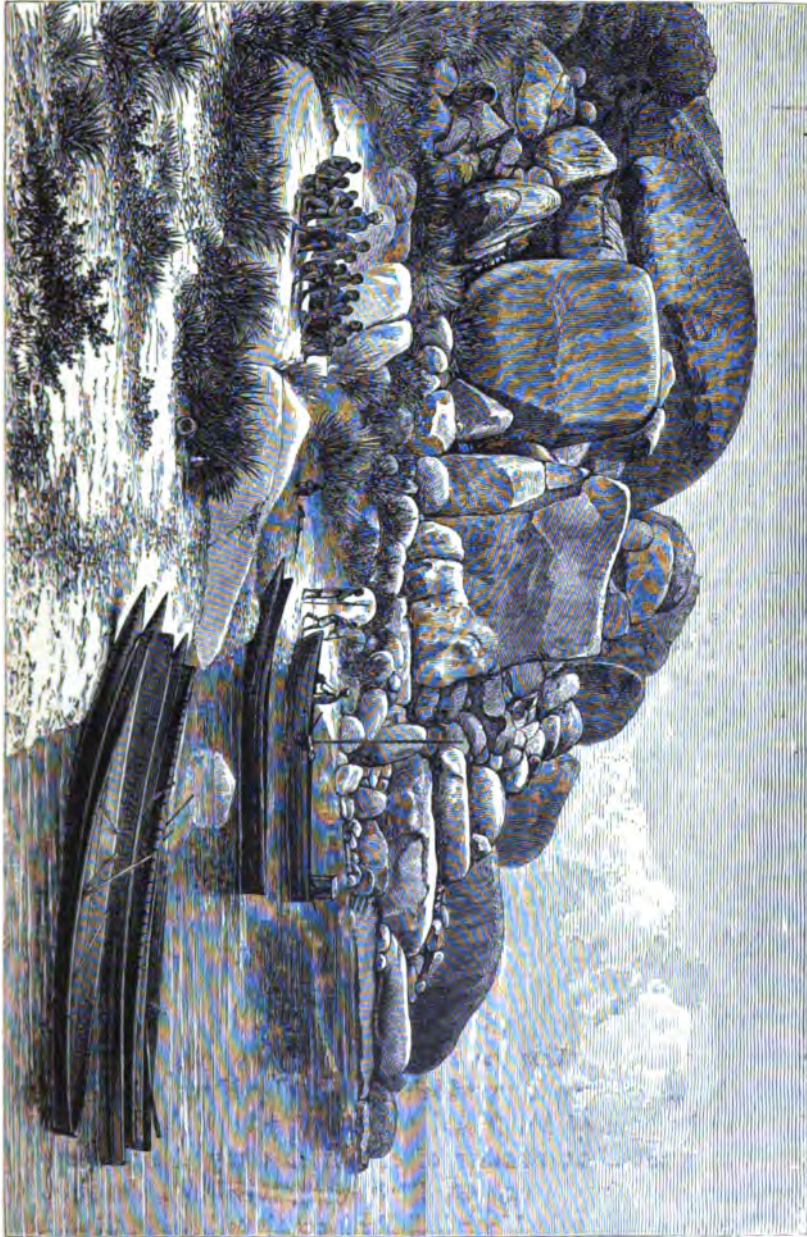
FISH-NETS.



WAKEREWÉ CANOES.



WAKEREWÉ WARRIOR.



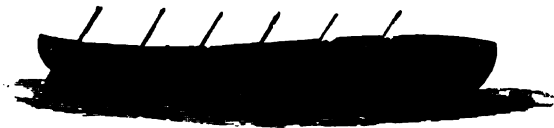
STRANGE GRANITE ROCKS OF UZU ISLAND, MIDWAY BETWEEN UVEUNA AND UENRW.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley)

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE FROM REFUGE ISLAND.—ARRIVAL IN UGANDA.—MTESA AT WAR.—STANLEY JOINS HIM AT RIPON FALLS.—A NAVAL BATTLE ON AN AFRICAN LAKE.—THE WAGANDA REPULSED.—CAPTURE OF A WAVUMA CHIEF.—STANLEY SAVES THE CHIEF'S LIFE.—HOW STANLEY BROUGHT THE WAR TO AN END.—HIS WONDERFUL MACHINE FOR DESTROYING THE WAVUMA.—RETIREMENT OF THE ARMY.—STANLEY'S RETURN TO HIS CAMP.—EXPEDITION TO MUTA NZEGE.—HOW IT FAILED.—THE EXPEDITION MARCHES SOUTHWARD.—IN KING RUMANIKA'S COUNTRY.—ARAB TRADERS IN AFRICA.—HAMED IBRAHIM.—KAFURRO AND LAKE WINDERMERE.—INTERVIEWS WITH KING RUMANIKA.—EXPLORING LAKE WINDERMERE.—AN UNHAPPY NIGHT.—IHEMA ISLAND.

WHEN the party assembled in the evening Fred was promptly in his place and ready for work. By way of testing the memories of his auditors he asked them where they left Mr. Stanley's expedition at the end of the afternoon's reading.

"We left it at Refuge Island," replied one of the youths. "The canoes had made two journeys each way, between Kagehyi and Refuge Island, to bring up the men and baggage."



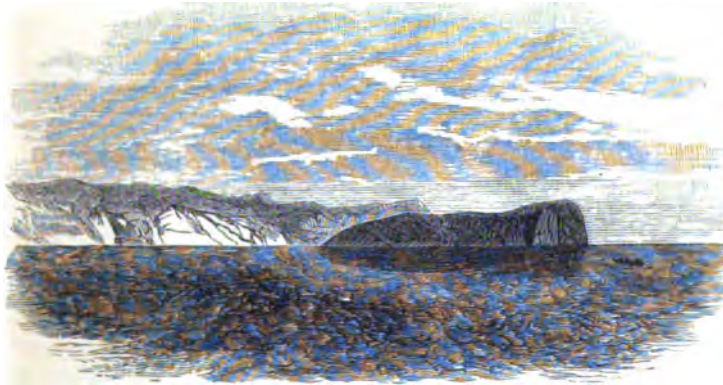
USUKUMA CANOE.

"Quite right," said Fred, "and at Refuge Island they remained for several days, negotiating for a peaceful passage by the island of Bum-bireh. A search expedition, which was sent by King Mtesa to ascertain what had become of his friend 'Stamlee,' joined them, and together there was a sufficient number of canoes to carry the whole party to Uganda.

"But on arriving in Uganda," Fred continued, "Mr. Stanley found that Mtesa had gone to war with the Wavuma, who dwell on the farther shore of the lake, and beyond the Victoria Nile. He had marched to

Usoga and fought a battle with the Wavuma, and was then preparing a naval expedition on a grand scale. Stanley was inclined to turn back when he heard this news, as he feared the delay which the war would cause. After due consideration he decided to go on, as the greater ease with which he could travel to the Muta Nzege would offset any delay caused by Mtesa's war.

"He found Mtesa with his army at Ripon Falls, on the Usoga side of the river. Warriors, women, camp-followers, and all numbered nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, and, besides, he had a flotilla of three hundred and twenty-five canoes, large and small. The enemy was in great strength, though less numerous. They had a strong position on an island, and everything promised a severely contested battle, with the chances in favor of Mtesa. The army remained several days at Ripon

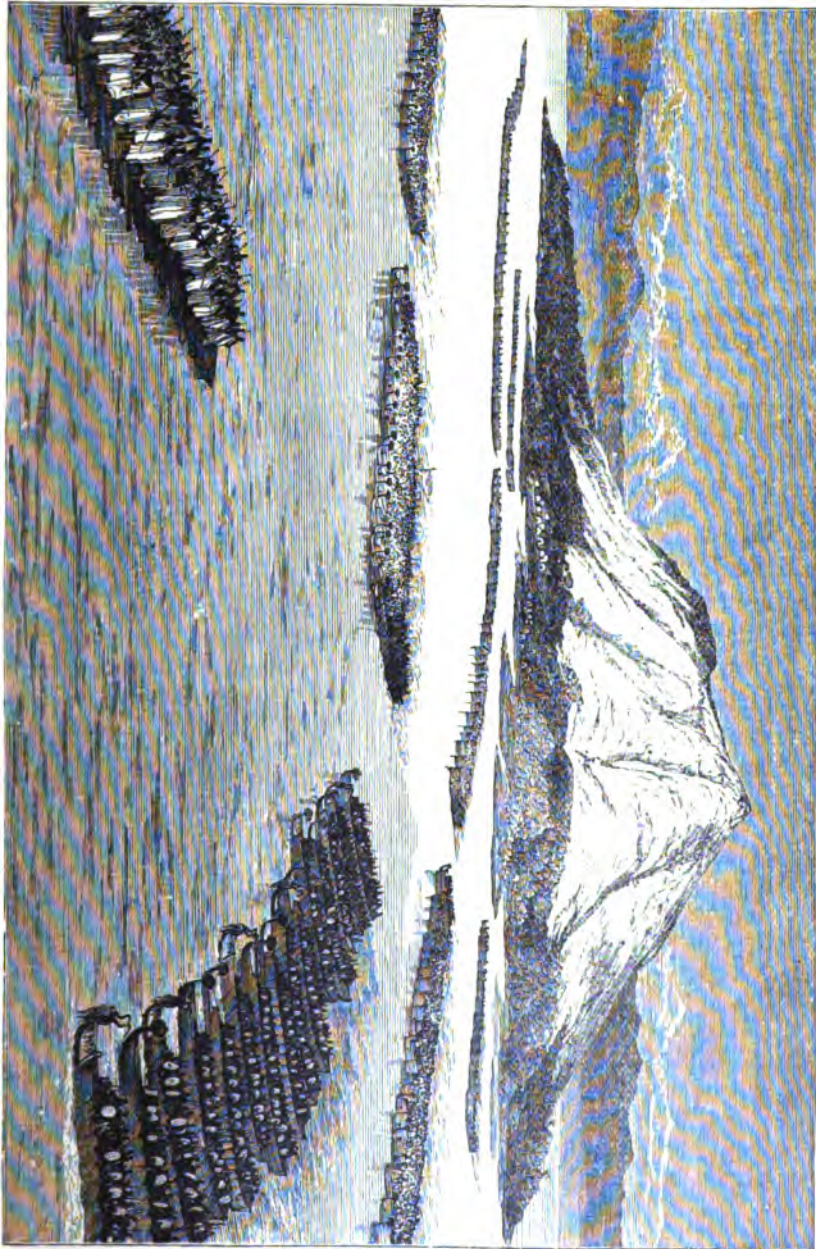


ISLAND CALLED ELEPHANT ROCK.

Falls after Stanley's arrival, and then marched to a point of land near Ingira, the island where the Wavuma had their stronghold. During the delay in camp the king and his guest were often together, and Stanley embraced the opportunity to renew his religious instruction of Mtesa. He made an abstract of the Scriptures, which were translated into Swahili, and thus the king had all the principal events of the Bible, from the Creation to the Crucifixion, in a language he could read. Finally the king declared that he would renounce the faith of Islam, and accept Christianity, as he believed its principles were the best.

"'Stamlee,' said Mtesa, as they parted, 'say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live.'

ONE OF THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLES BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND THE WATUMA, IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN INJIRA ISLAND
AND CAPE NAKARANOA.



tained their position. As the centre of the Uganda line parted in front of the causeway and disclosed the hotly advancing enemy, Tori aimed the howitzers and fired at a group of about twenty canoes, completely shattering more than half of them, and, reloading one quickly, he discharged several bolts of iron three inches long among them with terrible effect. Before this cool bearing of the Waganda



SMALL CANOE.

the Wavuma retired to their island again, and we saw numbers of canoes discharging their dead and wounded, and the Waganda were summoned to Nakaranga shore to receive the congratulations of the emperor and the applause of the vast multitude. Mtesa

went down to the water's edge to express his satisfaction at their behavior.

"Go at them again," said he, "and show them what fighting is." And the line of battle was again formed, and again the Wavuma darted from the cover of the reeds and water-cane with the swiftness of hungry sharks, beating the water into foam with their paddles, and rending the air with their piercing yells. It was one of the most exciting and animating scenes I ever beheld. The Waganda distinguished themselves for coolness and method, and the Wavuma, as on a former occasion, for intrepidity and desperate courage."

"Mtesa did not make any progress in his war upon the Wavuma," said Fred, "and became very ill-natured in consequence. One day he captured a Wavuma chief, whom he proposed to burn to death. The man was bound to a stake, and fagots were piled around him ready to be lighted, when Stanley interfered. With great difficulty, and only upon the threat of going away immediately, he succeeded in persuading Mtesa not to carry out his intention. Mtesa had repeatedly asked Stanley's advice and assistance. Stanley was anxious to end the war, and



VIEW OF THE COUNTRY NEAR MTESA'S CAMP.

continue his journey, and at the same time he wished to prevent bloodshed. So he proposed to the king that in return for granting his request to spare the life of the Wavuma chief he would build something that would strike terror to the Wavuma and force them to submit. Let us hear his story of what he did :

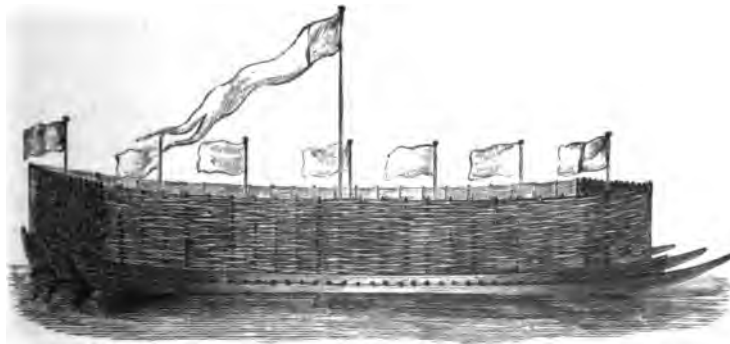
“ ‘You must give me plenty of men to help me, and in three days I shall be ready,’ I said to Mtesa. ‘Meantime shout out to the Wavuma from the causeway that you have something which will be so terrible that it will finish the war at once.’

“ ‘Take everybody, do anything you like ; I will give you Sekebobobo and all his men.’

“The next morning Sekebobobo brought about two thousand men before my quarters, and requested to know my will. I told him to despatch one thousand men to cut long poles one inch thick, three hundred to cut poles three inches thick and seven feet long, one hundred to cut straight long trees four inches thick, and one hundred to disbark all these and make bark rope. Himself and five hundred men I wished to assist me at the beach. The chief communicated my instructions and urged them to be speedy, as it was the emperor's command, and himself accompanied me to the canoe fleet.

“I selected three of the strongest-built canoes, each seventy feet long and six and a half feet wide, and, after preparing a space of ground near the water's edge, had them drawn up parallel with one another, and four feet apart from each other. With these three canoes I began to construct a floating platform, laying the tall trees across the canoes, and lashing them firmly to the thwarts, and as fast as the seven-foot poles came I had them lashed in an upright position to the thwarts of the outer canoes, and as fast as the inch poles arrived I had them twisted in among these uprights, so that when completed it resembled an oblong stockade, seventy feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, which the spears of the enemy could not penetrate.

“On the afternoon of the second day the floating fort was finished, and Mtesa and his chiefs came down to the beach to see it launched and navigated for a trial trip. The chiefs, when they saw it, began to say it would sink, and communi-



THE FLOATING FORTLET MOVING TOWARDS INGIRA.

cated their fears to Mtesa, who half believed them. But the emperor's women said to him: 'Leave Stamlee alone; he would not make such a thing if he did not know that it would float.'

"On receiving orders to launch it, I selected sixty paddlers, and one hundred and fifty musketeers of the body-guard to stand by to embark as soon as it should be afloat, and appointed Tori and one of my own best men to superintend its navigation, and told them to close the gate of the fort as soon as they pushed off from the land. About one thousand men were then set to work to launch it, and soon it was floating in the water, and when the crew and garrison, two hundred and fourteen souls, were in it, it was evident to all that it rode the waves of the lake easily and safely—

" 'The invention all admired, and each how he
To be the inventor missed, so easy it seemed
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible'—

and a burst of applause from the army rewarded the inventor.

"Several long blue Kaniki and white and red cloths were hoisted above this curious structure, which, when closed up all round, appeared to move of its own accord in a very mysterious manner, and to conceal within its silent and impenetrable walls some dread thing, well calculated to strike terror into the mind of the ignorant savage.

"At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 13th of October, the army was assembled at Nakaranga with unusual display, and it was proclaimed across the strait from the extremity of the causeway, that a terrible thing was approaching which would blow them into atoms if they did not make peace at once, and acknowledge the power of Mtesa; and I believe that they declared that all the Muzimu and the charms of Uganda were within, for I heard something said about Muzimu and Uganda. The old Mvuma chief was also placed in prominent view, and induced to urge them to accept the terms which Mtesa offered, viz., pardon to all, provided they went through the form of submission. After this announcement, which was made with all gravity, the awful mysterious structure appeared, while the drums beat a tremendous sound, and the multitude of horns blew a deafening blast.

"It was a moment of anxiety to me, for manifold reasons. The fort, perfectly defensible in itself against the most furious assaults by men armed with spears, steadily approached the point, then steered direct for the island of Ingira, until it was within fifty yards.

" 'Speak,' said a stentorian voice, amid a deathly silence within. 'What will you do? Will you make peace and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer.'

"There was a moment's consultation among the awe-stricken Wavuma. Immediate decision was imperative. The structure was vast, totally unlike anything that was ever visible on the waters of their sea. There was no person visible, yet a voice spoke clear and loud. Was it a spirit, the Wazimu of all Uganda, more propitious to their enemy's prayers than those of the Wavuma? It might contain some devilish, awful thing, something similar to the evil spirits which in their hours of melancholy and gloom their imagination invoked. There was an audacity

and confidence in its movements that was perfectly appalling.

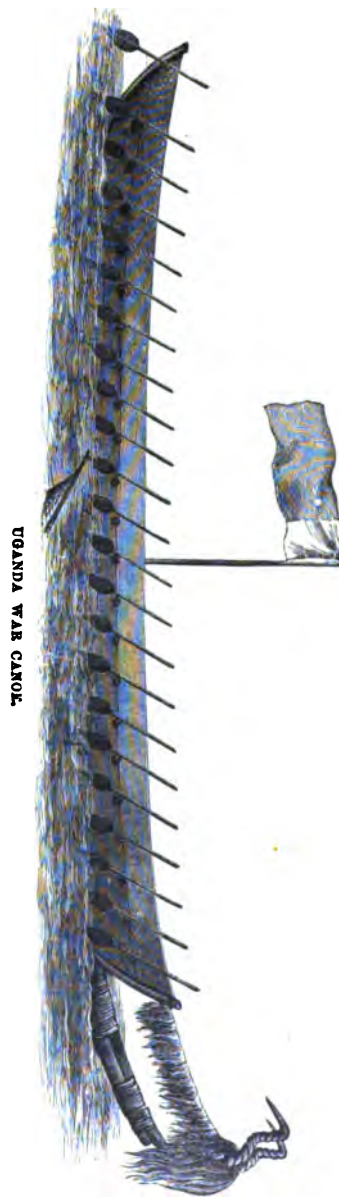
"‘Speak,’ repeated the stern voice; ‘we cannot wait longer.’

"Immediately, to our relief, a man, evidently a chief, answered, ‘Enough; let Mtesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to Mtesa. Return, O spirit, the war is ended!’ At which the mysterious structure solemnly began its return back to the cove where it had been constructed, and the quarter of a million of savage human beings, spectators of the extraordinary scene, gave a shout that seemed to split the very sky, and Ingira’s bold height repeated the shock of sound back to Nakaranga.

"Three hours afterwards, a canoe came from Ingira Island, bearing fifty men, some of whom were chiefs. They brought with them several tusks of ivory, which were delivered over to the charge of the steward. The old Mvuma chief was surrendered to his tribe, and thus the long war terminated on the evening of the 13th of October, 1875.

"Glad shouts from both sides announced all parties equally pleased. The same afternoon, the canoe fleet of Uganda, which had by this time been reduced to two hundred and seventy-five in number, was escorted as far as Jinja by twenty Wavuma canoes, and after it had departed and rounded Namagongo Point, releasing their late foe from all fear of treachery, the Wavuma canoes presented us with a peaceful exhibition of their dexterity, and gave us an opportunity of viewing them more distinctly than we had previously been able to do through the smoke of gunpowder."

"As soon as peace was declared," said Fred, after a pause, "the king returned to his capital, and the army was dispersed. Mr. Stanley accompanied the king, and, after resting a few days, reminded Mtesa of his promise to give him a powerful escort to take the expedition to the Muta Nzege, a lake lying to the south of Albert Lake, and about two hundred miles west of Victoria Lake. Mtesa did as he had agreed, and sent an escort of about



UGANDA WAR CANOE.

two thousand warriors under command of a general named Sambuzi. Escorted by several war-canoes, Stanley went to Dumo, where his camp had been established during the time the leader was absent with Mtesa in the war against the Wavuma. Frank Pocock had remained at the camp, and Stanley was greatly pleased to find everything in order and his men in excellent condition.

"The men had built comfortable huts and were abundantly supplied with food. The natives all around them were friendly in obedience to



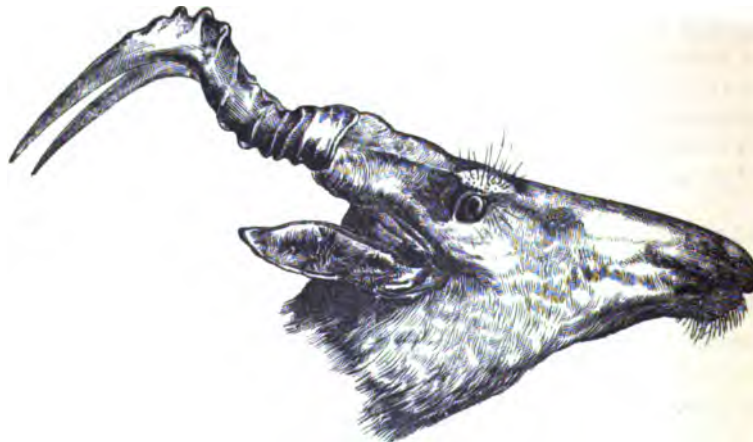
WANGWANA HUT IN CAMP.



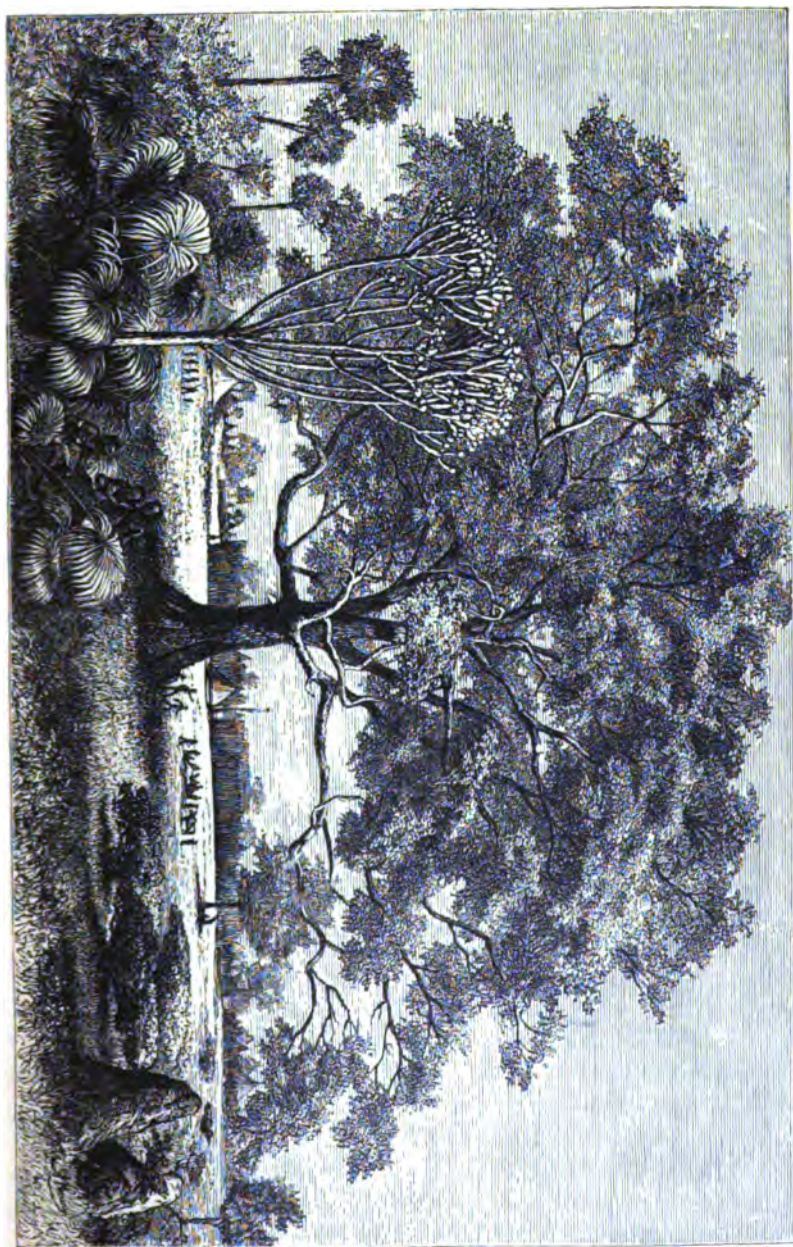
HUT AT JINJA.

the orders they received from the king; altogether the Zanzibaris were having such a good time that they were in no hurry to leave.

"On the seventh day after his return to Dumo, Stanley began his march towards the Katonga River, where he was to meet the Waganda escort under Sambuzi for the journey to Muta Nzege. He was obliged to halt several days at a place called Kikoma to wait for Sambuzi; the country was full of wild animals, and Stanley took advantage of the halt to shoot game to supply meat for the expedition. In five days he killed



HEAD OF CENTRAL AFRICAN HARTEBEEST.

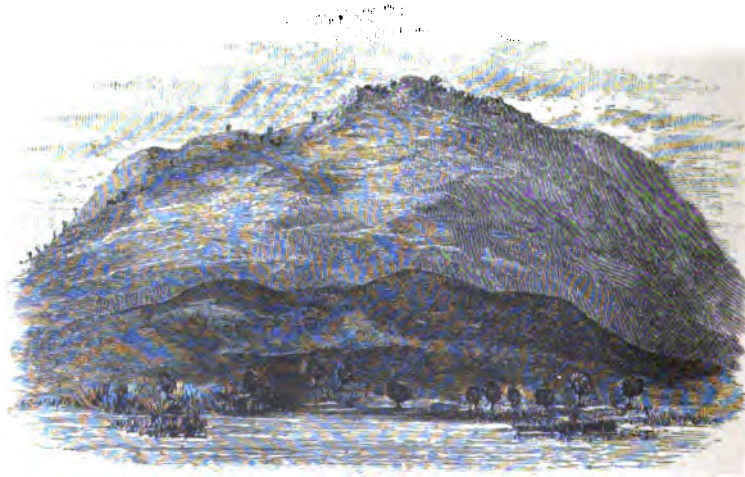


THE CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION.

fifty-seven hartebeest, two zebra, and one water-buck. Lions and leopards were said to be abundant, but he did not get a shot at them.

"On New Year's day, 1876, the expedition crossed the boundary between Uganda and Unyoro. The king of the latter country was at war with the Egyptians who had established themselves on Albert Lake, and it was very soon evident that he would oppose the invasion of his territory by Stanley's expedition. Mr. Stanley sent out scouts to ascertain the state of affairs, and their interviews with the natives showed that the latter intended to fight. A mission to the king failed to secure permission to proceed, but during the time required for the mission Stanley had reached a point only a few miles from the lake.

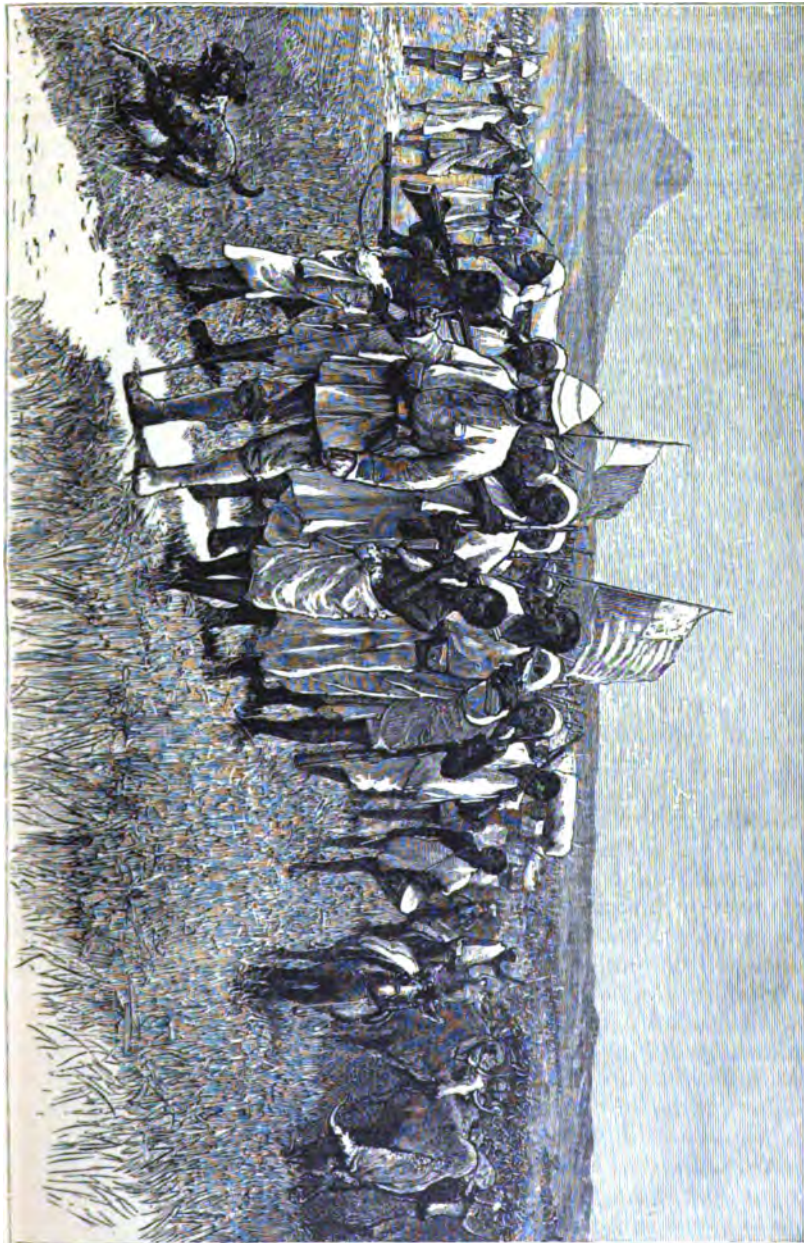
"Much of the country on the line of march was rough and picturesque, and Mr. Stanley names it the Switzerland of Africa. Mount Edwin Arnold is near the site of one of the camps of the expedition; it is estimated to be nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.



MOUNT EDWIN ARNOLD.

"The courage of the Waganda disappeared when there was a prospect of fighting, and in spite of all the arguments which Mr. Stanley advanced they determined to return to their own country. He reached the shore of the lake, but finding the king bent upon war, and the Waganda refusing to remain with him, he was forced to leave without making the desired exploration. He was bitterly disappointed at the failure of this part of his expedition, but there was no help for it."

"Did he go back to King Mtesa's capital," asked one of the listeners, "or continue his journey another way?"



MARCHING TOWARDS MT. MEROE: MOUNT GORDON-BENNETT IN THE DISTANCE.

"He went to the frontier of Uganda, but not to the capital," replied Fred. "There he parted with Sambuzi and decided to travel southward to Lake Tanganika with no other escort than his own men. Mtesa sent to him the offer of an escort of fifty thousand or one hundred thousand men to Muta Nzege, but after his experiences with Waganda soldiers he declined the offer with many thanks, and presents of cloth, beads, and other valuable things. Then he marched southward into Karagwé, the country of King Rumanika, where he was hospitably received. Here is his account of his reception :



GRASS-ROOFED HUT, UNYORO.



NATIVE HUT, KARAGWÉ.

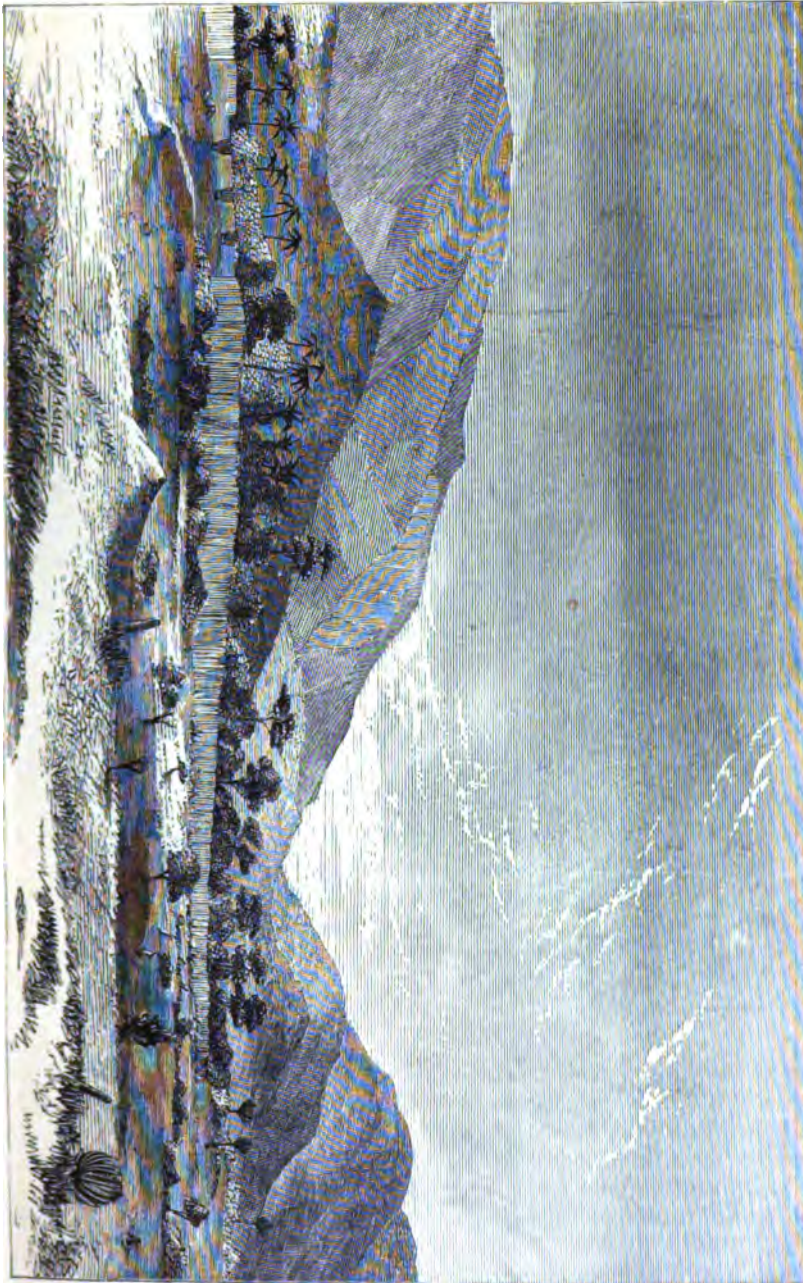
"On the 25th of February we entered the Arab depot of Kafurro, in Karagwé. The place owes its importance to being a settlement of two or three rich Arab traders, Hamed Ibrahim, Sayid bin Sayf, and Sayid the Muscati. It is situated within a deep hollow or valley fully twelve hundred feet below the tops of the surrounding mountains, and at the spring source of a stream flowing east and afterwards north to the Alexandra Nile.

"Hamed Ibrahim is rich in cattle, slaves, and ivory. Assuming his own figures to be correct, he possesses one hundred and fifty cattle, bullocks, and milch cows, forty goats, one hundred slaves, and four hundred and fifty tusks of ivory, the greater part of which last is reported to be safely housed in the safe-keeping of his friend the chief of Urangwa in Unyamwezi.

"Hamed has a spacious and comfortable gable-roofed house. He is a fine, gentlemanly-looking Arab, of a light complexion, generous and hospitable to friends, liberal to his slaves, and kind to everybody. He has lived eighteen years in Africa, twelve of which have been spent in Karagwé. He knew Suna, the warlike Emperor of Uganda, and father of Mtesa. He has travelled to Uganda frequently, and several times made the journey between Unyanyembé and Kafurro. Having lived so long in Karagwé, he is friendly with Rumanika, who, like Mtesa, loves to attract strangers to his court.

"Hamed has endeavored several times to open trade with the powerful Empress of Ruanda, but has each time failed. Though some of his slaves succeeded in reaching the imperial court, only one or two managed to effect their escape

VIEW NEAR KAYERO.



of them to come and see me, but the journey was long, and he died on the way.'

"Another time he said :

" 'Stamlee, how is it, will you tell me, that all white men have long noses, and all their dogs have very short noses, while almost all black men have short noses but their dogs have very long noses ?'

"He had observed the broad, short nose of my British bull-dog, and hastily arrived at the conclusion that all white men's dogs were pug-nosed.

"Rumanika propounded a great many other questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, and generally to his satisfaction. I was somewhat puzzled about his question regarding the noses, but finally explained that originally the white men and their dogs had noses of the same length. The men had lengthened theirs by constantly smelling the good things they had to eat, while the dogs had shortened their noses by using them to push open the doors of the houses.

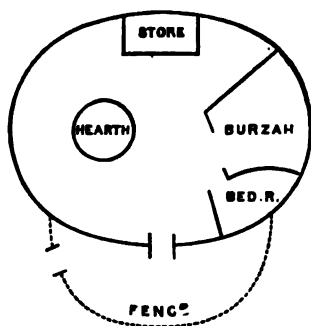
"Another day," continued Mr. Stanley, quoting from his work :

"Rumanika requested Hamed Ibrahim to exhibit the treasures, trophies, and curiosities in the king's museum or armory, which Hamed was most anxious to do, as he had frequently extolled the rare things there.

"The armory was a circular hut, resembling externally a dome, thatched neatly with straw. It was about thirty feet in diameter.

"The weapons and articles of brass, and copper, and iron, were in perfect order, and showed that Rumanika did not neglect his treasures.

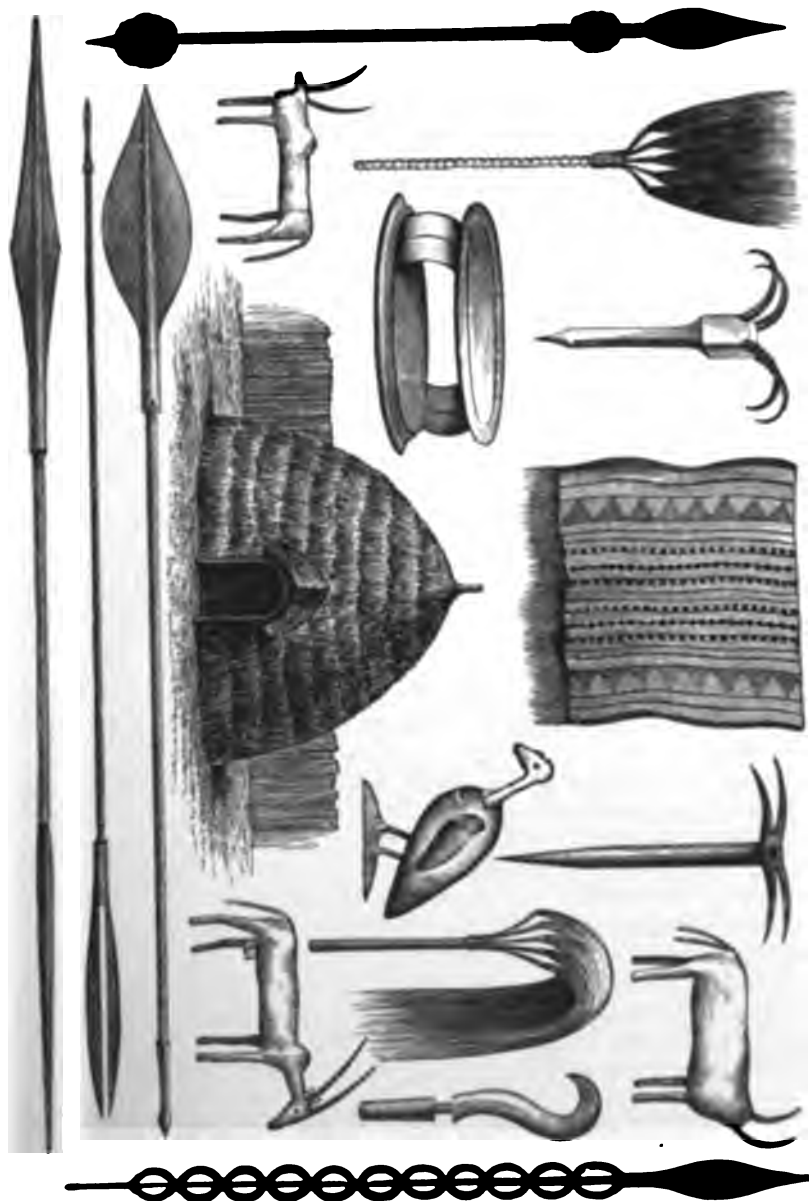
"There were about sixteen rude brass figures of ducks with copper wings, ten curious things of the same metal, which were meant to represent elands, and ten headless cows of copper. Bill-hooks of iron, of really admirable make, double-bladed spears, several gigantic blades of exceedingly keen edge, eight inches across and eighteen inches in length ; exquisite spears, some with blades and staves of



GROUND-PLAN OF KING'S HOUSE.

linked iron ; others with chain-shaped staves, and several with a cluster of small rigid rings massed at the bottom of the blade and the end of the staff ; others, copper-bladed, had curious inter-twisted iron rods for the staff. There were also great fly-flaps set in iron, the handles of which were admirable specimens of native art ; massive cleaver-looking knives, with polished blades, and a kedge-anchor-shaped article with four hooked iron prongs, projecting out of a brass body. Some exquisite native cloths, manufactured of delicate grass, were indeed so fine as to vie with cotton sheeting, and were colored black and red, in patterns and stripes. The royal stool was a masterpiece of native

TREASURE-HOUSE, ARMS, AND TRACINGS OF REMAINS.



any of these royal boys a dark model for another statue to rival the classic Antinous.

"As we were followed by the youths, who welcomed us with a graceful courtesy, the appropriate couplet came to my mind—

"Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk innoxious seek their simple food."

"We were soon ushered into the hut wherein Rumanika sat expectant, with one of the kindest, most paternal smiles it would be possible to conceive.



RUMANIKA'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

"I confess to have been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placid face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the Church still holds in reverence. His face reminded me of a deep, still well; the tones of his voice were so calm that, unconsciously, they compelled me to imitate him, while the quick, nervous gestures and the bold voice of Sheik Hamed, seeming entirely out of place, jarred upon me.

"It was no wonder that the peremptory and imperious, vivid-eyed Mtesa respected and loved this sweet-tempered pagan. Though they had never met, Mtesa's pages had described him, and with their powers of mimicry had brought the soft, modulated tones of Rumanika to his ears as truly as they had borne his amicable messages to him.

"Nature, which had endowed Mtesa with a nervous and intense temperament, had given Rumanika the placid temper, the soft voice, the mild benignity, and pleasing character of a gentle father.

"The king appeared to me, clad as he was in red blanket-cloth, when seated, a man of middle size; but when he afterwards stood up he rose to the gigantic stature of six feet six inches, or thereabouts, for the top of my head, as we walked side by side, only reached near his shoulders. His face was long, and his nose somewhat Roman in shape; the profile showed a decidedly refined type.

"Our interview was very pleasing, and he took excessive interest in every question I addressed to him. When I spoke he imposed silence on his friends, and leaned forward with eager attention. If I wished to know anything about the geography of the country, he immediately sent for some particular person who

THE EXPEDITION TRAVERSING THE VALLEY.



"By the 6th of March Frank had launched the boat from the landing at Kazinga village, on the waters of the Windermere Lake,* or the Rweru of Ru-



BOAT ON LAKE WINDERMERE.

manika, and the next day Rumanika accompanied me in state to the water. Half a dozen heavy anklets of bright copper adorned his legs, bangles of the same metal encircled his wrists, and a robe of crimson flannel was suspended from his shoulders. His walking-staff was seven feet in length, and his stride

was a yard long. Drummers and fifers discoursing a wild music, and fifty spear-men, besides his sons and relatives, Wanya-Ruanda, Waganda, Wasui, Wanyamwezi, Arabs, and Wangwana, followed us in a mixed multitude.

"Four canoes, manned by Wamyambu, were at hand to race with our boat, while we took our seats on the grassy slopes of Kazinga to view the scene. I enjoined Frank and the gallant boat's crew to exert themselves for the honor of us Children of the Ocean, and not to permit the Children of the Lakes to excel us.

"A boat and canoe race on the Windermere of Karagwé, with twelve hundred gentle-mannered natives gazing on! An African international affair! Rumanika was in his element; every fibre of him tingled with joy at the prospective fun. His sons, seated around him, looked up into their father's face, their own reflecting his delight. The curious natives shared in the general gratification.

"The boat-race was soon over; it was only for about eight hundred yards, to Kankorogo Point. There was not much difference in the speed, but it gave immense satisfaction. The native canoemen, standing up with their long paddles, strained themselves with all their energy, stimulated by the shouts of their countrymen, while the Wangwana on the shore urged the boat's crew to their utmost power.

"The next day we began the circumnavigation of the Windermere. The extreme length of the lake during the rainy season is about eight miles, and its extreme breadth two and a half. It lies north and south, surrounded by grass-covered mountains, which rise from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet above it. There is one island, called Kankorogo, situated midway between Mount Isossi and the extreme southern end. The soil of the shores is highly ferruginous in color, and, except in the vicinity of the villages, produces only euphorbia, thorny gum, acacia, and aloetic plants.

"On the 9th we pulled abreast of Kankorogo Island, and, through a channel from five hundred to eight hundred yards wide, directed our course to the Kagera, up which we had to contend against a current of two knots and a half an hour.

"The breadth of the river varied from fifty to one hundred yards. The average depth of all the ten soundings we made on this day was fifty-two feet along

* This lake received its name from Captain Speke, because Colonel Grant, his companion, thought it resembled the Windermere Lake in England.

the middle; close to the papyrus walls, which grew like a forest above us, was a depth of nine feet. Sometimes we caught a view of hippopotamus creeks running up for hundreds of yards on either side through the papyrus. At Kagayyo, on the left bank, we landed for a short time to take a view of the scene around, as, while in the river, we could see nothing except the papyrus, the tops of the mountain ridges of Karagwé, and the sky.

"We then learned for the first time the true character of what we had imagined to be a valley when we gazed upon it from the summit of the mountain between Kafurro and Rumanika's capital.



KAGERA SKIFF.

"The Ingezi, as the natives called it, embraces the whole space from the base of the Mountains of Muvuri to that of the Karagwé ridges with the river called Kagera, the Funzo or the papyrus, and the Rwerus or lakes, of which there are seventeen, inclusive of Windermere. Its extreme width between the bases of the opposing mountains is nine miles; the narrowest part is about a mile, while the entire acreage covered by it from Morongo or the falls in Iwanda, north, to Uhimba, south, is about three hundred and fifty square miles. The Funzo or papyrus covers a depth of from nine feet to fourteen feet of water. Each of the several lakes has a depth of from twenty to sixty-five feet, and they are all connected, as also is the river, underneath the papyrus.

"When about three miles north of Kizinga, at 5 P.M., we drew our boat close to the papyrus, and prepared for our night's rest, and the Wanyambu did the same.

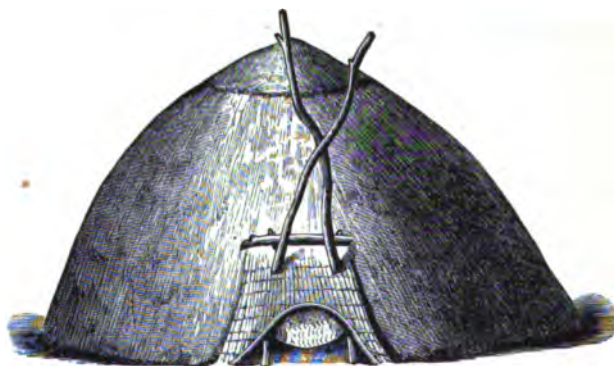
"The boat's crew crushed down some of the serest papyrus, and, cutting off the broom-like tops, spread their mats upon the heap thus made, flattering themselves that they were going to have a cosy night of it. Their fires they kindled between three stalks, which sustained their cooking-pots. It was not a very successful method, as the stalks had to be replaced frequently; but, finally, their bananas were done to a turn. At night, however, mosquitoes of a most voracious species attacked them in dense multitudes, and nothing but the constant flip-flap of the papyrus tops, mingled with complaints that they were unable to sleep, were



NATIVE WOMAN OF FASHION.

heard for an hour or two. They then began to feel damp, and finally wet, for their beds were sinking into the depths below the papyrus, and they were compelled at last to come into the boat, where they passed a most miserable night, for the mosquitoes swarmed and attacked them until morning with all the pertinacity characteristic of these hungry blood-suckers.

"The next day we ascended the Kagera about ten miles, and, returning fourteen miles, entered Ihema Lake, a body of water about fifty square miles, and camped on Ihema Island, about a mile from Muvuri.



IHEMA HUT.

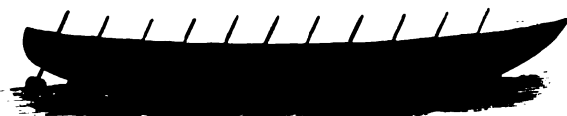
"The natives of Ihema Island stated to me that Lake Muta Nzege was only eleven days' journey from the Muvuri shores, and that the Wanya-Ruanda frequently visited them to obtain fish in exchange for milk and vegetables. They were a genial people, those islanders of Ihema, but they were subject to two painful diseases, leprosy and elephantiasis. The water of the Lake Ihema was good and sweet to the taste, though, like all the waters of the Alexandra Nile, distinguished for its dull, brown, iron color.



A NATIVE OF UHHA.

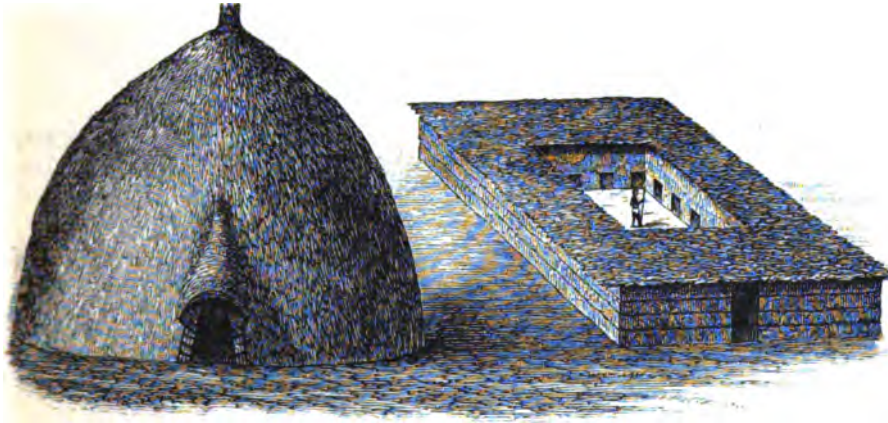
"We began from the extreme south end of the lake the next day to coast along the Muvuri or Ruanda coast, and near a small village attempted to land, but the natives snarled like so many spiteful dogs, and drew their bows, which compelled us—being guests of Rumanika—to sheer off, and leave them in their ferocious exclusiveness.

"On the 11th we rowed into the Kagera, and descended the river as far as Ugou, and on the evening of the 12th returned once more to our camp on Windermere."



BOAT ON LAKE IHEMA.

Here Fred regarded his watch, and said he would adjourn the reading until next day, when his place would be taken by Frank. The usual vote of thanks was passed unanimously, and then the little band of geographical students separated for the night.



HUT OF UGANDA.

SMALL TEMPLE OF UGOGO.

CHAPTER VI.

STANLEY TELLS ABOUT KING RUMANIKA.—THE KARAGWÉ GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—THE KING'S TREASURE-HOUSE.—GOOD-BYE TO HIS MAJESTY.—HOSTILITY BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.—PLUNDERED IN USUI.—THE SOURCES OF THE ALEXANDRA NILE.—RETROSPECTION.—QUESTIONS OF TOPOGRAPHY.—INSOLENCE OF MANKORONGO.—DEATH OF "BULL."—TROUBLES WITH THE PETTY KINGS.—INTERVIEW WITH THE FAMOUS MIRAMBO.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE RENOWNED AFRICAN.—AN IMPOSING CEREMONY.—BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD.—HOW GRANT'S CARAVAN WAS PLUNDERED.—MYONGA'S THREATS.—A COMPROMISE.—AMONG THE WATUTA.—IN SIGHT OF LAKE TANGANICA.—ARRIVAL AT UJIJI.

DURING all the forenoon of the following day Frank was busy preparing his matter for the work of the afternoon. When the party of youths had assembled Mr. Stanley came among them and asked at what point in the story of the Dark Continent they stopped on the previous evening.

"We were in the country of King Rumanika, I believe it is called Karagwé," said one of the auditors; "and you had just returned from exploring Lake Windermere."

"Ah, yes," replied Mr. Stanley, "he was a charming old man, that Rumanika, and very fond of strangers. After I had explored the lake



HOUSE OF ARAB MERCHANT NEAR RUMANIKA'S VILLAGE.

he sent for me, and wanted to have a talk on geographical subjects. Of course I went to meet him."

"Did he know anything about geography outside of his own country?" was the very natural inquiry of Fred.

"Not much," was the reply; "and what he did know was very hazy. But he pretended to know a great deal about Africa, and gave me some startling information, which I gravely put down in my note-book. The sight of that note-book always seemed to inspire him to tell the wildest stories about his country, and I presume he thought I would spread them before my countrymen as the most solemn truths.

"For example," continued Mr. Stanley, "he said at one of our meetings:

"'Mkinyaga is at the end of Ruanda, and its lake is Muta Nzege, on which you can go to Unyoro. There is a race of dwarfs, somewhere west of Mkinyaga, called the Mpundu, and another called the Batwa, or Watwa, who are only two feet high. In Uriambwa is a race of small people with tails.

"'Uitwa, or Batwa—Watwa—is at the extreme south end of Uzongora.

"'From Butwa, at the end of a point of land in Ruanda, you can see Uitwa Usongora.

"'From Butwa, Mkinyaga is to the left of you about three days' journey.

"'Some of the Waziwa saw a strange people in one of those far-off lands who had long ears descending to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover him from the cold, like a dressed hide! They tried to coax one



ON THE WAY TO THE MEETING.

of them to come and see me, but the journey was long, and he died on the way.'

"Another time he said:

" 'Stamlee, how is it, will you tell me, that all white men have long noses, and all their dogs have very short noses, while almost all black men have short noses but their dogs have very long noses?'

"He had observed the broad, short nose of my British bull-dog, and hastily arrived at the conclusion that all white men's dogs were pug-nosed.

"Rumanika propounded a great many other questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, and generally to his satisfaction. I was somewhat puzzled about his question regarding the noses, but finally explained that originally the white men and their dogs had noses of the same length. The men had lengthened theirs by constantly smelling the good things they had to eat, while the dogs had shortened their noses by using them to push open the doors of the houses.

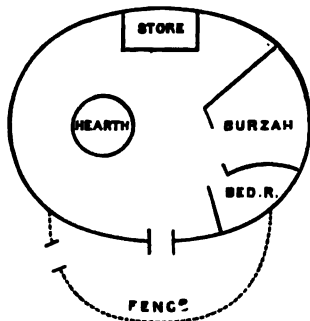
"Another day," continued Mr. Stanley, quoting from his work:

"Rumanika requested Hamed Ibrahim to exhibit the treasures, trophies, and curiosities in the king's museum or armory, which Hamed was most anxious to do, as he had frequently extolled the rare things there.

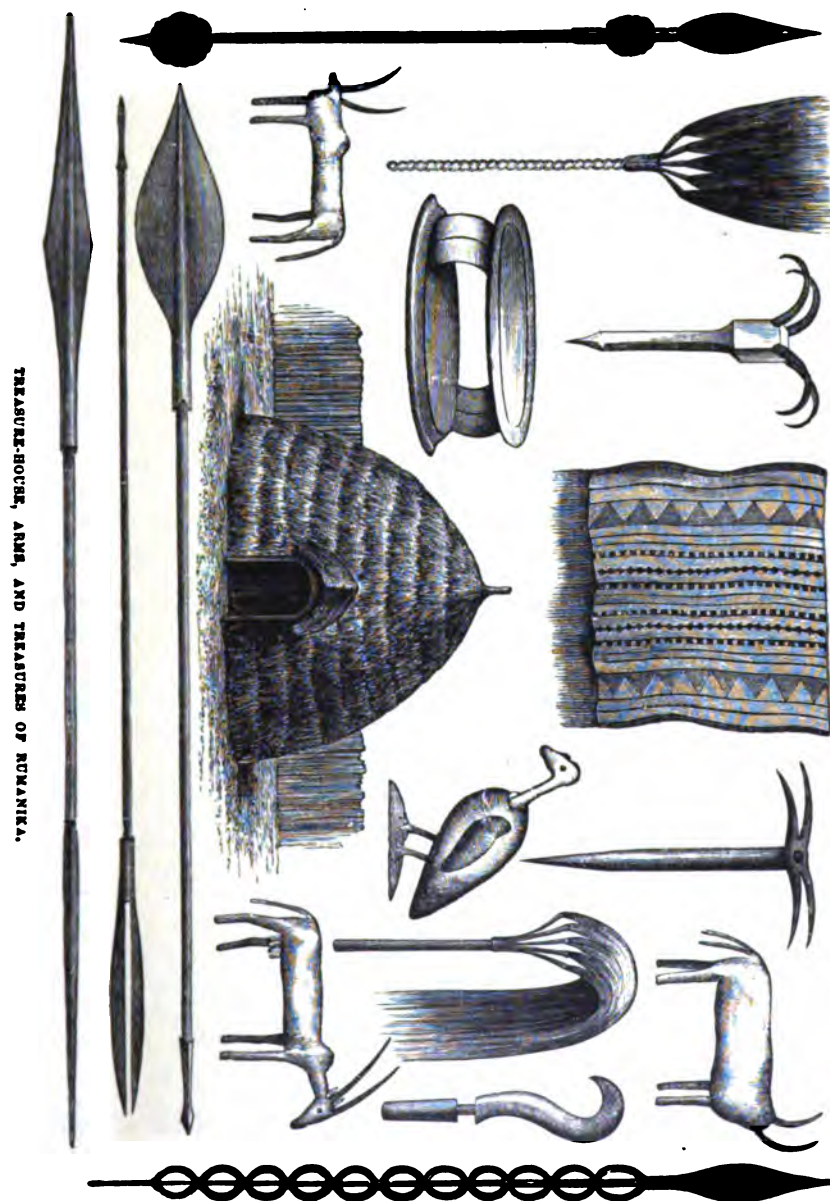
"The armory was a circular hut, resembling externally a dome, thatched neatly with straw. It was about thirty feet in diameter.

"The weapons and articles of brass, and copper, and iron, were in perfect order, and showed that Rumanika did not neglect his treasures.

"There were about sixteen rude brass figures of ducks with copper wings, ten curious things of the same metal, which were meant to represent elands, and ten headless cows of copper. Bill-hooks of iron, of really admirable make, double-bladed spears, several gigantic blades of exceedingly keen edge, eight inches across and eighteen inches in length; exquisite spears, some with blades and staves of linked iron; others with chain-shaped staves, and several with a cluster of small rigid rings massed at the bottom of the blade and the end of the staff; others, copper-bladed, had curious inter-twisted iron rods for the staff. There were also great fly-flaps set in iron, the handles of which were admirable specimens of native art; massive cleaver-looking knives, with polished blades, and a kedge-anchor-shaped article with four hooked iron prongs, projecting out of a brass body. Some exquisite native cloths, manufactured of delicate grass, were indeed so fine as to vie with cotton sheeting, and were colored black and red, in patterns and stripes. The royal stool was a masterpiece of native



GROUND-PLAN OF KING'S HOUSE.



turnery, being carved out of a solid log of cottonwood. Besides these specimens of native art were drinking-cups, goblets, trenchers, and milk-dishes of wood, all beautifully clean. The fireplace was a circular hearth in the centre of the building, very tastefully constructed. Ranged round the wall along the floor were other gifts from Arab friends, massive copper trays, with a few tureen-lids of Britannia-ware, evidently from Birmingham. Nor must the revolving rifle given to him by Captain Speke be forgotten, for it had an honored place, and Rumanika loves to look at it, for it recalls to his memory the figures of his genial white friends, Speke and Grant.

"The enormous drums, fifty-two in number, ranged outside, enabled us, from their very appearance, to guess at the deafening sounds which celebrate the new moon or deliver the signals for war.

"My parting with the genial old man was very affecting. He shook my hands many times, saying each time that he was sorry that my visit must be so short. He strictly charged his sons to pay me every attention until I should arrive at Kibogora's, the king of western Usui, who, he was satisfied, would be glad to see me as a friend of Rumanika.

"On the 26th of March the expedition, after its month's rest at Kafurro, the whole of which period I had spent in exploration of western Karagwé, resumed its journey, and after a march of five miles camped at Nakawanga, near the southern base of Kibonga Mountain.

"On the 27th I had the good-fortune to shoot three rhinoceroses, from the bodies of which we obtained ample supplies of meat for our journey through the wilderness of Uhimba. One of these enormous brutes possessed a horn two feet long, with a sharp, dagger-like point below a stunted horn, nine inches in length. He appeared to have had a tussle with some wild beast, for a hand's-breadth of hide was torn from his rump.

"The Wangwana and Wanyambu informed me, with the utmost gravity, that the elephant maltreats the rhinoceros frequently, because of a jealousy that the former entertains of his fiery cousin.

"Should a rhinoceros meet an elephant he must observe the rule of the road, and walk away, for the latter brooks no rivalry; but the former is sometimes head-strong, and the elephant then despatches him with his tusks by forcing him against a tree and goring him, or by upsetting him, and leisurely crushing him.

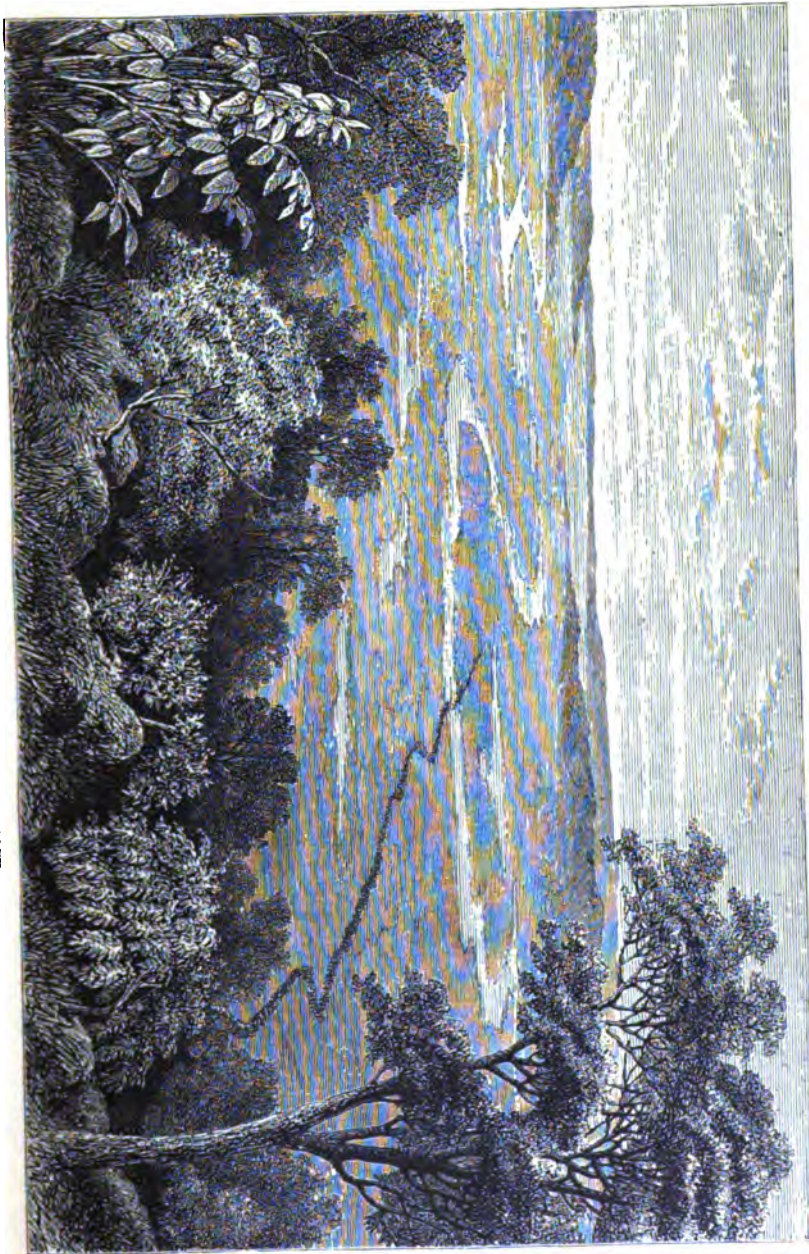
"During the next two days we travelled twenty-seven miles south through a depression, or a longitudinal valley, parallel to Uhimba Lake and the course of the Alexandra, with only an intervening ridge excluding the latter from our view. Tall, truncated hill-cones rise every now and then, with a singular resemblance to each other, to the same altitude as the grassy ridges which flank them. Their summits are flat, but the iron-stone faithfully indicates by its erosions the element which separated them from the ridges, and first furrowed the valley.

"And now," said Mr. Stanley, "having told you about King Rumanika, and how I left him, I will lapse into silence and let you hear from Frank."

With this hint, Frank opened the volume before him and read:

"Uhimba, placed by Rumanika in the charge of his sons, Kakoko, Kananga,

THE EXPEDITION TRAVERSING THE VALLEY.



and Ruhinda, is sixty-eight miles south of his capital, and consists of a few settlements of herdsmen. I was courteously received by Kakoko, and remained there two days. The next day we entered western Usui, and camped at Kafurra's. In Usui there was a famine, and it required thirty-two doti of cloth to purchase four days' rations. Kibogora, King of Usui, demanded and obtained thirty doti, one



POTTERY IN USUI.

coil of wire, and forty necklaces of beads as tribute; Kafurra, his principal chief, demanded ten doti and a quantity of beads; another chief required five doti; the queen required a supply of cloth to wear; the princes put in a claim; the guides were loud for their reward. Thus in four days we were compelled to disburse two bales out of twenty-two—all that were left of the immense store we had departed with from Zanzibar. Under such circumstances what prospect of exploration had we? Were we to continue our journey through Uhha, that land which, in 1871, had consumed at the rate of two bales of cloth per diem? Twenty days of such experience in Uhha would reduce us to beggary. Its 'esurient' Mutwarés and rapacious Mkamas and other extortionate people can only be quieted with cloth and beads disbursed with a princely hand. One hundred bales of cloth would only suffice to sustain a hundred men in Uhha about six weeks. Beyond Uhha lay the impenetrable countries of Urundi and Ruanda, the inhabitants of which were hostile to strangers.

"Kibogora and Kafurra were sufficiently explicit and amiably communicative, for my arrival in their country had been under the very best auspices, viz., an introduction from the gentle and beloved Rumanika.

"I turned away with a sigh from the interesting land, but with a resolution gradually being intensified, that the third time I sought a road west, nothing should deter me.

"On the 7th of April we reluctantly resumed our journey in a southerly direction, and travelled five miles along a ravine, at the bottom of which murmured the infant stream Lohugati. On coming to its source, we ascended a steep slope until we stood upon the summit of a grassy ridge at the height of five thousand six hundred feet by aneroid.

"Not until we had descended about a mile to the valley of Uyagoma, did I recognize the importance of this ridge as the water-parting between one of the feeders of Lake Victoria and the source of the Malagarazi, the principal affluent of Lake Tanganika.

" Though by striking across Uhha due west, or to the southwest, we should again have reached the Alexandra Nile and the affluents of the Alexandra Lake, our future course was destined never to cross another stream or rivulet that supplied the great river which flows through the land of Egypt into the Mediterranean Sea.

" From the 17th of January, 1875, up to the 7th of April, 1876, we had been engaged in tracing the extreme southern sources of the Nile, from the marshy plains and cultivated uplands where they are born, down to the mighty reservoir called the Victoria Nyanza. We had circumnavigated the entire expanse; penetrated to every bay, inlet, and creek; become acquainted with almost every variety of wild human nature—the mild and placable, the ferocious and impractically savage, the hospitable and the inhospitable, the generous-souled as well as the ungenerous; we had viewed their methods of war, and had witnessed them imbruing their hands in each other's blood with savage triumph and glee; we had been five times sufferers by their lust for war and murder, and had lost many men through their lawlessness and ferocity; we had travelled hundreds of miles to and fro on foot along the northern coast of the Victorian Sea, and, finally, had explored with a large force the strange countries lying between the two lakes Muta Nzege and the Victoria, and had been permitted to gaze upon the arm of the lake named by me 'Beatrice Gulf,' and to drink of its sweet waters. We had then returned from further quest in that direction, unable to find a peaceful resting-place on the lake shores, and had struck south from the Katonga lagoon down to the Alexandra Nile, the principal affluent of the Victoria Lake, which drains nearly all the waters from the west and southwest. We had made a patient survey of over one half of its course, and then, owing to want of the means to feed the rapacity of the churlish tribes which dwell in the vicinity of the Alexandra Nyanza, and to our reluctance to force our way against the will of the natives, opposing unnecessarily our rifles to their spears and arrows, we had been compelled, on the 7th of April, to bid adieu to the lands which supply the Nile, and to turn our faces towards the Tanganika.

" I have endeavored to give a faithful portrayal of nature, animate and inanimate, in all its strange, peculiar phases, as they were unfolded to us. I am conscious that I have not penetrated to the depths; but then, I have not ventured beyond the limits assigned me, viz., the Exploration of the Southern Sources of the Nile, and the solution of the problem left unsolved by Speke and Grant—Is the Victoria Nyanza one lake, or does it consist of five lakes, as reported by Livingstone, Burton, and others? This problem has been satisfactorily solved, and Speke has now the full glory of having discovered the largest inland sea on the continent of Africa, also its principal affluent, as well as the outlet. I must also give him credit for having understood the geography of the countries he travelled through better than any of those who so persistently assailed his hypothesis, and I here record my admiration of the geographical genius that, from mere native report, first sketched with such a masterly hand the bold outlines of the Victoria Nyanza. Speke's hypothetic sketch made this lake twenty-nine thousand square miles in extent. My survey of it has reduced it to twenty-one thousand five hundred square miles.

" Along the Valley of Uyagoma, in western Usui, stretches east and west a



A VILLAGE IN WESTERN USUI.

grass-covered ridge, beautiful in places with rock-strewn dingles, tapestried with ferns and moss, and bright with vivid foliage. From two such fair nooks, half-way down either slope, the northern and the southern, drip in great rich drops the sources of two impetuous rivers—on the southern the Malagarazi, on the other the Lohugati. Though nurtured in the same cradle, and issuing within two thousand yards of one another, the twin streams are strangers throughout their lives. Through the thick ferns and foliage the rivulets trickle each down his appointed slope, murmuring as they gather strength to run their destined course—the Lohugati to the Victoria Lake, and the Malagarazi to distant Tanganika.

“While the latter river is in its infancy, collecting its first tribute of waters from the rills that meander down from the mountain folds round the basin of Uyagoma, and is so shallow that tiny children can paddle through it, the people of Usui call it the Meruzi. When we begin our journey from Uyagoma, we follow its broadening course for a couple of hours, through the basin, and by that time it has become a river *nomine dignum*, and, plunging across it, we begin to breast the mountains, which, rising in diagonal lines of ridges from northeast to south-



CAMP OF AN ARAB MERCHANT.

west across Usui, run in broken series into northern Uhha, and there lose themselves in a confusion of complicated masses and clumps.

"The Meruzi wanders round and through these mountain masses in mazy curves, tumbles from height to height, from terrace to terrace, receiving as it goes the alliance of myriads of petty rivulets and threads of clear water, until, arriving at the grand forest lands of Unyamwezi, it has assumed the name of Lukoke, and serves as a boundary between Unyamwezi and Uhha.

"Meanwhile, we have to cross a series of mountain ridges clothed with woods; and at a road leading from Kibogora's land to the territory of the turbulent and vindictive Mankorongo, we meet an embassy, which demands, in a most insolent tone, that we should pass by his village. This means, of course, that we must permit ourselves to be defrauded of two or three bales of cloth, half a dozen guns, a sack or two of beads, and such other property as he may choose to exact, for the privilege of lengthening our journey some forty miles, and a delay of two or three weeks.

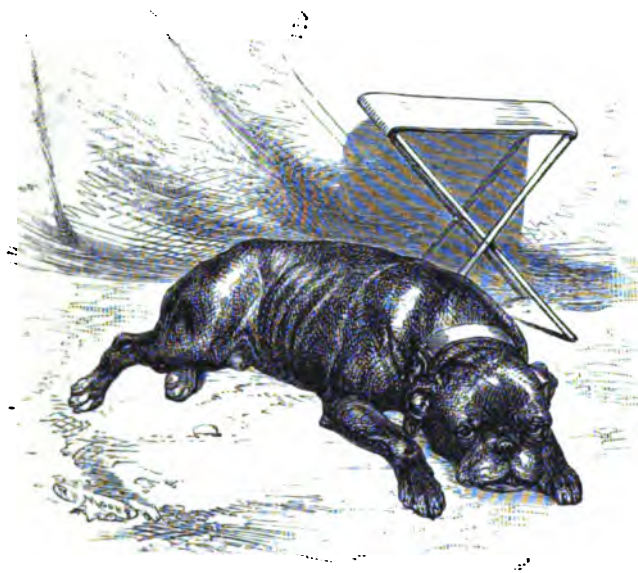
"The insolent demand is therefore not to be entertained, and we return a decided refusal. They are not satisfied with the answer, and resort to threats. Threats in the free, uninhabited forest constitute a *casus belli*. So the chiefs are compelled to depart without a yard of cloth on the instant, and after their departure we urge our pace until night, and from dawn next morning to 3 P.M. we continue the journey with unabated speed, until we find ourselves in Nyambarri, Usambiro, rejoiced to find that we have foiled the dangerous king.

"On the 13th of April we halted to refresh the people. Usambiro, like all Unyamwezi, produces sufficient grain, sesamum, millet, Indian corn, and vetches, besides beans and pease, to supply all caravans and expeditions. I have observed that lands producing grain are more easy of access than pastoral countries, or those which only supply milk, bananas, and potatoes to their inhabitants.

"At Nyambarri we met two Arab caravans fresh from Mankorongo, of whom they gave fearful accounts, from which I inferred that the extortionate chief would be by no means pleased when he came to understand how he had been baffled in his idea of spoliating our expedition.

"During the march from Nyambarri to Gambawagao, the chief village of Usambiro, ancient "Bull," the last of all the canine companions which left England with me, borne down by weight of years and a land journey of about fifteen hundred miles, succumbed. With bulldog tenacity he persisted in following the receding figures of the gun-bearers, who were accustomed to precede him in the narrow way. Though he often staggered and moaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up, but at last, lying down in the path, he plaintively bemoaned the weakness of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died—his eyes to the last looking *forward* along the track he had so bravely tried to follow.

"Poor dog! Good and faithful service had he done me! Who more rejoiced than he to hear the rifle-shot ringing through the deep woods! Who more loudly applauded success than he with his deep, mellow bark! What long forest-tracts of tawny plains, and series of mountain ranges had he not traversed! How he plunged through jungle and fen, morass and stream! In the sable blackness of the night his voice warned off marauders and prowling beasts from the sleeping camp. His growl responded to the hideous jabber of the greedy hyena, and the



"BULL."

(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)

snarling leopard did not dismay him. He amazed the wondering savages with his bold eyes and bearing, and by his courageous front caused them to retreat before him; and right bravely did he help us to repel the Wanyaturu from our camp in Ituru. Farewell, thou glory of thy race! Rest from thy labors in the silent forest! Thy feet shall no more hurry up the hill or cross mead and plain; thy form shall rustle no more through the grasses, or be plunging to explore the brake; thou shalt no longer dash after me across the savannahs, for thou art gone to the grave, like the rest of thy companions!

"The king of Usambiro exchanged gifts with us, and appeared to be a clever, agreeable young man. His people, though professing to be Wanyamwezi, are a mixture of Wahha and Wazinja. He has constructed a strong village, and surrounded it with a fosse four feet deep and six feet wide, with a stockade and 'marksmen's nests' at intervals round it. The population of the capital is about two thousand.

"Boma Kiengo, or Msera, lies five miles south-southeast from the capital, and its chief, seeing that we had arrived at such a good understanding with the king, also exerted himself to create a favorable impression.

"Musonga lies twelve miles south-southeast of Boma Kiengo, and is the most northerly village of the country of Urangwa. On the 18th of April a march of fifteen miles enabled us to reach the capital, Ndeverva, another large stockaded village, also provided with 'marksmen's nests,' and surrounded by a fosse.

"We were making capital marches. The petty kings, though they exacted a small interchange of gifts, which compelled me to disburse cloth a little more frequently than was absolutely necessary, were not insolent, nor so extortionate as

to prevent our intercourse being of the most friendly character. But on the day we arrived at Urangwa, lo! there came up in haste, while we were sociably chatting together, a messenger to tell us that the phantom, the bugbear, the terror whose name silences the children of Unyamwezi and Usukuma, and makes women's hearts bound with fear, that Mirambo himself was coming—that he was only two camps, or about twenty miles, away—that he had an immense army of Ruga-Ruga (bandits) with him!

"The consternation at this news, the dismay and excitement, the discussion and rapid interchange of ideas suggested by terror throughout the capital, may be conceived. Barricades were prepared, sharp-shooters' platforms, with thick bulwarks of logs, were erected. The women hastened to prepare their charms, the Waganda consulted their spirits, each warrior and elder examined his guns and loaded them, ramming the powder down the barrels of their Brummagem muskets with desperately vengeful intentions, while the king hastened backward and forward with streaming robes of cotton behind him, animated by an hysterical energy.

"I had one hundred and seventy-five men under my command, and forty of the Arabs' people were with me, and we had many boxes of ammunition. The king recollected these facts, and said, 'You will stop to fight Mirambo, will you not?'

"'Not I, my friend; I have no quarrel with Mirambo, and we cannot join every native to fight his neighbor. If Mirambo attacks the village while I am here, and will not go away when I ask him, we will fight, but we cannot stop here to wait for him.'

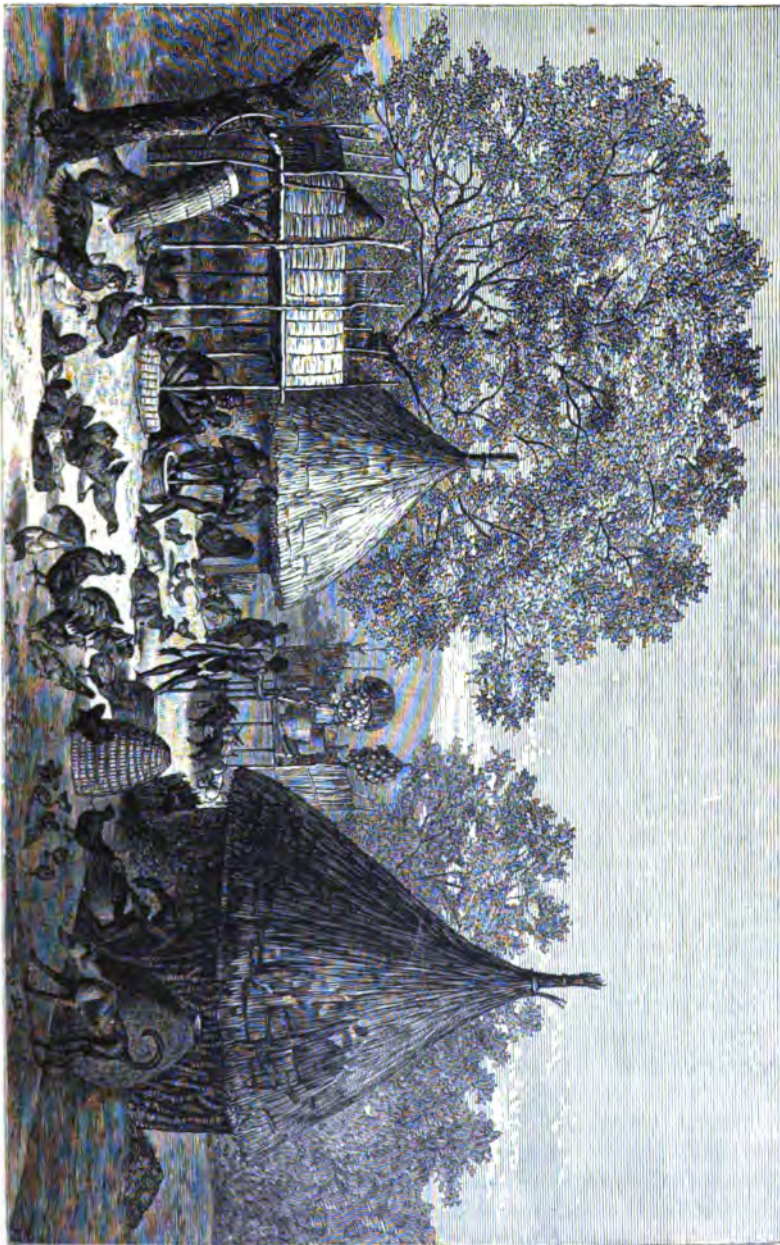
"The poor king was very much distressed when we left the next morning. We despatched our scouts ahead, as we usually did when traversing troublous countries, and omitted no precaution to guard against surprise.

"On the 19th we arrived at one of the largest villages or towns in Unyamwezi, called Serombo or Sorombo. It was two miles and a half in circumference, and



A HUT AND ITS FRAME.

VIEW IN THE INTERIOR OF AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.



probably contained over a thousand large and small huts, and a population of about five thousand.

"The present king's name is Ndega, a boy of sixteen, the son of Makaka, who died about two years ago. Too young himself to govern the large settlement and the country round, two elders, or Manyapara, act as regents during his minority.

"We were shown to a peculiar-shaped hut, extremely like an Abyssinian dwelling. The height of the doorway was seven feet, and from the floor to the top of the conical roof it was twenty feet. The walls were of interwoven sticks, plastered over neatly with brown clay. The king's house was thirty feet high from the ground to the tip of the cone, and forty feet in diameter within; but the total diameter, including the circular fence or palisade that supported the broad eaves and enclosed a gallery which ran round the house, was fifty-four feet.



SEROMBO HUTS.

"Owing to this peculiar construction a desperate body of one hundred and fifty men might from the circular gallery sustain a protracted attack from a vastly superior foe, and probably repel it.

"Ndega is a relative of Mirambo by marriage, and he soon quieted all uneasy minds by announcing that the famous man who was now advancing upon Serombo had just concluded a peace with the Arabs, and that therefore no trouble was to be apprehended from his visit, it being solely a friendly visit to his young relative.

"Naturally we were all anxious to behold the 'Mars of Africa,' who since 1871 has made his name feared by both native and foreigner from Usui to Urori, and from Uvinza to Ugogo, a country embracing ninety thousand square miles; who, from the village chieftainship over Uyoweh, has made for himself a name as well known as that of Mtesa throughout the eastern half of equatorial Africa, a household word from Nyangwé to Zanzibar, and the theme of many a song of the bards of Unyamwezi, Ukimbu, Ukonongo, Uzinja, and Uvinza.

"On the evening of our arrival at Serombo's we heard his Brown Besses—called by the natives Gumeh-Gumeh—announcing to all that the man with the dread name lay not far from our vicinity.

"At dusk the huge drums of Serombo signalled silence for the town-criers, whose voices, preceded by the sound of iron bells, were presently heard crying out:

" 'Listen, O men of Serombo. Mirambo, the brother of Ndega, cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Send your women to dig potatoes, dig potatoes. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes, potatoes, dig potatoes, to-morrow !'

" At 10 A.M. the Brown Besses, heavily charged and fired off by hundreds, loudly heralded Mirambo's approach, and nearly all my Wangwana followed the inhabitants of Serombo outside to see the famous chieftain. Great war-drums and the shouts of admiring thousands proclaimed that he had entered the town, and soon little Mabruki, the chief of the tent-boys, and Kachéché, the detective, on whose intelligence I could rely, brought an interesting budget to me.



WAR-DRUM AND IDOL.



" Mabruki said : ' We have seen Mirambo. He has arrived. We have beheld the Ruga-Ruga, and there are many of them, and all are armed with Gumeh-Gumeh. About a hundred are clothed in crimson cloth and white shirts, like our Wangwana. Mirambo is not an old man.'

" Kachéché said : ' Mirambo is not old, he is young : I must be older than he is. He is a very nice man, well dressed, quite like an Arab. He wears the turban, fez, and cloth coat of an Arab, and carries a scimitar. He also wears slippers, and his clothes under his coat are very white. I should say he has about a thousand and a half men with him, and they are all armed with muskets or double-barrelled guns. Mirambo has three young men carrying his guns for him. Truly, Mirambo is a great man !'

" The shrill Lu-lu-lu's, prolonged and loud, were still maintained by the women, who entertained a great respect for the greatest king in Unyamwezi.

" Presently Manwa Sera, the chief captain of the Wangwana, came to my hut, to introduce three young men—Ruga-Ruga (bandits), as we called them, but must do so no more, lest we give offence—handsomely dressed in fine red and blue cloth coats, and snowy white shirts, with ample turbans around their heads. They were confidential captains of Mirambo's body-guard.

" 'Mirambo sends his salaams to the white man,' said the principal of them. 'He hopes the



A "RUGA-RUGA," ONE OF MIRAMBO'S PATRIOTS.

white man is friendly to him, and that he does not share the prejudices of the Arabs, and believe Mirambo a bad man. If it is agreeable to the white man, will he send words of peace to Mirambo?"

" 'Tell Mirambo,' I replied, 'that I am eager to see him, and would be glad to shake hands with so great a man; and as I have made strong friendship with Mtesa, Rumanika, and all the kings along the road from Usoga to Unyamwezi, I shall be rejoiced to make strong friendship with Mirambo also. Tell him I hope he will come and see me as soon as he can.' "

"The next day Mirambo, having despatched a Ruga-Ruga—no, a patriot, I should have said—to announce his coming, appeared with about twenty of his principal men.



HILLSIDE HOUSE IN MIRAMBO'S COUNTRY.

"I shook hands with him with fervor, which drew a smile from him as he said, 'The white man shakes hands like a strong friend.' "

"His person quite captivated me, for he was a thorough African *gentleman* in appearance, very different from my conception of the terrible bandit who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great environed by foes.

"I entered the following notes in my journal on April 22, 1876:

" 'This day will be memorable to me for the visit of the famous Mirambo. He was the reverse of all my conceptions of the redoubtable chieftain, and the man I had styled the "terrible bandit." "

" 'He is a man about five feet eleven inches in height, and about thirty-five years old, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him. A handsome, regular-featured, mild-voiced, soft-spoken man, with what one might call a "meek" demeanor, very generous and open-handed. The character was so different from that which I had attributed to him that for some time a suspicion clung to my mind that I was being imposed upon, but Arabs came forward who testified that this quiet-looking man was indeed Mirambo. I had expected to see something of the Mtesa type, a man whose exterior would proclaim his life and rank; but this unassuming, mild-eyed man, of inoffensive, meek exterior, whose action was so



UNYAMWEZI CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.

calm, without a gesture, presented to the eye nothing of the Napoleonic genius which he has for five years displayed in the heart of Unyamwezi, to the injury of Arabs and commerce, and the doubling of the price of ivory. I said there was *nothing*; but I must except the eyes, which had the steady, calm gaze of a master.

“During the conversation I had with him, he said he preferred boys or young men to accompany him to war; he never took middle-aged or old men, as they were sure to be troubled with wives or children, and did not fight half so well as young fellows who listened to his words. Said he, “They have sharper eyes, and their young limbs enable them to move with the ease of serpents or the rapidity of zebras, and a few words will give them the hearts of lions. In all my wars with the Arabs, it was an army of youths that gave me victory, boys without beards. Fifteen of my young men died one day because I said I must have a certain red cloth that was thrown down as a challenge. No, no; give me youths for war in the open field, and men for the stockaded village.”

““What was the cause of your war, Mirambo, with the Arabs?” I asked.

““There was a good deal of cause. The Arabs got the big head” (proud), “and there was no talking with them. Mkasiwa of Unyanyembé lost his head too, and thought I was his vassal, whereas I was not. My father was king of

Uyoweh, and I was his son. What right had Mkasiwa or the Arabs to say what I ought to do? But the war is now over—the Arabs know what I can do, and Mkasiwa knows it. We will not fight any more, but we will see who can do the best trade, and who is the smartest man. Any Arab or white man who would like to pass through my country is welcome. I will give him meat and drink, and a house, and no man shall hurt him.”

“Mirambo retired, and in the evening I returned his visit with ten of the principal Wangwana. I found him in a bell-tent twenty feet high, and twenty-five feet in diameter, with his chiefs around him.

“Manwa Sera was requested to seal our friendship by performing the ceremony of blood brotherhood between Mirambo and myself. Having caused us to sit fronting each other on a straw carpet, he made an incision in each of our right legs, from which he extracted blood, and, interchanging it, he exclaimed aloud:

“‘If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands and wound him, and everything that is bad do wrong to him until death.’

“My new brother then gave me fifteen cloths to be distributed among my chiefs, while he would accept only three from me. But, not desirous of appearing illiberal, I presented him with a revolver and two hundred rounds of ammunition, and some small curiosities from England. Still ambitious to excel me in liberality, he charged five of his young men to proceed to Urambo, and to select three milch-cows with their calves, and three bullocks, to be driven to Ubagwé to meet me. He also gave me three guides to take me along the frontier of the predatory Watuta.



SHIELD AND DRUM.

“On the morning of the 23d he accompanied me outside Serombo, where we parted on the very best terms with each other. An Arab in his company, named Sayid bin Mohammed, also presented me with a bar of Castile soap, a bag of pepper, and some saffron. A fine riding-ass, purchased from Sayid, was named

Mirambo by me, because the Wangwana, who were also captivated by Mirambo's agreeable manners, insisted on it.

"We halted on the 23d at Mayangira, seven miles and a half from Serombo, and on the 24th, after a protracted march of eleven miles south-southeast over flooded plains, arrived at Ukombeh.

"Through similar flooded plains, with the water hip-deep in most places, and after crossing an important stream flowing west-southwest towards the Malagarazi, we arrived at Myonga's village, the capital of southern Masumbwa.



COLOR-PARTY OF AN ENGLISH EXPEDITION IN AFRICA.

"This Myonga is the same valorous chief who robbed Colonel Grant as he was hurrying with an undisciplined caravan after Speke. (See Speke's Journal, page 159, for the following graphic letter :

"'IN THE JUNGLES, NEAR MYONGA'S, 16th September, 1861.

"'MY DEAR SPEKE,—The caravan was attacked, plundered, and the men driven to the winds, while marching this morning into Myonga's country.

"'Awaking at cock-crow, I roused the camp, all anxious to rejoin you ; and while the loads were being packed, my attention was drawn to an angry discussion

between the head men and seven or eight armed fellows sent by Sultan Myonga to insist on my putting up for the day in his village. They were summarily told that as *you* had already made him a present, he need not expect a visit from *me*. Adhering, I doubt not, to their master's instructions, they officiously constituted themselves our guides till we chose to strike off their path, when, quickly heading our party, they stopped the way, planted their spears, and *dared* our advance!

"This menace made us firmer in our determination, and we swept past the spears. After we had marched unmolested for some seven miles, a loud yelping from the woods excited our attention, and a sudden rush was made upon us by, say, two hundred men, who came down *seemingly* in great glee. In an instant, at the caravan's centre, they fastened upon the poor porters. The struggle was short; and with the threat of an arrow or spear at their breasts, men were robbed of their cloths and ornaments, loads were yielded and run away with before resistance could be organized; only three men of a hundred stood by me; the others, whose only *thought* was their lives, fled into the woods, where I went shouting for them. One man, little Rahan, stood with cocked gun, defending his load against five savages with uplifted spears. No one else could be seen. Two or three were reported killed, some were wounded. Beads, boxes, cloths, etc., lay strewed about the woods. In fact, I felt wrecked. My attempt to go and demand redress from the sultan was resisted, and, in utter despair, I seated myself among a mass of rascals jeering round me, and insolent after the success of the day. Several were dressed in the very cloths, etc., they had stolen from my men.

"In the afternoon about fifteen men and loads were brought me, with a message from the sultan, that the attack had been a *mistake* of his subjects—that one man had had a hand cut off for it, and that all the property would be restored!

"Yours sincerely,

"J. A. GRANT.")

"Age had not lessened the conceit of Myonga, increased his modesty, or moderated his cupidity. He asserted the rights and privileges of his royalty with a presumptuous voice and a stern brow. He demanded tribute! Twenty-five cloths: A gun and five fundo of beads! The Arabs, my friends, were requested to do the same!

"Impossible, Myonga!" I replied, yet struck with admiration at the unparalleled audacity of the man.

"People have been obliged to pay what I ask," the old man said, with a cunning twinkle in his eyes.

"Perhaps," I answered; "but whether they have or not, I cannot pay you so much, and, what is more, I will not. As a sign that we pass through your country, I give you one cloth, and the Arabs shall only give you one cloth."

"Myonga blustered and stormed, begged and threatened, and some of his young men appeared to be getting vicious, when, rising, I informed him that to talk loudly was to act like a scolding woman, and that, when his elder should arrive at our camp, he would receive two cloths, one from me and one from the Arabs, as acknowledgment of his right to the country.

"The drum of Myonga's village at once beat to arms, but the affair went no further, and the elder received the reasonable and just tribute of two cloths, with



MOUNTAINS ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION.

a gentle hint that it would be dangerous to intercept the expedition on the road when on the march, as the guns were loaded.

"Phunze, chief of Mkumbiro, a village ten miles south by east from Myonga, and the chief of Ureweh, fourteen miles and a half from Phunze's, were equally bold in their demands, but they did not receive an inch of cloth; but neither of these three chiefs were half so extortionate as Ungomirwa, king of Ubagwé, a large town of three thousand people.

"We met at Ubagwé an Arab trader *en route* to Uganda, and he gave us a dismal tale of robbery and extortion practised on him by Ungomirwa. He had been compelled to pay one hundred and fifty cloths, five kegs, or fifty pounds, of gunpowder, five guns double-barrelled, and thirty-five pounds of beads, the whole being of the value of \$625, or £125, for the privilege of passing unmolested through the district of Ubagwé.

"When the chief came to see me, I said to him,

"Why is it, my friend, that your name goes about the country as being that of a bad man? How is it that this poor Arab has had to pay so much for going through Ubagwé? Is Ubagwé Unyamwezi, that Ungomirwa demands so much from the Arabs? The Arab brings cloths, powder, guns into Unyamwezi. If you rob him of his property, I must send letters to stop people coming here, then Ungomirwa will become poor, and have neither powder, guns, nor cloths to wear. What has Ungomirwa to say to his friend?"

"Ungomirwa,' replied he, 'does no more than Ureweh, Phunze, Myonga, Ndega, Urangwa, and Mankorongo—he takes what he can. If the white man thinks it is wrong, and will be my friend, I will return it all to the Arab.'

"Ungomirwa is good. Nay, do not return it all; retain one gun, five cloths, two fundu of beads, and one keg of powder; that will be plenty, and nothing but right. I have many Wanyamwezi with me, whom I have made good men. I have two from Ubagwé, and one man who was born at Phunze's. Let Ungomirwa call the Wanyamwezi, and ask them how the white man treats Wanyamwezi, and let him try to make them run away, and see what they will say. They will tell him that all white men are very good to those who are good.'

"Ungomirwa called the Wanyamwezi to him, and asked them why they followed the white man to wander about the world, leaving their brothers and sisters. The question elicited the following reply:

"The white people know everything. They are better than the black people in heart. We have abundance to eat, plenty to wear, and silver for ourselves. All we give to the white man is our strength. We carry his goods for him, and he bestows a father's care on his black children. Let Ungomirwa make friends with the white man, and do as he says, and it will be good for the land of Unyamwezi.'

"To whatever cause it was owing, Ungomirwa returned the Arab nearly all his property, and presented me with three bullocks; and during all the time that I was his guest at Ubagwé, he exhibited great friendship for me, and boasted of me to several Watuta visitors who came to see him during that time; indeed, I can hardly remember a more agreeable stay at any village in Africa than that which I made in Ubagwé.

"Unyamwezi is troubled with a vast number of petty kings, whose paltriness

and poverty have so augmented their pride that each of them employs more threats, and makes more demands, than Mtesa, emperor of Uganda.

"The adage that 'Small things make base men proud' holds true in Africa as in other parts of the world. Sayid bin Sayf, one of the Arabs at Kafurro, begged me, as I valued my property and peace of mind, not to march through Unyamwezi to Ujiji, but to travel through Uhha. I attribute these words of Sayid's to a desire on his part to hear of my being mulcted by kings Khanza, Iwanda, and Kiti in the same proportion that he was. He confessed that he had paid to Kiti sixty cloths, to Iwanda sixty cloths, and to king Khanza one hundred and thirty-eight, which amounted in value to \$516, and this grieved the gentle merchant's soul greatly.

"On my former journey in search of Livingstone, I tested sufficiently the capacity of the chiefs of Uhha to absorb property, and I vowed then to give them a wide berth for all future time. Sayid's relation of his experiences, confirmed by Hamed Ibrahim, and my own reverses, indicated but too well the custom in vogue



FASHIONABLE HAIR-DRESSING.

among the Wahha. So far, between Kibogora's capital and Ubagwé, I had only disbursed thirty cloths as gifts to nine kings of Unyamwezi, without greater annoyance than the trouble of having to reduce their demands by negotiation.

"On the 4th of May, having received the milch-cows, calves, and bullocks from my new brother Mirambo, we marched in a south-southwest direction, skirting the territory of the Watuta, to Ruwinda, a village occupying a patch of cleared land, and ruled by a small chief who is a tributary to his dreaded neighbors.

"The next day, in good order, we marched across a portion of the territory of the Watuta. No precaution was omitted to insure our being warned in time of the presence of the enemy, nor did we make any delay on the road, as a knowledge of their tactics of attack assured us that this was our only chance of avoiding a conflict with them. Msené, after a journey of twenty miles, was reached about 2 P.M., and the king, Mulagwa, received us with open arms.

"The population of the three villages under Mulagwa probably numbers about

thirty-five hundred. The king of the Watuta frequently visits Mulagwa's district; but his strongly-fenced villages and large number of muskets have been sufficient to check the intentions of the robbers, though atrocious acts are often committed upon the unwary.

"Ten miles southwest of Msené is Kawangira, a district about ten miles square, governed by the chief Nyambu, a rival of Mulagwa. Relics of the ruthlessness and devastating attacks of the Watuta are visible between the two districts, and the once populous land is rapidly resuming its original appearance of a tenantless waste.

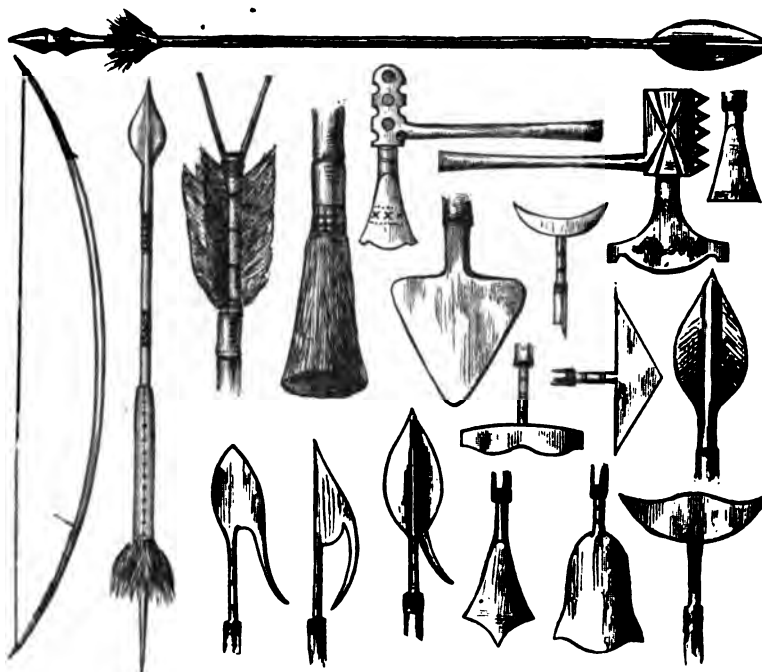


ONE OF THE WATUTA.

"The next village, Nganda, ten miles southwest from Kawangira, was reached on the 9th of May. From this place, as far as Usenda (distant fourteen miles south-southwest), extended a plain, inundated with from two to five feet of water from the flooded Gombé, which rises about forty miles southeast of Unyanyembé. Where the Gombé meets with the Malagarazi, there is a spacious plain, which during each rainy season is converted into a lake.

"We journeyed to the important village of Usagusi on the 12th, in a south-southwest direction. Like Serombo, Myonga's, Urangwa, Ubagwé, and Msené, it is strongly stockaded, and the chief, conscious that the safety of his principal village depends upon the care he bestows upon its defences, exacts heavy fines upon those of his people who manifest any reluctance to repair the stockade; and this vigilant prudence has hitherto baffled the wolflike marauders of Ugomba.

"Twenty-five miles in a westerly direction through a depopulated land brought us to Zegi, in Uvinza, where we found a large caravan, under an Arab in the employ of Sayid bin Habib. Among these natives of Zanzibar was a man who had accompanied Cameron and Tippu-Tib to Utatera. Like other Munchausens of



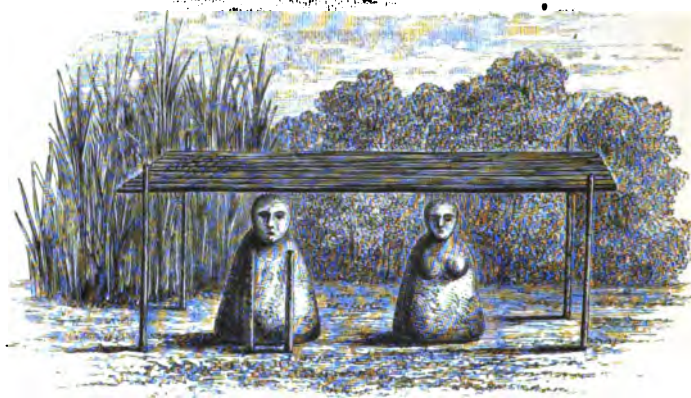
BOW, SPEARS, HATCHETS, AND ARROW-HEADS.

his race, he informed me upon oath that he had seen a ship upon a lake west of Utatera, manned by black Wazungu, or black Europeans!

"Before reaching Zegi, we saw Sivué Lake, a body of water fed by the Sagala River: it is about seven miles wide by fourteen miles long. Through a broad bed, choked by reeds and grass and tropical plants, it empties into the Malagarazi River near Kiala.

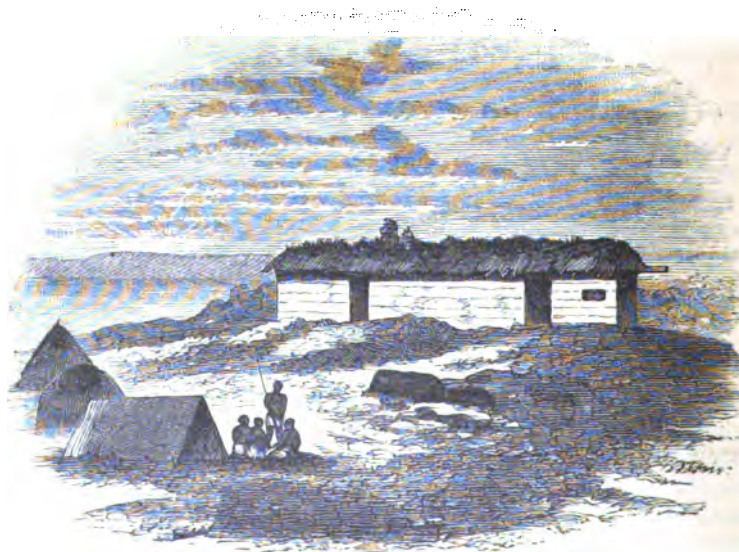
"Zegi swarmed with a reckless number of lawless men, and was not a comfortable place to dwell in. The conduct of these men was another curious illustration of how 'small things make base men proud.' Here were a number of youths suffering under that strange disease peculiar to vain youth in all lands, which Mirambo had called 'big head.' The manner in which they strutted about, their big looks and bold staring, their enormous feathered head-dresses and martial stride, were most offensive. Having adopted, from bravado, the name of Ruga-Ruga, they were compelled in honor to imitate the bandits' custom of smoking banghi (wild hemp), and my memory fails to remind me of any similar experience to the wild screaming and stormy sneezing, accompanied day and night by the monotonous droning of the one-string guitar (another accomplishment with the complete bandit) and the hiccoughing, snorting, and vocal extravagances which we had to bear in the village of Zegi.

"For the next few days there were no incidents of importance, our march being pressed with as little delay as possible. At noon of the 27th of May the bright



IDOLS SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.

waters of the Tanganika broke upon the view, and compelled me to linger admiringly for a while, as I did on the day I first beheld them. By 3 P.M. we were in Ujiji. Muini Kheri, Mohammed bin Gharib, Sultan bin Kassim, and Khamis the Baluch greeted me kindly. Mohammed bin Sali was dead. Nothing was changed much, except the ever-changing mud tembés of the Arabs. The square or plaza where I met David Livingstone in November, 1871, is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burned down, and in its place there remain only a few embers and a hideous void. The lake ex-

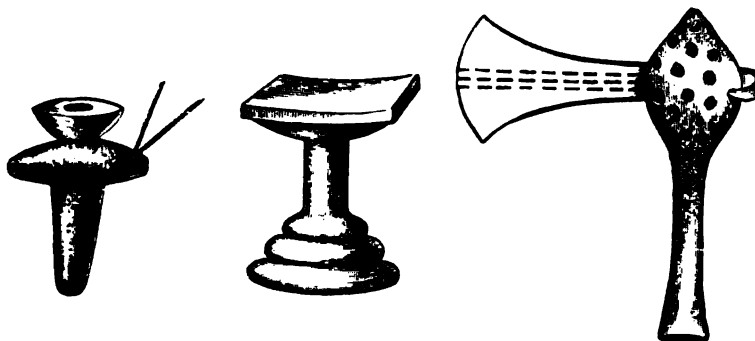


ARAB HOUSE NEAR UJJI.

pands with the same grand beauty before the eyes as we stand in the market-place. The opposite mountains of Goma have the same blue-black color, for they are everlasting, and the Liuché River continues its course as brown as ever just east and south of Ujiji. The surf is still as restless, and the sun as bright; the sky retains its glorious azure, and the palms all their beauty; but the grand old hero, whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me, was gone!"

"And here at Ujiji," said Frank, "we will pause for the present. We have read the first volume of Mr. Stanley's very interesting work, and this evening we'll begin reading the second. The story it contains is even more exciting than that which you have just heard; it carries us among new people and into new lands, and introduces us to a part of the continent unknown to Europeans until Mr. Stanley made his remarkable journey through it."

A motion to adjourn was carried unanimously, and very soon the party was dispersed over the steamer's deck. Some of them looked around for Mr. Stanley, and were disappointed to hear that he had not been visible about the deck or saloon for several hours.



WHISTLE, PILLOW, AND HATCHET.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. STANLEY TAKES THE CHAIR.—DESCRIPTION OF UJJI.—THE ARAB AND OTHER INHABITANTS.—MARKET SCENES.—LOCAL CURRENCY.—THE WAJIJI.—LAKE TANGANIKA.—STANLEY'S VOYAGE ON THE LAKE.—RISING OF THE WATERS.—THE LEGEND OF THE WELL.—HOW THE LAKE WAS FORMED.—DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.—SCENERY OF THE COAST.—MOUNTAINS WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL.—SEEKING THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE.—THE LUKUGA RIVER.—EXPERIMENTS TO FIND A CURRENT.—CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES.—RETURN TO UJJI.—LENGTH AND EXTENT OF LAKE TANGANIKA.

WHEN the party assembled in the evening, Frank was not in the place where the others expected to find him; he was among the auditors, and his former seat was occupied by Mr. Stanley. The latter said he had been sleeping during most of the afternoon, and would atone for his indolence by telling the story of a portion of his work after the arrival of the expedition at Ujiji.

"As you have assembled to hear the story of the Dark Continent," said Mr. Stanley, as soon as all were seated, "you shall not be disappointed. You can imagine that I am reading from the book, and I will keep it in my hands to assist your imaginations."

Without further preliminary the distinguished explorer plunged at once into the midst of his subject and carried his audience, as on the enchanted carpet of the "Arabian Nights," straight to the shores of Lake Tanganika.

"The best view of Ujiji is to be obtained from the flat roof of one of the Arab tembés or houses. Here is a photograph presenting a view north from my tembé, which fronted the market-place. It embraces the square and con-



HEAD OF UGUHA WOMAN.

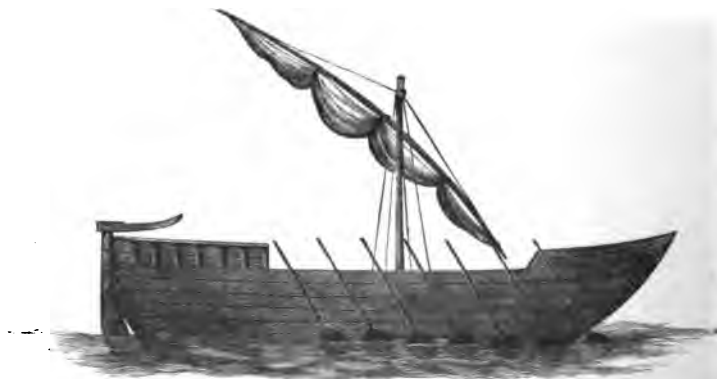


UJJI, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MARKET-PLACE, VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF OUR TENT AT UJJI.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)

cal huts of the Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and Arab slaves, the Guinea palms from the golden-colored nuts of which the Wajiji obtain the palm-oil, the banana and plantain groves; with here and there a graceful papaw-tree rising among them, and, beyond, the dark-green woods which line the shore and are preserved for shade by the fishermen.

"South of the market-place are the tembés of the Arabs, solid, spacious, flat-roofed structures, built of clay, with broad, cool verandas fronting the public roads. Palms and papaws, pomegranates and plantains, raise graceful branch and frond above them, in pleasing contrast to the gray-brown walls, enclosures, and houses.

"The port of Ujiji is divided into two districts—Ugoy, occupied by the Arabs, and Kawelé, inhabited by the Wangwana, slaves, and natives. The market-place is in Ugoy, in an open space which has been lately contracted to about twelve hundred square yards. In 1871 it was nearly three thousand square yards. On the beach before the market-place are drawn up the huge Arab canoes, which, purchased in Goma on the western shore, have had their gunwales raised up with heavy teak planking. The largest canoe, belonging to Sheik Abdullah bin Sulie-man, is forty-eight feet long, nine feet in the beam, and five feet high, with a poop for the nakhuda (captain), and a small forecastle.



ARAB DHOW AT UJJI.

"Sheik Abdullah, by assuming the air of an opulent ship-owner, has offended the vanity of the governor, Muini Kheri, who owns nine canoes. Abdullah christened his 'big ship' by some very proud name; the governor nicknamed it the *Lazy*. The Arabs and Wajiji, by the way, all give names to their canoes.

"The hum and bustle of the market-place, filled with a miscellaneous concourse of representatives from many tribes, woke me up at early dawn. Curious to see the first market-place we had come to since leaving Kagehyi, I dressed myself and sauntered among the buyers and sellers and idlers.

"Here we behold all the wealth of the Tanganika shores. The Wajiji, who are sharp, clever traders, having observed that the Wangwana purchased their supplies of sweet potatoes, yams, sugar-cane, ground-nuts, oil-nuts, palm-oil and palm-wine, butter, and pombé, to retail them at enormous profits to their countrymen, have raised their prices on some things a hundred per cent. over what they were when

I was in Ujiji last. This has caused the Wangwana and slaves to groan in spirit, for the Arabs are unable to dole out to them rations in proportion to the prices now demanded. The governor, supplied by the Mutwaré of the lake district of Ujiji, will not interfere, though frequently implored to do so, and, consequently, there are frequent fights, when the Wangwana rush on the natives with clubs, in much the same manner as the apprentices of London used to rush to the rescue or succor of one of their bands.

"Except the Wajiji, who have become rich in cloths, the rural natives retain the primitive dress worn by the Wazinja and other tribes, a dressed goat-skin covering the loins, and hanging down to within six inches above the knees, with long depending tags of the same material. All these tribes are related to each



A NATIVE OF RUA, WHO WAS A VISITOR AT UJJI.

other, and their language shows only slight differences in dialect. Moreover, many of those inhabiting the countries contiguous to Unyamwezi and Uganda have lost those special characteristics which distinguish the pure unmixed stock from the less favored and less refined types of Africans.

"Uhha daily sends to the market of Ujiji its mtama, grain (millet), sesamum, beans, fowls, goats, and broad-tailed sheep, butter, and sometimes oxen; Urundi, its goats, sheep, oxen, butter, palm-oil and palm-nuts, fowls, bananas, and plantains; Uzigé—now and then only—its oxen and palm-oil; Uvira, its iron, in wire of all sizes, bracelets, and anklets; Ubwari, its cassava or manioc, dried, and enormous quantities of grain, Dogara or whitebait, and dried fish; Uvinza, its salt; Uguha, its goats and sheep, and grain, especially Indian corn; rural Wajiji bring their buttermilk, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, bananas and plantains, yams, beans, vetches, garden herbs, melons, cucumbers, sugar-cane, palm-wine, palm-nuts, palm-oil, goats, sheep, bullocks, eggs, fowls, and earthenware; the lake-coast Wajiji



DRESS AND TATTOOING OF A
NATIVE OF UGUHHA.

bring their slaves, whitebait, fresh fish, ivory, baskets, nets, spears, bows and arrows; the Wangwana and Arab slaves bring fuel, ivory, wild fruit, eggs, rice, sugar-cane, and honey from the Ukaranga forest.

"The currency employed consists of cloths, blue 'Kaniki,' white sheeting 'Merikani' from Massachusetts mills, striped or barred prints, or checks, blue or red, from Manchester, Muscat, or Cutch, and beads, principally 'Sofi,' which are like black-and-white clay-pipe stems broken into pieces half an inch long. One piece is called a *Masaro*, and is the lowest piece of currency that will purchase anything. The Sofi beads are strung in strings of twenty *Masaro*, which is then called a *Kheté*, and is sufficient to purchase rations for two days for a slave, but suffices the freeman or *Mgwana* but one day. The red beads, called *Sami-sami*, the *Mutanda*, small blue, brown, and white, will also readily be bartered in the market for provisions, but a discount will be charged on them, as the established and universal currency with all

classes of natives attending the market is the Sofi.

"The prices at the market of Ujiji in 1876 were as follows:

	Sheeting cloths of four yards long.
Ivory per lb.	1
1 goat	2
1 sheep	1½
12 fowls	1½
1 bullock	10
60 lbs. of grain—Mtama	1
90 lbs. " Indian corn	1
½-gal. potful of honey in the comb	1
1 slave boy between 10 and 18 years old	16
1 " girl " " " " "	50 to 80
1 " woman " 18 " 80 "	80 to 180
1 " boy " 18 " 18 "	16 to 50
1 " man " 18 " 50 "	10 to 50

"The country of Ujiji extends between the Liuché River, along the Tanganika, north to the Mshala River, which gives it a length of forty-five miles. The former river separates it from Ukaranga on the south, while the latter river acts as a boundary between it and Urundi. As Ujiji is said to border upon Uguru, a district of Uhha, it may be said to have a breadth of twenty miles. Thus the area of Ujiji is not above nine hundred square miles. The Mtemi, or king, is called *Mgassa*, who entertains a superstitious fear of the lake. His residence is in a valley among the mountains bordering upon Uguru, and he believes that in the hour he looks upon the lake he dies.

"I should estimate the population of the country to be very fairly given at forty to the square mile, which will make it thirty-six thousand souls. The Liuché

valley is comparatively populous, and the port of Ujiji—consisting of Ugoy and Kawelé districts—has alone a population of three thousand. Kigoma and Kasimbu are other districts patronized by Arabs and Wangwana.

“The Wajiji are a brave tribe, and of very independent spirit, but not quarrelsome. When the moderate fee demanded by the Mutwaré of Ugoy, Kawelé, and Kasimbu is paid, the stranger has the liberty of settling in any part of the district; and, as an excellent understanding exists between the Mutwaré and the Arab governor, Muini Kheri, there is no fear of ill-usage. The Mgwana or the Mjiji applying to either of them is certain of receiving fair justice, and graver cases are submitted to an international commission of Arabs and Wajiji elders, because it is perfectly understood by both parties that many moneyed interests would be injured if open hostilities were commenced.

“The Wajiji are the most expert canoemen of all the tribes around the Tanganika. They have visited every country, and seem to know each headland, creek, bay, and river. Sometimes they meet with rough treatment, but they are as a rule so clever, wide-awake, prudent, commercially politic, and superior in tact, that only downright treachery can entrap them to death. They have so many friends also that they soon become informed of danger, and dangerous places are tabooed.



CHARMS WORN BY THE WAJJI.

“The governor of the Arab colony of Ujiji, having been an old friend, was, as may be supposed, courteous and hospitable to me, and Mohammed bin Gharib, who was so good to Livingstone between Marungu and Ujiji, as far as Manyema, did his best to show me friendly attention. Such luxuries as sweetmeats, wheat-en bread, rice, and milk were supplied so freely by Muini Kheri and Sheik Mohammed that both Frank and myself began to increase rapidly in weight.

“Judging from their rotundity of body, it may fairly be said that both the friends enjoy life. The governor is of vast girth, and Mohammed is nearly as

large in the waist. The preceding governor, Mohammed bin Sali, was also of ample circumference, from which I conclude that the climate of Ujiji agrees with the Arab constitution. It certainly did not suit mine while I was with Livingstone, for I was punished with remittent and intermittent fever of such severe type and virulence that in three months I was reduced in weight to ninety-eight pounds.

"Muini Kheri's whole wealth consists of about one hundred and twenty slaves, eighty guns, eighty frasilah of ivory, two tembés, or houses, a wheat and rice field, nine canoes with oars and sails, forty head of cattle, twenty goats, thirty bales of cloth, and twenty sacks of beads, three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, and two hundred pounds of iron wire, all of which, appraised in the Ujiji market, might perhaps realize \$18,000. His friend Mo-



A RIVER FERRY-BOAT.

ammed is probably worth \$3000 only! Sultan bin Kassim may estimate the value of his property at \$10,000; Abdullah bin Suliman, the owner of the *Great Eastern* of Lake Tanganika, at \$15,000. Other Arabs of Ujiji may be rated at from \$100 to \$3000.

"Sheik Mohammed bin Gharib is the owner of the finest house. It is about one hundred feet long by twenty-five feet in width and fourteen feet in height. A broad veranda, ten feet wide and forty feet long, runs along a portion of the front, and affords ample space for the accommodation of his visitors on the luxurious carpets. The building is constructed of sun-dried brick plastered over neatly with clay. The great door is a credit to his carpenter, and his latticed windows are a marvel to the primitive native trader from Uhha or Uvinza. The courtyard behind the house contains the huts of the slaves, kitchens, and cow-house.

"There is a good deal of jealousy between the Arabs of Ujiji, which sometimes breaks out into bloodshed. When Sayid bin Habib enters Ujiji trouble is not far



HEADS OF NATIVES.

off. The son of Habib has a large number of slaves, and there are some fiery souls among them, who resent the least disparagement of their master. A bitter reproach is soon followed by a vengeful blow, and then the retainers and the chiefs of the Montagues and Capulets issue forth with clubs, spears, and guns, and Ujiji is all in an uproar, not to be quieted until the respective friends of the two rivals carry them bodily away to their houses. On Arabs, Wangwana, and slaves alike I saw the scars of feuds.



THE WAZARAMO TRIBE.

"Life in Ujiji begins soon after dawn, and, except on moonlight nights, no one is abroad after sunset. With the Arabs—to whom years are as days to Europeans—it is a languid existence, mostly spent in gossip, the interchange of dignified visits, ceremonies of prayer, an hour or two of barter, and small household affairs.

"There were no letters for either Frank or myself after our seventeen months' travels around and through the lake regions. From Kagehyi, on Lake Victoria, I had despatched messages to Sayid bin Salim, governor of Unyanyembé, praying him to send all letters addressed to me to Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, promising him a noble reward. Not that I was sure that I should pass by Ujiji, but I knew that, if I arrived at Nyangwé, I should be able to send a force of twenty

men to Muini Kheri for my letters. Though Sayid bin Salim had over twelve months' time to comply with my moderate request, not a scrap or word of news or greeting refreshed us after the long blank interval! Both of us, having eagerly looked forward with certainty to receiving a bagful of letters, were therefore much disappointed.

"As I was about to circumnavigate the Tanganika with my boat, and would probably be absent two or three months, I thought there might still be a chance of obtaining them before setting out westward, by despatching messengers to Unyanyembé. Announcing my intentions to the governor, I obtained a promise that he would collect other men, as he and several Arabs at Ujiji were also anxious to communicate with their friends. Manwa Sera therefore selected five of the most trustworthy men, the Arabs also selected five of their confidential slaves, and the ten men started for Unyanyembé on the 3d of June.

"My five trustworthy men arrived at Unyanyembé within fifteen days, but from some cause they never returned to the expedition. We halted at Ujiji for seventy days after their departure, and when we turned our faces towards Nyangwé, we had given up all hopes of hearing from civilization.

"Before departing on the voyage of circumnavigation of Lake Tanganika, many affairs had to be provided for, such as the well-being of the expedition during my absence, distribution of sufficient rations, provisioning for the cruise, the engagement of guides, etc.

"The two guides I obtained for the lake were Para, who had accompanied Cameron in March and April, 1874, and Ruango, who accompanied Livingstone and myself in December, 1871, to the north end of Lake Tanganika.

"The most interesting point connected with this lake was its outlet. Before starting from Zanzibar, I had heard that Cameron had discovered the outlet to Lake Tanganika in the Lukuga River, which ran through Uguha to the west, and was therefore an affluent of Livingstone's great river.

"I made many inquiries among the Arabs and natives, but could learn nothing about an outlet of the lake. The guide who accompanied Cameron declared that no such outlet had been found while he was with that officer, and, furthermore, all the streams he knew of flowed into and not from Tanganika. All this testimony inspired me with the resolution to explore the phenomenon thoroughly, and to examine the entire coast minutely. At the same time, a suspicion that there was no present outlet to the Tanganika had crept into my mind, when I observed that three palm-trees, which had stood in the market-place of Ujiji in November, 1871, were now about one hundred feet in the lake, and that the sand beach over which Livingstone and I took our morning walks was over two hundred feet in the lake.

"I asked of Muini Kheri and Sheik Mohammed if my impressions were not correct about the palm-trees, and they both replied readily in the affirmative. Muini Kheri said also, as corroborative of the increase of the Tanganika, that thirty years ago the Arabs were able to ford the channel between Bangwé Island and the mainland; that they then cultivated rice-fields three miles farther west than the present beach; that every year the Tanganika encroaches upon their shores and fields; and that they are compelled to move every five years farther inland. In my photograph of Ujiji, an inlet may be seen on a site which was dry land, occupied by fishing-nets and pasture-ground, in 1871.

LAWLINSON MOUNTAIN, LAKE TANGANIKA.



"The Wajiji lake-traders and fishermen have an interesting legend respecting the origin of the Tanganika. Ruango, the veteran guide, who showed Livingstone and myself the Rusizi River in 1871, and whose version is confirmed by Para, the other guide, related it as follows:

"Years and years ago, where you see this great lake, was a wide plain, inhabited by many tribes and nations, who owned large herds of cattle and flocks of goats, just as you see Uhha to-day.

"On this plain there was a very large town, fenced round with poles strong and high. As was the custom in those days, the people of the town surrounded their houses with tall hedges of cane, enclosing courts, where their cattle and goats were herded at night from the wild beasts and from thieves. In one of these enclosures lived a man and his wife, who possessed a deep well, from which water bubbled up and supplied a beautiful little stream, at which the cattle of their neighbors slaked their thirst.

"Strange to say, this well contained countless fish, which supplied both the man and his wife with an abundant supply for their wants; but as their possession of these treasures depended upon the secrecy which they preserved respecting them, no one outside their family circle knew anything of them. A tradition was handed down for ages, through the family, from father to son, that on the day they showed the well to strangers they would be ruined and destroyed.

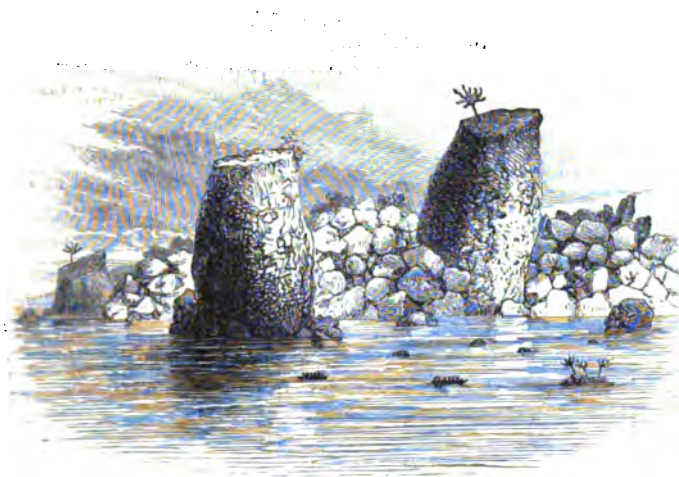
"One day, while the husband was absent, a stranger called at the house and talked so pleasantly that the wife forgot all about the tradition, and showed him the well. The man had never seen such things in his life, for there were no rivers in the neighborhood except that which was made by this fountain. His delight was very great, and he sat for some time watching the fish leaping and chasing each other, showing their white bellies and beautiful bright sides, and coming up to the surface and diving swiftly down to the bottom. He had never enjoyed

such pleasure; but when one of the boldest of the fish came near to where he was sitting he suddenly put forth his hand to catch it. Ah, that was the end of all!—for the Muzimu, the spirit, was angry. And the world cracked asunder, the plain sank down and down and down—the bottom cannot now be reached by our longest lines—and the fountain overflowed and filled the great gap that was made by the earthquake, and now what do you see? The Tanganika! All the people of that great plain perished, and all the houses and fields and gardens, the herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep, were swallowed in the waters.'

"I made many attempts to discover whether the Wajiji knew why the lake was called Tanganika. A rational definition I could not obtain until one day, while translating some English words into their language, I came to the word 'plain,' for which I obtained *nika* as



HEAD-DRESS AND HATCHET.



BROTHER ROCKS.

being the term in Kijiji. As Africans are accustomed to describe large bodies of water as being like plains, 'it spreads out like a plain,' I think that a satisfactory signification of the term has finally been obtained, in 'the plain-like lake.'

"Westward from Ujiji the lake spreads to a distance of about thirty-five miles, where it is bounded by the lofty mountain range of Goma, and it is when looking northwest that one comprehends, as he follows that vague and indistinct mountain line, ever paling as it recedes, the full magnificence of this inland sea. The low island of Bangwé on the eastern side terminates the bay of Ujiji, which rounds with a crescent curve from the market-place towards it.

"The saucy English-built boat which had made the acquaintance of all the bays and inlets of the Victoria Nyanza, and been borne on the shoulders of sturdy men across the plains and through the ravines of Unyoro, is about to explore the mountain barriers which enfold Lake Tanganika, for the discovery of some gap which lets out, or is supposed to let out, the surplus water of rivers which, from a dim and remote period, have been pouring into it from all sides.

"She has a consort now, a lumbering, heavy, but stanch mate, a canoe cut out from an enormous teak-tree which once grew in some wooded gorge in the Goma Mountains. The canoe is called the *Meofu*, and is the property of Muini Kheri, Governor of Ujiji, who has kindly lent it to me. As he is my friend, he says he will not charge me anything for the loan. But the governor and I know each other pretty well, and I know that when I return from the voyage I shall have to make him a present. In Oriental and African lands, remuneration, hire, compensation, guerdon, and present are terms nearly related to one another.

"The boat and her consort are ready on the 11th of June, 1876. The boat's crew have been most carefully selected. They are all young, agile, faithful creatures. Their names and ages are as follows: Uledi, the coxswain, 25 years; Saywa, his cousin, 17; Shumari, his brother, 18; Murabo, 20; Mpwapwa, 22; Marzouk, 23; Akida, 20; Mambu, 20; Wadi Baraka, 24; Zaidi Rufiji, 27; Matiko, 19. Two

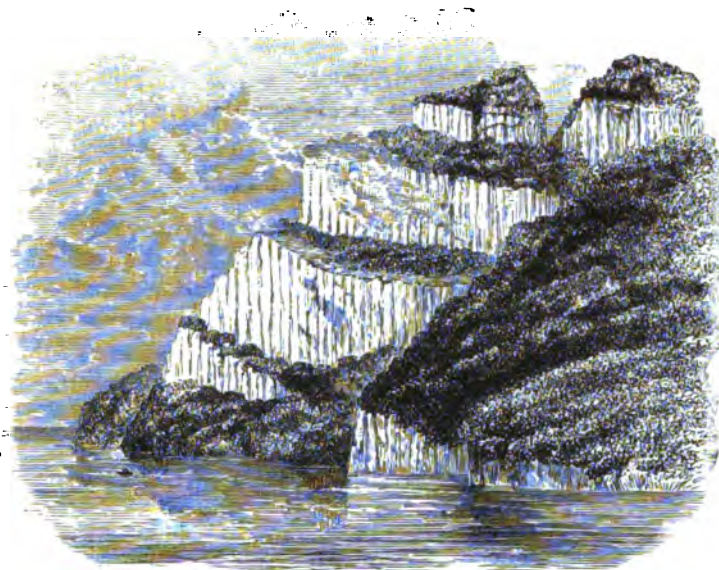
destroyed, despite their protestations to the contrary. I could afford to lose weak, fearful, and unworthy men; but I could not afford to lose one gun. Though we had such a show of strength left, I was only too conscious that there were barely forty reliable and effective in a crisis, or in the presence of danger; the rest were merely useful as bearers of burdens, or porters.

"When we resumed our journey the second day from Ukaranga, three more were missing, which swelled the number of desertions to forty-one, and reduced our force to one hundred and twenty-nine. After we had crossed the Tanganika and arrived in Uguha, two more disappeared, one of whom was young Kalulu, whom I had taken to England and the United States, and whom I had placed in an English school for eighteen months.

"Induced to do so by the hope that I should secure their attachment to the cause of the expedition, I had purchased from Sultan bin Kassim six bales of cloth at an enormous price, £350, and had distributed them all among the people gratuitously. This wholesale desertion, at the very period when their services were about to be most needed, was my reward! The desertion and faithless conduct of Kalulu did not, as may be imagined, augment my hopes, or increase my faith in the fidelity of my people. But it determined me to recover some of the deserters. Francis Pocock and the detective of the expedition, the ever faithful and gallant Kachéché, were therefore sent back with a squad to Ujiji, with instructions how to act; and one night Kachéché pounced upon six fellows, who, after a hard and tough resistance, were secured; and after his return to Uguha with these he successfully recovered the runaway Kalulu on Kasengé Island. These seven, along with a few others arrested in the act of desertion, received merited punishments, which put an end to misconduct and faithlessness, and prevented the wreck of the expedition.

"It must not be supposed that I was more unfortunate than other travellers; for to the faithlessness of his people may be attributed principally the long wanderings of poor Livingstone. Cameron also lost a great number at Unyanyembé, as well as at Ujiji. Experience had taught me on my first journey to Central Africa that Wangwana would desert at every opportunity, especially in the vicinity of the Arab depots. It was to lessen these opportunities for desertion that I had left the Unyanyembé road, and struck through Ituru and Iramba; and though my losses in men were great from famine, the ferocity of the natives, and sickness, they did not amount to half of what they certainly would have been had I touched at Unyanyembé. By adopting this route, despite the calamities that we were subjected to for a short season, I had gained time, and opened new countries hitherto unexplored.

"Unless the traveller in Africa exerts himself to keep his force intact, he cannot hope to perform satisfactory service. If he relaxes his watchfulness, it is instantly taken advantage of by the weak-minded and the indolent. Livingstone lost at least six years of time, and finally his life, by permitting his people to desert. If a follower left his service, he even permitted him to remain in the same village with him, without attempting to reclaim him, or to compel that service which he had bound himself to render at Zanzibar. The consequence of this excessive mildness was that he was left at last with only seven men, out of nearly seventy. His noble character has won from us a tribute of affection and esteem,



MTOMBWA.

hundred feet above the lake. They once formed parts of the plateau of Urungu, though now separated from it by the same agency which created the fathomless gulf of the Tanganika.

"Within a distance of two miles are three separate mounts, which bear a resemblance to one another. The first is called Mtombwa, the next Kateye, the third Kapembwa. Their three spirits are also closely akin to one another, for they all rule the wave and the wind, and dwell on summits. Kateye is, I believe, the son of Kapembwa, the Jupiter, and Mtombwa, the Juno, of Tanganika tradition.

"As we row past, close to their base, we look up to admire the cliffy heights rising in terraces one above another; each terrace-ledge is marked by a thin line of scrubby bush. Beyond Kateye, the gray front of the paternal Kapembwa looms up with an extraordinary height and massive grandeur.

"The peaks of Kungwé are probably from two thousand five hundred to three thousand feet above the lake. They are not only interesting from their singular appearance, but also as being a refuge for the last remaining families of the aborigines of Kawendi. On the topmost and most inaccessible heights dwells the remnant of the once powerful nation which in old times—so tradition relates—overran Uhha and Uvinza, and were a terror to the Wakalaganza. They cultivate the slopes of their strongholds, which amply repay them for their labor. Fuel is found in the gorges between the peaks, and means of defence are at hand in the huge rocks which they have piled up ready to repel the daring intruder. Their elders retain the traditions of the race whence they sprang; and in their charge are the Lares and Penates of old Kawendi—the Muzimu. In the home of the eagles they find a precarious existence, as a seed to reproduce another nation, or as a short respite before complete extermination.



KUNGWÉ PRAKS.

(From a sketch near the entrance to the Luwulungu torrent bed.)

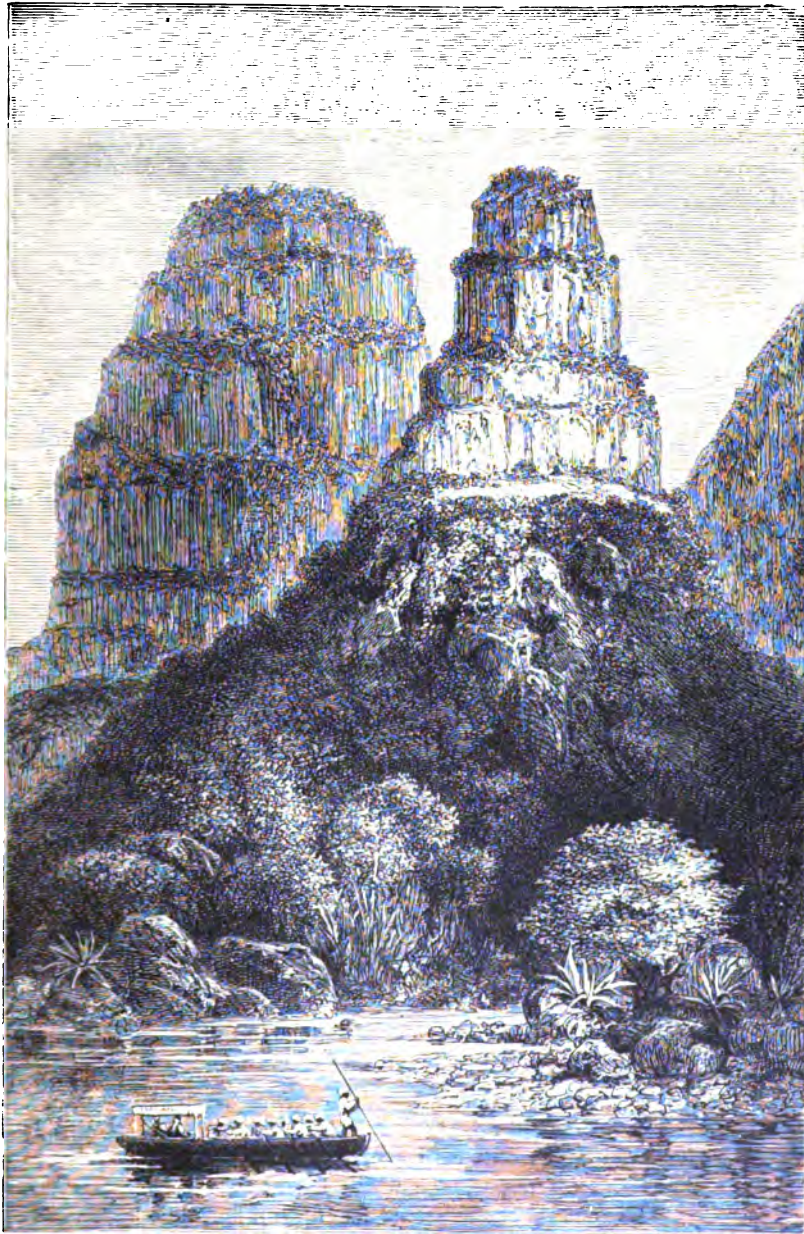
"The best view of this interesting clump of mountain heights is to be had off the mouth of the torrent Luwulungu.

"Everywhere we went we could see that the lake was rising. In places where I had camped with Livingstone in 1871 there were now several feet of water, and the guides repeatedly called my attention to low islands and beaches that were now submerged. One of the most interesting points we visited was Lukuga Creek, where Cameron thought he discovered the outlet of the lake. We reached it on July 16th, and made a careful survey.

"The mouth of the Lukuga, which was about two thousand five hundred yards wide, narrowed after a mile to eight hundred yards, and after another mile to four or five hundred yards. Upon rounding the point of land on which Mkampemba stands, and where there is a considerable tract under tillage, I observed that the water changed its color to a reddish brown, owing to the ferruginous conglomerate of which the low bluffs on either side are composed. This was also a proof to me that there was no outflowing river here. Clear water outflowing from the Tanganika, only two miles from the lake, ought never to be so deeply discolored.

"Wherever there were indentations in the bluffs that banked it in, or a dip in the low, grass-covered *débris* beneath, a growth of *mateté*, or water-cane, and papyrus filled up these bits of still water, but mid-channel was clear, and maintained a breadth of open white water ranging from ninety to four hundred and fifty yards.

"Within an hour we arrived at the extremity of the open water, which had gradually been narrowed in width, by the increasing abundance of papyrus, from two hundred and fifty yards to forty yards. We ceased rowing, and gently glided up to the barrier of papyrus, which had now completely closed up the creek from



THE "HIGH PLACES" OF THE SPIRIT MTOMBWA: VIEW OF MTOMBWA URUNGU.

bank to bank, like a luxuriant field of tall Indian corn. We sounded at the base of these reeds along a breadth of forty yards, and obtained from seven to eleven feet of water! With a portable level I attempted to ascertain a current; the level indicated none! Into a little pool, completely sheltered by the broadside of the boat, we threw a chip or two, and some sticks. In five minutes the chips had moved towards the reeds about a foot! We then crushed our way through about twenty yards of the papyrus, and came to impassable mud-banks, black as pitch, and seething with animal life. Returning to the boat, I asked four men to stand close together, and, mounting their shoulders with an oar for support, I endeavored, with a glass, to obtain a general view. I saw a broad belt, some two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards wide, of a papyrus-grown depression, lying east and west between gently-sloping banks, thinly covered with scrubby acacia. Here and there were pools of open water, and beyond were a few trees growing, as it seemed to me, right in the bed. I caused some of my men to attempt to cross from one bank to the other, but the muddy ooze was not sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man.



MOUNT MURUMBI, NEAR LUKUGA CREEK.

"I then cut a disk of wood a foot in diameter, drove a nail in, and folded cotton under its head. I then rove a cord five feet in length through this, suspending to one end an earthenware pot, with which I tried an experiment. Along the hedge of papyrus I measured one thousand feet with a tape-line, both ends of the track marked by a broad ribbon of sheeting tied to a papyrus reed. Then, proceeding to the eastern or lake end of the track, I dropped the earthenware pot, which, after filling, sank, and drew the wooden disk level with the water. I noted

the chronometer instantly, while the boat was rowed away from the scene. The wind from the lake blew strong at the time.

"The board floated from lakeward towards the papyrus eight hundred and twenty-two feet in one hour and forty seconds.

"In the afternoon, wind calm and water tranquil, the disk floated in the opposite direction, or towards the lake, one hundred and fifty-nine feet in nineteen minutes and thirty seconds, which is at the rate of about six hundred feet in the hour.

"This was of itself conclusive proof that there was *no* current at this date (July 16, 1876). Still I was curious to see the river flowing out. The next day, therefore, accompanied by the chief and fifteen men of the expedition, we started overland along the banks of this rush and mud choked depression for three or four miles. The trend of the several streams we passed was from northwest to southeast—that is, towards the lake. At Elwani village we came to the road from Monyi's, which is used by people proceeding to Unguvwa, Luwelezi, or Marungu, on the other side of the Lukuga. Two men from the village accompanied us to the Lukuga ford. When we reached the foot of the hill we first came to the dry bed of the Kibamba. In the rainy season this stream drains the eastern slopes of the Kiyanja ridge with a southeast trend. The grass-stalks, still lying down from the force of the water, lay with their tops pointing lakeward.

"From the dry mud-bed of the Kibamba to the cane-grass-choked bed of Lukuga was but a step. During the wet season the Kibamba evidently overflowed broadly, and made its way among the mateté of the Lukuga.

"We tramped on along a path leading over prostrate reeds and cane, and came at length to where the ground began to be moist. The reeds on either side of it rose to the height of ten or twelve feet, their tops interlacing, and the stalks, therefore, forming the sides of a narrow tunnel. The path sank here and there into ditchlike hollows filled with cool water from nine inches to three feet deep, with transverse dykes of mud raised above it at intervals.

"Finally, after proceeding some two hundred yards, we came to the centre of this reed-covered depression—called by the natives "Mitwanzi"—and here the chief, trampling a wider space among the reeds, pointed out in triumph water indisputably flowing westward! The water felt cold, but it was only 68° Fahr., or 7° cooler than the Lukuga.

"I am of the opinion, after taking all things into consideration, that Kahangwa Cape was, at a remote period, connected with Kungwé Cape on the east coast—that the Lukuga was the affluent of the lake as it stood then, that the lake was at that period at a much higher altitude than it is at present, that the northern half of the lake is of a later formation, and that, owing to the subsidence of that portion and the collapsing of the barrier or the Kahangwa Cape and Kungwé Cape ridge, the waters south emptied into that of the deep gulf north, and left the channel of the Lukuga to be employed as the bed of the affluents Kibamba and Lumba, or the eastern slope of the Kiyanja ridge, to feed the lake. But now that the extension of the profound bed—created by some great earthquake, which fractured and disparted the plateau of Uhha, Urundi, Ubembé, Goma, etc.—is on the eve of being filled up, the ancient affluent is about to resume its old duties of conveying the surplus waters of the Tanganika down into the valley of the Livingstone, and thence, along its majestic winding course, to the Atlantic Ocean.

"At present there are only a few inches of mud-banks and a frail barrier of papyrus and reeds to interpose between the waters of the lake and its destiny, which it is now, year by year, steadily approaching. When the Tanganika has risen three feet higher there will be no surf at the mouth of the Lukuga, no sill of sand, no oozing mud-banks, no rush-covered old river-course, but the accumulated waters of over a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap with the force of a cataclysm, bearing away on its flood all the deposits of organic *débris* at present in the Lukuga Creek down the steep incline to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone.

"On the 21st of July we sailed from the mouth of the future outlet Lukuga to the Arab crossing-place near Kasengé Island.

"The Waguha, along whose country we had voyaged for some days, are an unusually ceremonious people. They are the first specimens of those nations among whom we are destined to travel in our exploration of the western regions.

"The art of the coiffeur is better known here than in any portion of Africa east of Lake Tanganika. The 'waterfall' and 'back-hair' styles are superb, and the constructions are fastened with carved wooden or iron pins. Full dress includes a semi-circle of finely plaited hair over the forehead painted red, ears well ochred, the rest of the hair drawn up taut at the back of the head, overlaid and secured by a cross-shaped flat board, or with a skeleton-crown of iron; the head is then covered with



UBUJWE HEAD-DRESS.



UGUHA HEAD-DRESS.

a neatly tasselled and plaited grass-cloth, like a lady's breakfast-cap, to protect it from dust. In order to protect such an elaborate construction from being disordered, they carry a small head-rest of wood stuck in the girdle.

"Their mode of salutation is as follows:

"A man appears before a party seated: he bends, takes up a handful of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left—the left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left parts of the body, the mouth meanwhile uttering rapidly words of salutation. To his inferiors, however, the

VILLAGE KOKUK—DWELLINGS AND GRAIN-ROUSE.





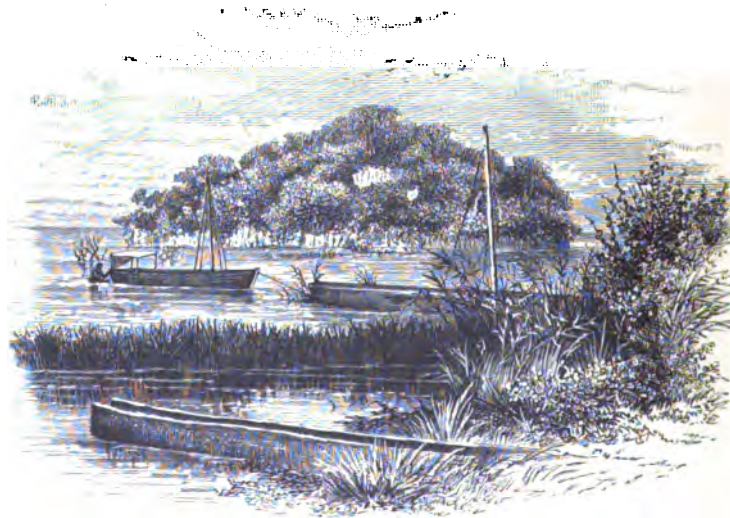
A WOMAN OF UGUHA.



UHYKA HEAD-DRESS.

new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of his heart.

"On the 28th of July we skirted the low land which lies at the foot of the western mountains, and by noon had arrived at the little cove in Masansi, near the Rubumba, or the Luvumba, River, at which Livingstone and I terminated our exploration of the northern shores of Lake Tanganika in 1871. I had thus circumnavigated Lake Tanganika from Ujiji up the eastern coast, along the northern head, and down the western coast as far as Rubumba River in 1871; and in June-July, 1876, had sailed south from Ujiji along the eastern coast to the extreme south end of the lake, round each inlet of the south, and up the western coast to Panza



SPIRIT ISLAND, LAKE TANGANIKA.

Point, in Ubwari, round the shores of Burton Gulf, and to Rubumba River. The north end of the lake was located by Livingstone in south latitude $3^{\circ} 18'$; the extreme south end I discovered to be in south latitude $8^{\circ} 47'$, which gives it a length of three hundred and twenty-nine geographical miles. Its breadth varies from ten to forty-five miles, averaging about twenty-eight miles, and its superficial area covers a space of nine thousand two hundred and forty square miles.

"In mid-lake, I sounded, using a three-and-a-half-pound sounding-lead with one thousand two hundred and eighty feet of cord, and found no bottom. I devoted an hour to this work, and tried a second time a mile nearer the Urundi coast, with the same results—no bottom. The strain at such a great depth on the whipcord was enormous, but we met with no accident.

"On the 31st we arrived at Ujiji, after an absence of fifty-one days, during which time we had sailed without disaster or illness a distance of over eight hundred and ten miles. The entire coast-line of the Tanganika is about nine hundred and thirty miles.



SKETCH NEAR UJJI.

CHAPTER VIII.

STANLEY CONTINUES THE READING.—BAD NEWS AT UJJI.—SMALL-POX AND ITS RAVAGES.—DESERTIONS BY WHOLESALE.—DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.—CROSSING LAKE TANGANIKA.—TRAVELLERS' TROUBLES.—TERRIFYING RUMORS.—PEOPLE WEST OF THE LAKE.—SINGULAR HEAD-DRESSES.—CANNIBALISM.—DESCRIPTION OF AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.—APPEARANCE OF THE INHABITANTS.—IN MANYEMA.—STORY ABOUT LIVINGSTONE.—MANYEMA HOUSES.—DONKEYS AS CURIOSITIES.—KITETE AND HIS BEARD.—THE LUAMA AND THE LUALABA.—ON THE BANKS OF THE LIVINGSTONE.

MR. STANLEY was heartily applauded as he paused at the end of what we have recorded in the previous chapter. Under the stimulus of the applause, and with a reassuring glance at his watch, he continued the story of his march through the Dark Continent, occasionally reading from the book, but for the greater portion of the time holding the volume closed in his hands.

"The sky was of a stainless blue, and the slumbering lake faithfully reflected its exquisite tint, for not a breath of wind was astir to vex its surface. With groves of palms and the evergreen fig-trees on either hand, and before us a fringe of tall cane-grass along the shores, all juicy with verdure, the square tembés of Ugoy and the conical cotes of Kawelé, embowered by banana and plantain, we emerged into the bay of Ujiji from the channel of Bangwé.

"The cheery view of the port lent strength to our arms. An animating boat-song was struck up, the sounds of which, carried far on the shore, announced that a proud, joyous crew was returning homeward.

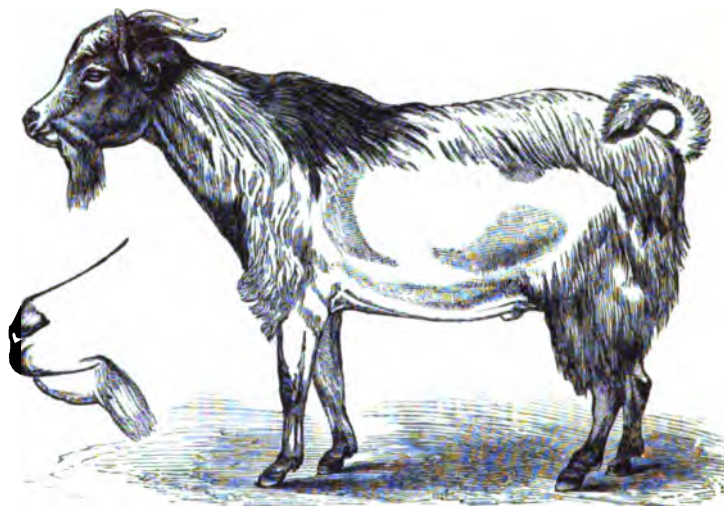
"Long-horned cattle are being driven to the water to drink; asses are galloping about, braying furiously; goats and sheep and dogs are wandering in the market-place—many familiar scenes recur to us as we press forward to the shore.

"Our Wangwana hurry to the beach to welcome us. The usual congratulations follow—hand-shakings, smiles, and glad expressions. Frank, however, is pale and sickly; a muffler is round his neck, and he wears a greatcoat. He looks very different from the strong, hearty man to whom I gave the charge of the camp during my absence. In a few words he informs me of his sufferings from the fever of Ujiji.

"I am so glad you have come, sir. I was beginning to feel very depressed. I have been down several times with severe attacks of the horrible fever. Yesterday is the first time I got up after seven days' weary illness, and people are dying



IN COUNCIL: THE COURTYARD OF OUR TEMPLE AT UJJI.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Stanley.)



CENTRAL AFRICAN GOAT.

round me so fast that I was beginning to think I must soon die too. Now I am all right, and shall soon get strong again.'

"The news, when told to me in detail, was grievous. Five of our Wangwana were dead from small-pox; six others were seriously ill from the same cause. Among the Arab slaves, neither inoculated nor vaccinated, the mortality had been excessive from this fearful pest.

"At Rosako, the second camp from Bagamoyo, I had foreseen some such event as this, and had vaccinated, as I had thought, all hands; but it transpired, on inquiry now, that there were several who had not responded to the call, through some silly prejudice against it. Five of those unvaccinated were dead, and five were ill, as also was one who had received the vaccine. When I examined the medicine-chest, I found the tubes broken and the lymph dried up.

"The Arabs were dismayed at the pest and its dreadful havoc among their families and slaves. Every house was full of mourning and woe. There were no more agreeable visits and social converse; each kept himself in strict seclusion, fearful of being stricken with it. Khamis the Baluch was dead, his house was closed, and his friends were sorrowing. Mohammed bin Gharib had lost two children; Muini Kheri was lamenting the deaths of three children. The mortality was increasing: it was now from fifty to seventy-five daily among a population of about three thousand. Bitter were the complainings against the hot season and close atmosphere, and fervent the prayers for rain!

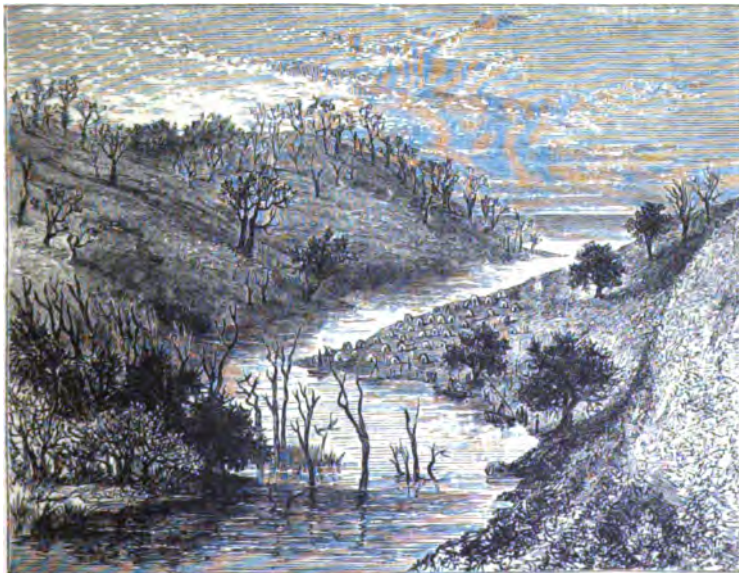
"Frank had been assiduous in his assistance to our friends. He had elevated himself in their opinion by his devotion and sympathy, until sickness had laid its heavy hand on him. The Wangwana were now his sincere admirers, and the chiefs were his friends. Formerly, while ignorant of the language, he and they were, perhaps of necessity, mutually distant; they now fraternized warmly.

"Our messengers had not returned with our letters from Unyanyembé, but, to

escape the effects of the epidemic, it was necessary to move and resume our journey westward. The Wangwana were therefore ordered to prepare, and my last letters were written; but, though I hoped to be ready on the 17th to strike camp, I was attacked by a serious fever. This delayed me until the evening of the 25th.

"When, on the morning of the 25th of August, the drum and bugle announced that our travels were to be resumed, I had cause to congratulate myself that I had foreseen that many desertions would take place, and that I was prepared in a measure for it by having discarded many superfluities. But I was not prepared to hear that thirty-eight men had deserted. Thirty-eight out of one hundred and seventy was a serious reduction of strength. I was also told by the chiefs of the expedition, who were almost beside themselves with fear, that this wholesale desertion threatened an entire and complete dissolution of our force; that many more would desert *en route* to Kabogo, as the people were demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals. As neither Frank nor I relished the idea of being compelled to return to Zanzibar before we had obtained a view of the Lualaba, I mustered as many as would answer to their names; and out of these, selecting such as appeared unstable and flighty, I secured thirty-two, and surrounded our house with guards.

"After preparing the canoes and getting the boat ready, those who did not bear a good character for firmness and fidelity were conducted under guard to the transport canoes; the firm and faithful, and those believed to be so, were permitted to march on land with myself towards Kabogo Cape, or M'sehazy Creek, whence the crossing of the Tanganika was to be effected. Out of the one hundred and thirty-two men, of whom the expedition now consisted, only thirty were intrusted with guns, as my faith in the stability of the Wangwana was utterly



M'SEHAZY HAVEN AND CAMP, AT THE MOUTH OF M'SEHAZY RIVER.

destroyed, despite their protestations to the contrary. I could afford to lose weak, fearful, and unworthy men; but I could not afford to lose one gun. Though we had such a show of strength left, I was only too conscious that there were barely forty reliable and effective in a crisis, or in the presence of danger; the rest were merely useful as bearers of burdens, or porters.

"When we resumed our journey the second day from Ukaranga, three more were missing, which swelled the number of desertions to forty-one, and reduced our force to one hundred and twenty-nine. After we had crossed the Tanganika and arrived in Uguha, two more disappeared, one of whom was young Kalulu, whom I had taken to England and the United States, and whom I had placed in an English school for eighteen months.

"Induced to do so by the hope that I should secure their attachment to the cause of the expedition, I had purchased from Sultan bin Kassim six bales of cloth at an enormous price, £350, and had distributed them all among the people gratuitously. This wholesale desertion, at the very period when their services were about to be most needed, was my reward! The desertion and faithless conduct of Kalulu did not, as may be imagined, augment my hopes, or increase my faith in the fidelity of my people. But it determined me to recover some of the deserters. Francis Pocock and the detective of the expedition, the ever faithful and gallant Kachéché, were therefore sent back with a squad to Ujiji, with instructions how to act; and one night Kachéché pounced upon six fellows, who, after a hard and tough resistance, were secured; and after his return to Uguha with these he successfully recovered the runaway Kalulu on Kasengé Island. These seven, along with a few others arrested in the act of desertion, received merited punishments, which put an end to misconduct and faithlessness, and prevented the wreck of the expedition.

"It must not be supposed that I was more unfortunate than other travellers; for to the faithlessness of his people may be attributed principally the long wanderings of poor Livingstone. Cameron also lost a great number at Unyanyembé, as well as at Ujiji. Experience had taught me on my first journey to Central Africa that Wangwana would desert at every opportunity, especially in the vicinity of the Arab depots. It was to lessen these opportunities for desertion that I had left the Unyanyembé road, and struck through Ituru and Iramba; and though my losses in men were great from famine, the ferocity of the natives, and sickness, they did not amount to half of what they certainly would have been had I touched at Unyanyembé. By adopting this route, despite the calamities that we were subjected to for a short season, I had gained time, and opened new countries hitherto unexplored.

"Unless the traveller in Africa exerts himself to keep his force intact, he cannot hope to perform satisfactory service. If he relaxes his watchfulness, it is instantly taken advantage of by the weak-minded and the indolent. Livingstone lost at least six years of time, and finally his life, by permitting his people to desert. If a follower left his service, he even permitted him to remain in the same village with him, without attempting to reclaim him, or to compel that service which he had bound himself to render at Zanzibar. The consequence of this excessive mildness was that he was left at last with only seven men, out of nearly seventy. His noble character has won from us a tribute of affection and esteem,



HUTS AND STORE-HOUSE.

but it has had no lasting good effect on the African. At the same time, over-severity is as bad as over-gentleness in dealing with these men. What is required is pure, simple justice between man and man.

"The general infidelity and instability of the Wangwana arises, in great part, from their weak minds becoming a prey to terror of imaginary dangers. Thus, the Johanna men deserted Livingstone because they heard the terrible Mafitté were in the way; my runaways of Ujiji fled from the danger of being eaten by the Manyema.

"The slaves of Sungoro, the coast trader at Kagehyi, Usukuma, informed my people that Lake Victoria spread as far as the Salt Sea, that it had no end, and that the people on its shores loved the flesh of man better than that of goats. This foolish report made it a most difficult matter to man the exploring boat, and over a hundred swore by Allah that they knew nothing of rowing.

"A similar scene took place when about to circumnavigate the Tanganika, for the Arab slaves had spread such reports of Muzimus, hobgoblins, fiery meteors, terrible spirits, such as Kabogo, Katavi, Kateye, and Wanpembé, that the teeth of Wanyamwezi and Wangwana chattered with fright. But no reports exercised such a terrible effect on their weak minds as the report of the Manyema cannibals; none were so greedily listened to, none more readily believed.

"The path which traders and their caravans follow to Manyema begins at Mtowa, in Uguha, and, continuing south a few miles over a series of hills, descends into the plain of the Rugumba River about half-way between the Lukuga River and the traders' crossing-place.

"The conduct of the first natives to whom we were introduced pleased us all. They showed themselves in a very amiable light, sold their corn cheaply and without fuss, behaved themselves decently and with propriety, though their principal men, entertaining very strange ideas of the white men, carefully concealed them-



SUB-CHIEF, WEST OF LAKE TANGANIKA.

selves from view, and refused to be tempted to expose themselves within view or hearing of us.

"Their doubts of our character were reported to us by a friendly young Arab as follows: 'Kassanga, chief of Ruanda, says, "How can the white men be good when they come for no trade, whose feet one never sees, who always go covered from head to foot with clothes? Do not tell me they are good and friendly. There is something very mysterious about them; perhaps wicked. Probably they are magicians; at any rate, it is better to leave them alone, and to keep close until they are gone."'

"From Ruanda, where we halted only for a day, we began in earnest the journey to Manyema, thankful that the Tanganika was safely crossed, and that the expedition had lost no more of its strength.

"On the third day, after gradually ascending to a height of eight hundred feet above the lake, across a series of low hilly ridges and scantily wooded valleys, which abound with buffalo, we reached the crest of a range which divides the tributaries of the Lualaba from those of Lake Tanganika. This range also serves as a boundary between Uguha and Ubujwé, a country adjoining the former north-westerly. The western portions of Uguha, and southeastern Ubujwé, are remarkable for their forests of fruit-trees, of which there are several varieties, called the Masuku, Mbembu (or wood-apple), Singwé (wild African damson), the Matonga (or nux-vomica), custard-apple, etc. A large quantity of honey was also obtained.



HEADS OF MEN OF MANYEMA.

indeed, an army might subsist for many weeks in this forest on the various luscious fruits it contains. Our people feasted on them, as also on the honey and buffalo meat which I was fortunate in obtaining.

"Our acquaintance with the Wabujwé commenced at Lambo, or Mulolwa's, situated at the confluence of the Rugumba with the Rubumba. In these people we first saw the mild, amiable, unsophisticated innocence of this part of Central Africa, and their behavior was exactly the reverse of the wild, ferocious, cannibalistic races the Arabs had described to us.

"From our experience of them, the natives of Rua, Uguha, and Ubujwé appear to be the *élite* of the hair-dressed fashionables of Africa. Hair-dressing is, indeed, carried to an absurd perfection throughout all this region, and among the various styles I have seen, some are surpassing in taste and neatness, and almost pathetic from the carefulness with which poor, wild nature has done its best to decorate itself.

"The Waguha and Wabujwé, among other characteristics, are very partial to the arts of sculpture and turning. They carve statues in wood, which they set up in their villages. Their house doors often exhibit carvings resembling the human face; and the trees in the forest between the two countries frequently present specimens of their ingenuity in this art. Some have also been seen to wear wood-



NATIVES OF UBUIWÉ.

en medals, whereon a rough caricature of a man's features was represented. At every village in Ubujwé excellent wooden bowls and basins of a very light wood (Rubiaceæ), painted red, are offered for sale.

"Beyond Kundi our journey lay across chains of hills, of a conical or rounded form, which enclosed many basins or valleys. While the Rugumba, or Rubumba, flows northwesterly to the east of Kundi, as far as Kizambala on the Luama River, we were daily, sometimes hourly, fording or crossing the tributaries of the Luama.



A NATIVE OF UHYEYA.

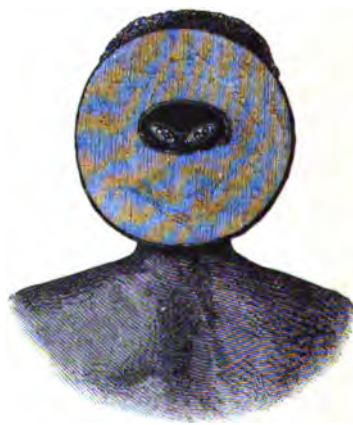
"Adjoining Ubujwé is Uhyeya, inhabited by a tribe who are decidedly a scale lower in humanity than their ingenious neighbors. What little merit they possess seems to have been derived from commerce with the Wabujwé. The Wahyeya are also partial to ochre, black paints, and a composition of black mud, which they mould into the form of a plate, and attach to the back part of the head. Their upper teeth are filed, 'out of regard to custom,' they say, and not from any taste for human flesh.

"When questioned as to whether it was their custom to eat of the flesh of people slain in battle, they were positive in their denial, and protested great repugnance to such a diet, though they eat the flesh of all animals except that of dogs.

"Simple and dirt-loving as these poor people were, they were admirable for the readiness with which they supplied all our wants, voluntarily offering themselves, moreover, as guides to lead us to Uvinza, the next country we had to traverse.

"Uvinza now seems to be nothing more than a name of a small district which occupies a small basin of some few miles square. At a former period it was very populous, as the many ruined villages we passed through proved. The slave-traders, when not manfully resisted, leave broad traces wherever they go.

"A very long march from Kagongwé in Uvinza brought us to the pleasant basin of Uhombo, remarkable for its fertility, its groves of Guinea-palms, and its beauty. This basin is about six miles square, but within this space there is scarcely a two-acre plot of level ground to be seen. The whole forms a picture of hilltops, slopes, valleys, hollows, and intersecting ridges in happy diversity. Myriads of cool, clear streams course through, in time united by the Lubangi into a pretty little river, flowing westerly to the Luama. It was the most delightful spot that we had seen. As the people were amiable, and disposed to trade, we had soon an abundance of palm-butter for cooking,



ONE OF THE WAHYEYA OF UHOMBO.
(BACK VIEW.)



A VALLEY AMONG THE HILLS.

sugar-cane, fine goats and fat chickens, sweet potatoes, beans, pease, nuts, and manioc, millet and other grain for flour, ripe bananas for dessert, plantain and palm wines for cheer, and an abundance of soft, cool, clear water to drink!

"Subsequently we had many such pleasant experiences; but as it was the first, it deserves a more detailed description.

"Travellers from Africa have often written about African villages, yet I am sure few of those at home have ever comprehended the reality. I now propose to lay it before them in this sketch of a village in the district of Uhombo. The village consists of a number of low, conical grass huts, ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which are three or four fig-trees, kept for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community, and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low, scarcely thirty inches high. The common fenced round by the grass huts shows plainly the ochreous color of the soil, and it is so well trodden that not a grass blade thrives upon it.



GOING A-FISHING.

"On presenting myself in the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut, until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population of men, women, children, and infants. Though I had appeared here for the purpose of studying the people of Uhombo, and making a treaty of friendship with the chief, the villagers seemed to think I had come merely to make a free exhibition of myself as some natural monstrosity.

"I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unrepresentable type it is possible to conceive, and though I knew quite well that some thousands of years ago the beginning of this wretched humanity and myself were one and the same, a sneaking disinclination to believe it possessed me strongly, and I would even now willingly subscribe some small amount of silver money for him who could but assist me to controvert the discreditable fact.

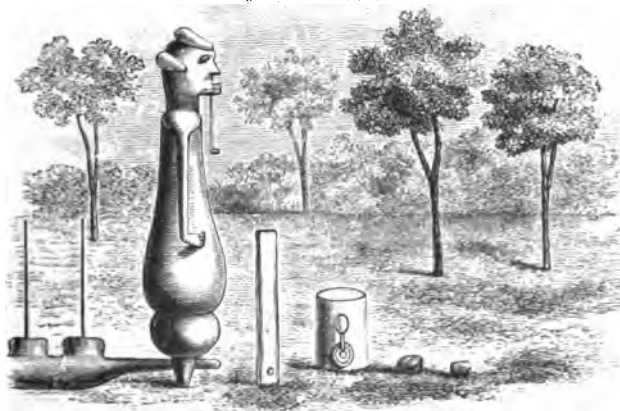
"But common-sense tells me not to take into undue consideration their squalor, their ugliness, or nakedness, but to gauge their true position among the human race by taking a view of the cultivated fields and gardens of Uhombo, and I am compelled to admit that these debased specimens of humanity only plant and sow such vegetables and grain as I myself should cultivate were I compelled to provide for my own sustenance. I see, too, that their huts, though of grass, are almost as well made as the materials will permit, and, indeed, I have often slept in worse. Speak with them in their own dialect of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, and it will soon appear that they are intelligent enough upon that point. Moreover, the muscles, tissues, and fibres of their bodies, and all the organs of sight, hearing, smell, or motion, are as well developed as in us. Only in taste and judgment, based upon larger experience, in the power of expression, in morals and intellectual culture, are we superior.

"I strive, therefore, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters. Almost bursting into a laugh at the absurdity, I turn towards an individual whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him, after the common manner of greeting:

"My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;" and as I say it I thrust into his wide-open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand as he extended it, made me think I could carve a better-looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros-hide.

"While speaking I look at his face, which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark-brown, coarse material. The lips proved the thickness of skin which nature had endowed him with, and by the obstinacy with which they refused to meet each other the form of the mouth was but ill-defined, though capacious and garnished with its full complement of well-preserved teeth.

"His nose was so flat that I inquired in a perfectly innocent manner as to the reason for such a feature.



VILLAGE FORGE AND IDOL.

" 'Ah,' said he, with a sly laugh, 'it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back.'

"His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones, bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the land around Uhombo. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving nature's fashion and mould of his country?

"Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humor and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles and squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage, and rude keeping.

"His feet were monstrous abortions, with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs, as high up as the knees, were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loin-cover or the queer 'girding tackle' need not be described. They were absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan *lazzarone* is sumptuously, nay, regally, clothed in comparison to this 'king' in Uhombo.

"If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest.

"And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin, and bits of gorilla-bone, goat-horn, shells—strange tags to stranger tackle? and of the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper, 'adder's fork, and blind worm's sting?' And how

strangely they smell, all these queer, manlike creatures who stand regarding me! Not silently: on the contrary, there is a loud interchange of comments upon the white's appearance; a manifestation of broad interest to know whence I come, whither I am going, and what is my business. And no sooner are the questions asked than they are replied to by such as pretend to know. The replies were followed by long-drawn ejaculations of 'Wa-a-a-antu!' ('Men!') 'Eha-a, and these are men!'

"Now imagine this! While we whites are loftily disputing among ourselves as to whether the beings before us are human, here were these creatures actually expressing strong doubts as to whether we whites are men!

"A dead silence prevailed for a short time, during which all the females dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again 'Wa-a-a-a-antu!' ('Men!') The lower jaws, indeed, dropped so low that, when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they had done so to lift the jaws up to their proper place and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men 'white all over' in this queer, queer world!



READY FOR FIGHTING.

"The open mouths gave one a chance to note the healthy state and ruby color of the tongues, palates, and gums, and, above all, the admirable order and brilliant whiteness of each set of teeth.

"Great events from trivial causes spring"—and while I was trying to calculate how many Kubaba (measure of two pounds) of millet-seed would be requisite to fill all these Dutch-oven mouths, and how many cowries would be required to pay for such a large quantity of millet, and wondering at the antics of the juveniles of the population, whose uncontrollable, irrepressible wonder seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping their thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless—while thus engaged, and just thinking it was time to depart, it happened that one of the youthful innocents already described, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long, heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of my men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw, through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering, and I then recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

"Under the new light which had dawned on me, I reflected that I had done some wrong to my dusky relatives, and that they might have been described less harshly, and introduced to the world with less disdain.

"Before I quitted the village they made me still more regret my former haughty feelings, for the chief and his subjects loaded my men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn, and malafu (palm-wine), and escorted me respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting from me at last with the assurance that, should I ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavor to make my second visit to Uhombo much more agreeable than my first had been.

"On the 5th of October our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Riba-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut with more gradually-sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud; especially those in Manyema. Here, too, the thin-bodied and long-limbed goat, to which we had been accustomed, gave place to the short-legged, large bodied, and capacious-uddered variety of Manyema. The gray parrots with crimson tails here also first began to abound, and the hoarse growl of the fierce and shy 'soko' (gorilla!) was first heard.

"From the day we cross the watershed that divides the affluents of the Tanganika from the head-waters of the Luama, there is observed a gradual increase in the splendor of Nature. By slow degrees she exhibits to us, as we journey westward, her rarest beauties, her wealth, and all the profligacy of her vegetation. In the forests of Miketo, and on the western slopes of the Goma Mountains, she scatters with liberal hand her luxuries of fruits, and along the banks of streams we see revealed the wild profusion of her bounties.

"As we increase the distance from the Tanganika we find the land disposed in graceful lines and curves: ridges heave up, separating valley from valley, hills

lift their heads in the midst of the basins and mountain-ranges, at greater distances apart, bound wide prospects, wherein the lesser hill-chains, albeit of dignified proportions, appear but as agreeable diversities of scenery.

"Over the whole, Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume; for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her domain.

"Yet Nature has not produced a soft, velvety, smiling England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos; her creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; her thorns are hooks of steel; her trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild-flowers, and game is left undisturbed, because of the difficulty of moving about, for, once the path is left, we find ourselves over head among thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass.

"At Manyema the beauty of Nature becomes terrible, and in the expression of her powers she is awful. The language of Swahili has words to paint her in every mood. English, rich as it is, is found insufficient. In the former we have the word Pori for a forest, an ordinary thickly-wooded tract; but for the forests of Manyema it has four special words—Mohuro, Mwit, Mtambani, and Msitu. For Mohuro we might employ the words jungly forest; for Mwit, dense woods; but for Msitu and Mtambani we have no single equivalent, nor could we express their full meaning without a series of epithets ending with 'tangled jungle' or 'impervious underwood, in the midst of a dense forest'—for such is in reality the nature of a Manyema Msitu.



AFRICAN OWLS.

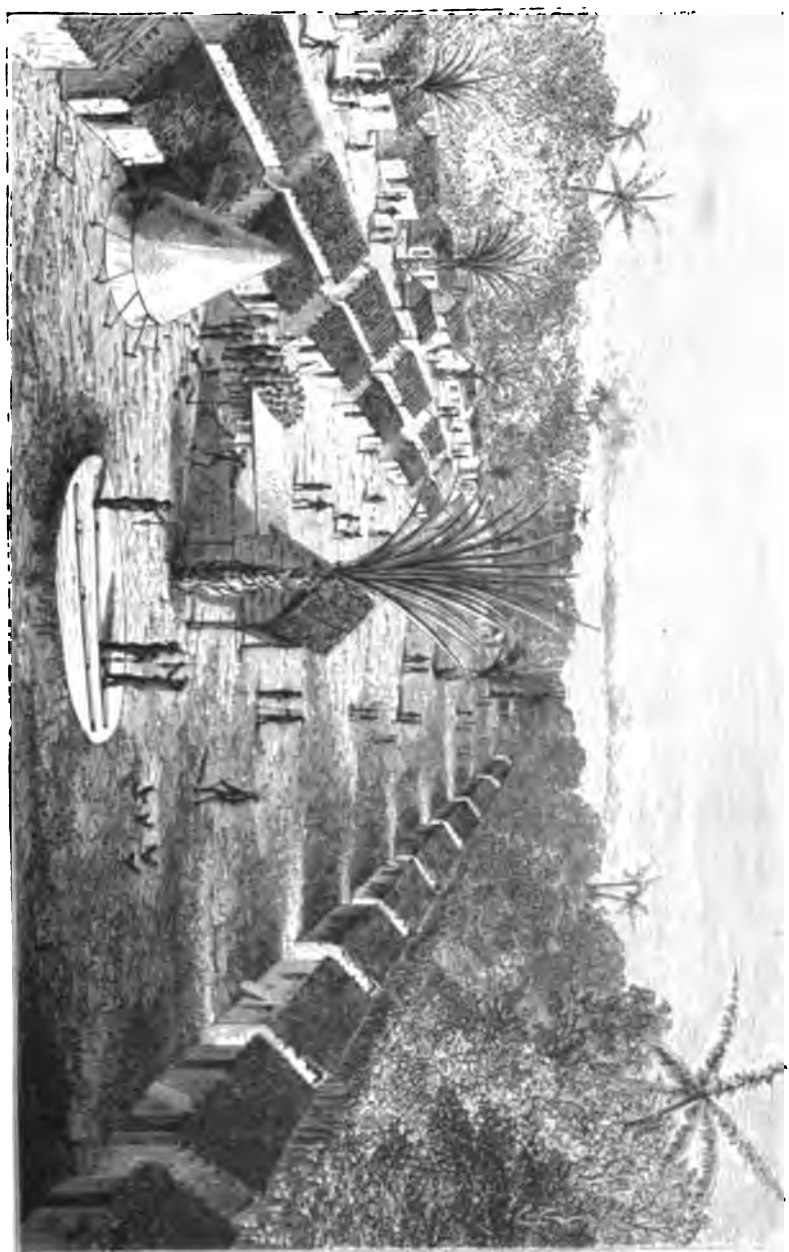
"I am of opinion that Manyema owes its fertility to the mountains west of the Tanganyika, which by their altitude suddenly cool and liquefy the vapors driven over their tops by the southeast monsoon; for while Uguha west was robed in green, its lake front was black with the ashes of burned grass.

"We left Riba-Riba's old chief, and his numerous progeny of boys and girls, and his wonderful subjects, encamped on their mountain-top, and journeyed on with rapid pace through tall forests, and along the crests of wooded ridges, down into the depths of gloomy dingles, and up again to daylight into view of sweeping circles of bearded ridges and solemn woods, to Ka-Bambarré.

"Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but, associated as it is with Livingstone's sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from Mwana Ngoy, son of Mwana Kusu,* 'Yes, this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons,' to make up my mind to halt.

* Mwana, lord; Kusu, parrot.

A VILLAGE IN MANDRA.



“‘Ah! he lived here, did he?’

“‘Yes.’

“By this time the population of Ka-Bambarré, seeing their chief in conversation with the white stranger, had drawn round us under a palm-tree, and mats were spread for us to seat ourselves.

“‘Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?’

“‘He was not my father; but I knew him well.’

“‘Eh, do you hear that?’ he asked his people. ‘He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?’

“‘Yes; very good.’

“‘You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many a time. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead?’

“‘Yes, he is dead.’

“‘Where has he gone to?’

“‘Above, my friend,’ said I, pointing to the sky.

“‘Ah,’ said he, breathlessly, and looking up, ‘did he come from above?’

“‘No; but good men like him go above when they die.’

“We had many conversations about him. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time, when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished forever.

“It was strange what a sudden improvement in the physiognomy of the native had occurred. In the district of Uhombo we had seen a truly debased negro type. Here we saw people of the Ethiopic negro type, worthy to rank next the more refined Waganda. Mwana Ngoy himself was nothing very remarkable. Age had deprived him of his good looks; but there were about him some exceedingly pretty women, with winsome ways about them that were quite charming.

“Mwana Ngoy, I suppose, is one of the vainest of vain men. I fancy I can see him now, strutting about his village with his sceptral staff, an amplitude of grass-cloth about him, which, when measured, gives exactly twenty-four square yards,



A YOUTH OF EAST MANTEMA.



A MANTEMA ADULT.

THE VALLEY OF NABARO.



drawn in double folds about his waist, all tags, tassels, and fringes, and painted in various colors, bronze and black and white and yellow, and on his head a plummy head-dress.

"What charms lurk in feathers! From the grand British dowager down to Mwana Ngoy of Ka-Bambarré, all admit the fascination of feathers, whether plucked from ostriches or barn-door fowl.

"Mwana Ngoy's plumes were the tribute of the village chanticleers, and his vanity was so excited at the rustle of his feathered crest that he protruded his stomach to such a distance that his head was many degrees from the perpendicular.

"On the 10th of October we arrived at Kizambala, presided over by another chief called Mwana Ngoy, a relative of him of Ka-Bambarré.

"Up to this date we had seen some twenty villages, and probably four thousand natives, of Manyema, and may therefore be permitted some generalizations.

"The Manyema, then, have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and iron bells, a light, beautifully balanced spear—probably, next to the spear of Uganda, the most perfect in the world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consisted of a narrow apron of antelope-skin, or finely-made grass-cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Old Mwana Ngoy had rolled his beard in a ball of dark mud: his children wore their hair in braids, with mud fringes. His drummer had a great crescent-shaped patch of mud at the back of the head. At Kizambala the natives had horns and cones of mud on the tops of their heads. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

"The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it with a stiffening of light cane into a bonnet-shaped head-dress, allowing the back hair to

flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life, for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker baskets behind them, setting out for the rivers or creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

"Their villages consist of one or more broad streets, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, flanked by low, square huts, arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land, to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of tamped clay, with a heavy tree-trunk sunk into



A YOUNG WOMAN OF EAST MANYEMA.

it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

"The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The

VILLAGE SCENE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.



household chattels or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wickerwork dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords, and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

"They are tolerably hospitable, and permit strangers the free use of their dwellings. The bananas and plantains are very luxuriant, while the Guinea palms supply the people with oil and wine; the forests give them fuel, the rivers fish, and the gardens cassava, ground-nuts, and Indian corn.

"The chiefs enact strict laws, and, though possessed of but little actual power either of wealth or retinue, exact the utmost deference, and are exceedingly ceremonious, being always followed by a drummer, who taps his drum with masterly skill born of long and continued practice.

"On the 11th we crossed the Luama River—a stream two hundred yards wide and eight feet deep in the centre at the ferry—called the Rugumba in Ubujwé. Below the ford, as far as the Lualaba, its current is from three to six knots an hour, and about five feet deep, flowing over a shaly bed.

"On the western side of the Luama the women at once fled upon the approach of our caravan—a certain sign that there had been trouble between them and Arabs.

"My predecessors, Livingstone and Cameron, had, after crossing the stream, proceeded west, but I preferred to follow the Luama to its junction with the Lualaba, and thence to Nyangwé.

"The Luama valley is about twenty miles wide, furrowed with many water-courses; the soil is poor, abounding with yellow quartz, but resting upon soft shale. The ridges are formed of dykes of granite, which peep out frequently in large masses from among the foliage of trees.

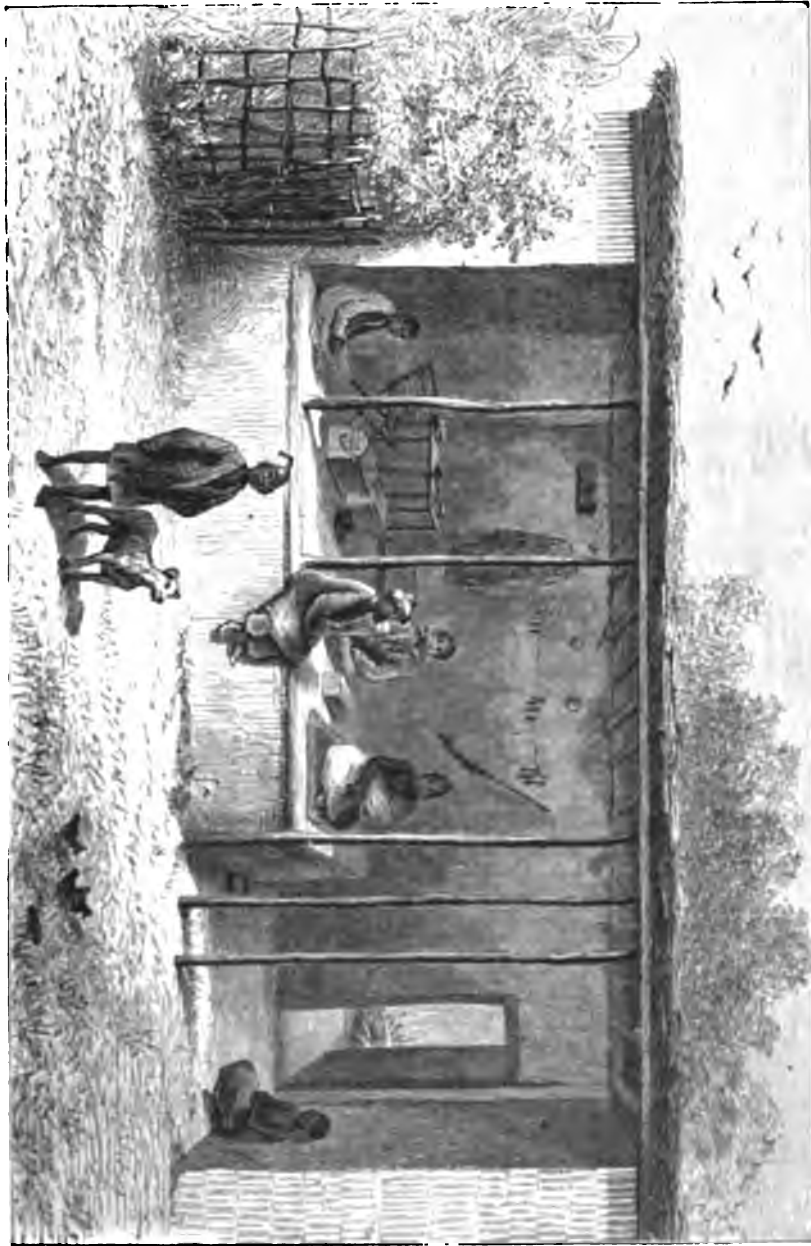
"The people appeared to be very timid, but behaved amiably. Over fifty followed us, and carried loads most willingly. Three volunteered to follow us wherever we should go, but we declined their offer.

"Our riding-donkeys were the first ever seen in Manyema, and effected a striking demonstration in our favor. They obtained more admiration than even we Europeans. Hundreds of natives ran up to us at each village in the greatest excitement to behold the strange, long-eared animals, and followed us long distances from their homes to observe the donkeys' motions.

"One donkey, known by the name of Muscati, a high-spirited animal from Arabia, possessed braying powers which almost equalled the roar of a lion in volume, and really appeared to enjoy immensely the admiration he excited. His asinine soul took great delight in braying at the unsophisticated Africans of the trans-Luama, for his bray sent them flying in all directions. Scores of times during a day's march we were asked the name of the beast, and, having learned it, they were never tired of talking about the 'Mpunda.'

"One must not rashly impute all the blame to the Arabs and Wa-Swahili of the Zanzibar coast for their excesses in Manyema, for the natives are also in a way to blame. Just as the Saxon and Dane and Jute, invited by the Britons, became their masters, so the Arabs, invited by the Manyema to assist them against one another, have become their tyrants.

"Bribes were offered to us three times by Manyema chiefs to assist them in destroying their neighbors, to whom they are of near kin, and with whom they have almost daily intimate relations. Our refusal of ivory and slaves appeared to



HOUSE OF AN ARAB MERCHANT, CENTRAL AFRICA

"‘Ah,’ said he, with a sly laugh, ‘it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back.’"

"His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones, bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the land around Uhombo. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving nature's fashion and mould of his country?"

"Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humor and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles and squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage, and rude keeping."

"His feet were monstrous abortions, with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs, as high up as the knees, were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loin-cover or the queer ‘girding tackle’ need not be described. They were absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan *lazzarone* is sumptuously, nay, regally, clothed in comparison to this ‘king’ in Uhombo."

"If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest."

"And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin, and bits of gorilla-bone, goat-horn, shells—strange tags to stranger tackle? and of the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper, ‘adder’s fork, and blind worm’s sting?’ And how

strangely they smell, all these queer, manlike creatures who stand regarding me! Not silently: on the contrary, there is a loud interchange of comments upon the white’s appearance; a manifestation of broad interest to know whence I come, whither I am going, and what is my business. And no sooner are the questions asked than they are replied to by such as pretend to know. The replies were followed by long-drawn ejaculations of ‘Wa-a-a-antu!’ (‘Men!’) ‘Eha-a, and these are men!’"

"Now imagine this! While we whites are loftily disputing among ourselves as to whether the beings before us are human, here were these creatures actually expressing strong doubts as to whether we whites are men!"

"A dead silence prevailed for a short time, during which all the females dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again ‘Wa-a-a-a-antu!’ (‘Men!’) The lower jaws, indeed, dropped so low that, when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they had done so to lift the jaws up to their proper place and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men ‘white all over’ in this queer, queer world!"



READY FOR FIGHTING.

"The open mouths gave one a chance to note the healthy state and ruby color of the tongues, palates, and gums, and, above all, the admirable order and brilliant whiteness of each set of teeth.

"Great events from trivial causes spring'—and while I was trying to calculate how many Kubaba (measure of two pounds) of millet-seed would be requisite to fill all these Dutch-oven mouths, and how many cowries would be required to pay for such a large quantity of millet, and wondering at the antics of the juveniles of the population, whose uncontainable, irrepressible wonder seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping their thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless—while thus engaged, and just thinking it was time to depart, it happened that one of the youthful innocents already described, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long, heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of my men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw, through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering, and I then recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

"Under the new light which had dawned on me, I reflected that I had done some wrong to my dusky relatives, and that they might have been described less harshly, and introduced to the world with less disdain.

"Before I quitted the village they made me still more regret my former haughty feelings, for the chief and his subjects loaded my men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn, and malafu (palm-wine), and escorted me respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting from me at last with the assurance that, should I ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavor to make my second visit to Uhombo much more agreeable than my first had been.

"On the 5th of October our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Riba-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut with more gradually-sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud; especially those in Manyema. Here, too, the thin-bodied and long-limbed goat, to which we had been accustomed, gave place to the short-legged, large bodied, and capacious-uddered variety of Manyema. The gray parrots with crimson tails here also first began to abound, and the hoarse growl of the fierce and shy 'soko' (gorilla!) was first heard.

"From the day we cross the watershed that divides the affluents of the Tanganika from the head-waters of the Luama, there is observed a gradual increase in the splendor of Nature. By slow degrees she exhibits to us, as we journey westward, her rarest beauties, her wealth, and all the profligacy of her vegetation. In the forests of Miketo, and on the western slopes of the Goma Mountains, she scatters with liberal hand her luxuries of fruits, and along the banks of streams we see revealed the wild profusion of her bounties.

"As we increase the distance from the Tanganika we find the land disposed in graceful lines and curves: ridges heave up, separating valley from valley, hills

lift their heads in the midst of the basins and mountain-ranges, at greater distances apart, bound wide prospects, wherein the lesser hill-chains, albeit of dignified proportions, appear but as agreeable diversities of scenery.

"Over the whole, Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume; for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her domain.

"Yet Nature has not produced a soft, velvety, smiling England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos; her creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; her thorns are hooks of steel; her trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild-flowers, and game is left undisturbed, because of the difficulty of moving about, for, once the path is left, we find ourselves over head among thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass.

"At Manyema the beauty of Nature becomes terrible, and in the expression of her powers she is awful. The language of Swahili has words to paint her in every mood. English, rich as it is, is found insufficient. In the former we have the word *Pori* for a forest, an ordinary thickly-wooded tract; but for the forests of Manyema it has four special words—*Mohuro*, *Mwitu*, *Mtambani*, and *Msitu*. For *Mohuro* we might employ the words *jungly forest*; for *Mwitu*, *dense woods*; but for *Msitu* and *Mtambani* we have no single equivalent, nor could we express their full meaning without a series of epithets ending with 'tangled jungle' or 'impervious underwood, in the midst of a dense forest'—for such is in reality the nature of a Manyema *Msitu*.



AFRICAN OWLS.

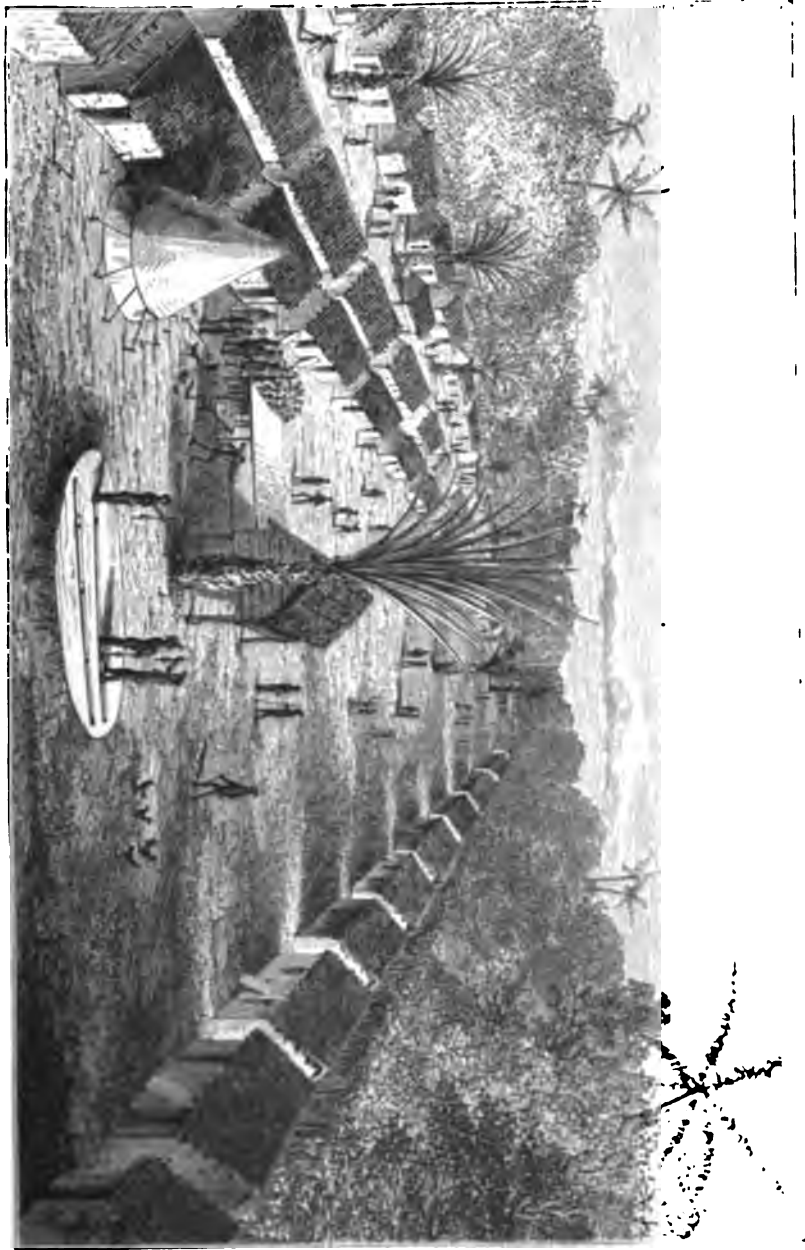
"I am of opinion that Manyema owes its fertility to the mountains west of the *Tanganika*, which by their altitude suddenly cool and liquefy the vapors driven over their tops by the southeast monsoon; for while *Uguha* west was robed in green, its lake front was black with the ashes of burned grass.

"We left *Riba-Riba's* old chief, and his numerous progeny of boys and girls, and his wonderful subjects, encamped on their mountain-top, and journeyed on with rapid pace through tall forests, and along the crests of wooded ridges, down into the depths of gloomy dingles, and up again to daylight into view of sweeping circles of bearded ridges and solemn woods, to *Ka-Bambarré*.

"Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but, associated as it is with *Livingstone's* sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from *Mwana Ngoy*, son of *Mwana Kusu*,* 'Yes, this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons,' to make up my mind to halt.

* *Mwana*, lord; *Kusu*, parrot.

A VILLAGE IN GUTTA.



“‘Ah! he lived here, did he?’

“‘Yes.’

“By this time the population of Ka-Bambarré, seeing their chief in conversation with the white stranger, had drawn round us under a palm-tree, and mats were spread for us to seat ourselves.

“‘Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?’

“‘He was not my father; but I knew him well.’

“‘Eh, do you hear that?’ he asked his people. ‘He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?’

“‘Yes; very good.’

“‘You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many a time. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead?’

“‘Yes, he is dead.’

“‘Where has he gone to?’

“‘Above, my friend,’ said I, pointing to the sky.

“‘Ah,’ said he, breathlessly, and looking up, ‘did he come from above?’

“‘No; but good men like him go above when they die.’

“We had many conversations about him. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time, when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished forever.

“It was strange what a sudden improvement in the physiognomy of the native had occurred. In the district of Uhombo we had seen a truly debased negro type. Here we saw people of the Ethiopic negro type, worthy to rank next the more refined Waganda. Mwana Ngoy himself was nothing very remarkable. Age had deprived him of his good looks; but there were about him some exceedingly pretty women, with winsome ways about them that were quite charming.

“Mwana Ngoy, I suppose, is one of the vainest of vain men. I fancy I can see him now, strutting about his village with his sceptral staff, an amplitude of grass-cloth about him, which, when measured, gives exactly twenty-four square yards,



A YOUTH OF EAST MANYEMA.



A MANYEMA ADULT.

THE VALLEY OF MABARO.



drawn in double folds about his waist, all tags, tassels, and fringes, and painted in various colors, bronze and black and white and yellow, and on his head a plummy head-dress.

"What charms lurk in feathers! From the grand British dowager down to Mwana Ngoy of Ka-Bambarré, all admit the fascination of feathers, whether plucked from ostriches or barn-door fowl.

"Mwana Ngoy's plumes were the tribute of the village chanticleers, and his vanity was so excited at the rustle of his feathered crest that he protruded his stomach to such a distance that his head was many degrees from the perpendicular.

"On the 10th of October we arrived at Kizambala, presided over by another chief called Mwana Ngoy, a relative of him of Ka-Bambarré.

"Up to this date we had seen some twenty villages, and probably four thousand natives, of Manyema, and may therefore be permitted some generalizations.

"The Manyema, then, have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and iron bells, a light, beautifully balanced spear—probably, next to the spear of Uganda, the most perfect in the world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consisted of a narrow apron of antelope-skin, or finely-made grass-cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Old Mwana Ngoy had rolled his beard in a ball of dark mud: his children wore their hair in braids, with mud fringes. His drummer had a great crescent-shaped patch of mud at the back of the head. At Kizambala the natives had horns and cones of mud on the tops of their heads. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

"The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it with a stiffening of light cane into a bonnet-shaped head-dress, allowing the back hair to

flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life, for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker baskets behind them, setting out for the rivers or creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

"Their villages consist of one or more broad streets, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, flanked by low, square huts, arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land, to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of tamped clay, with a heavy tree-trunk sunk into

it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

"The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The



A YOUNG WOMAN OF EAST MANYEMA.

VILLAGE SCENE IN NORTHEAST MALAYA



household chattels or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wickerwork dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords, and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

"They are tolerably hospitable, and permit strangers the free use of their dwellings. The bananas and plantains are very luxuriant, while the Guinea palms supply the people with oil and wine; the forests give them fuel, the rivers fish, and the gardens cassava, ground-nuts, and Indian corn.

"The chiefs enact strict laws, and, though possessed of but little actual power either of wealth or retinue, exact the utmost deference, and are exceedingly ceremonious, being always followed by a drummer, who taps his drum with masterly skill born of long and continued practice.

"On the 11th we crossed the Luama River—a stream two hundred yards wide and eight feet deep in the centre at the ferry—called the Rugumba in Ubujwé. Below the ford, as far as the Lualaba, its current is from three to six knots an hour, and about five feet deep, flowing over a shaly bed.

"On the western side of the Luama the women at once fled upon the approach of our caravan—a certain sign that there had been trouble between them and Arabs.

"My predecessors, Livingstone and Cameron, had, after crossing the stream, proceeded west, but I preferred to follow the Luama to its junction with the Lualaba, and thence to Nyangwé.

"The Luama valley is about twenty miles wide, furrowed with many water-courses; the soil is poor, abounding with yellow quartz, but resting upon soft shale. The ridges are formed of dykes of granite, which peep out frequently in large masses from among the foliage of trees.

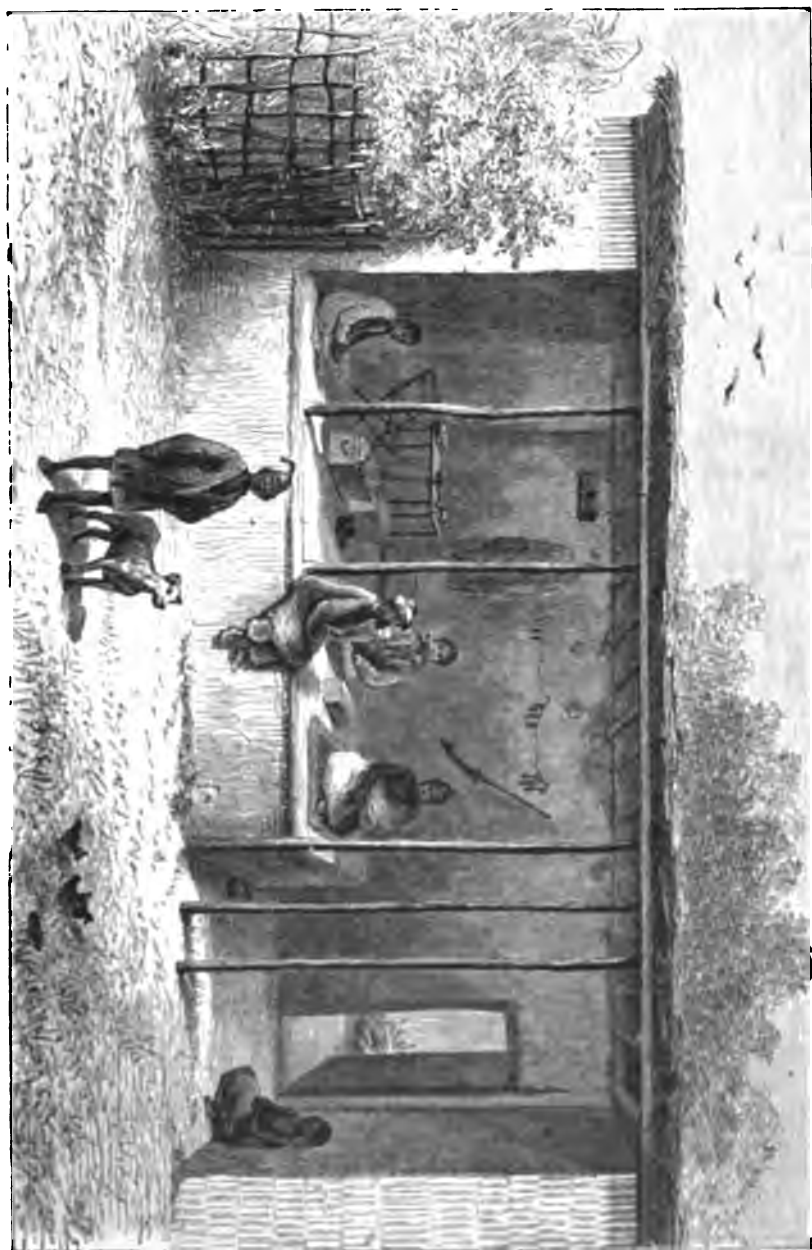
"The people appeared to be very timid, but behaved amiably. Over fifty followed us, and carried loads most willingly. Three volunteered to follow us wherever we should go, but we declined their offer.

"Our riding-donkeys were the first ever seen in Manyema, and effected a striking demonstration in our favor. They obtained more admiration than even we Europeans. Hundreds of natives ran up to us at each village in the greatest excitement to behold the strange, long-eared animals, and followed us long distances from their homes to observe the donkeys' motions.

"One donkey, known by the name of Muscati, a high-spirited animal from Arabia, possessed braying powers which almost equalled the roar of a lion in volume, and really appeared to enjoy immensely the admiration he excited. His asinine soul took great delight in braying at the unsophisticated Africans of the trans-Luama, for his bray sent them flying in all directions. Scores of times during a day's march we were asked the name of the beast, and, having learned it, they were never tired of talking about the 'Mpunda.'

"One must not rashly impute all the blame to the Arabs and Wa-Swahili of the Zanzibar coast for their excesses in Manyema, for the natives are also in a way to blame. Just as the Saxon and Dane and Jute, invited by the Britons, became their masters, so the Arabs, invited by the Manyema to assist them against one another, have become their tyrants.

"Bribes were offered to us three times by Manyema chiefs to assist them in destroying their neighbors, to whom they are of near kin, and with whom they have almost daily intimate relations. Our refusal of ivory and slaves appeared to



HOME OF AN ARAB MERCHANT, CENTRAL AFRICA

" 'Ah,' said he, with a sly laugh, 'it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back.'

" His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones, bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the land around Uhombo. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving nature's fashion and mould of his country?

" Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humor and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles and squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage, and rude keeping.

" His feet were monstrous abortions, with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs, as high up as the knees, were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loin-cover or the queer 'girding tackle' need not be described. They were absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan *lazzarone* is sumptuously, nay, regally, clothed in comparison to this 'king' in Uhombo.

" If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest.

" And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin, and bits of gorilla-bone, goat-horn, shells—strange tags to stranger tackle? and of the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper, 'adder's fork, and blind worm's sting? And how

strangely they smell, all these queer, manlike creatures who stand regarding me! Not silently: on the contrary, there is a loud interchange of comments upon the white's appearance; a manifestation of broad interest to know whence I come, whither I am going, and what is my business. And no sooner are the questions asked than they are replied to by such as pretend to know. The replies were followed by long-drawn ejaculations of 'Wa-a-a-antu!' ('Men!') 'Eha-a, and these are men!'

" Now imagine this! While we whites are loftily disputing among ourselves as to whether the beings before us are human, here were these creatures actually expressing strong doubts as to whether we whites are men!

" A dead silence prevailed for a short time, during which all the females dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again 'Wa-a-a-a-antu!' ('Men!') The lower jaws, indeed, dropped so low that, when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they had done so to lift the jaws up to their proper place and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men 'white all over' in this queer, queer world!



READY FOR FIGHTING.

"The open mouths gave one a chance to note the healthy state and ruby color of the tongues, palates, and gums, and, above all, the admirable order and brilliant whiteness of each set of teeth.

"Great events from trivial causes spring'—and while I was trying to calculate how many Kubaba (measure of two pounds) of millet-seed would be requisite to fill all these Dutch-oven mouths, and how many cowries would be required to pay for such a large quantity of millet, and wondering at the antics of the juveniles of the population, whose uncontainable, irrepressible wonder seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping their thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless—while thus engaged, and just thinking it was time to depart, it happened that one of the youthful innocents already described, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long, heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of my men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw, through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering, and I then recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

"Under the new light which had dawned on me, I reflected that I had done some wrong to my dusky relatives, and that they might have been described less harshly, and introduced to the world with less disdain.

"Before I quitted the village they made me still more regret my former haughty feelings, for the chief and his subjects loaded my men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn, and malafu (palm-wine), and escorted me respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting from me at last with the assurance that, should I ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavor to make my second visit to Uhombo much more agreeable than my first had been.

"On the 5th of October our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Riba-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut with more gradually-sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud; especially those in Manyema. Here, too, the thin-bodied and long-limbed goat, to which we had been accustomed, gave place to the short-legged, large bodied, and capacious-uddered variety of Manyema. The gray parrots with crimson tails here also first began to abound, and the hoarse growl of the fierce and shy 'soko' (gorilla?) was first heard.

"From the day we cross the watershed that divides the affluents of the Tanganika from the head-waters of the Luama, there is observed a gradual increase in the splendor of Nature. By slow degrees she exhibits to us, as we journey westward, her rarest beauties, her wealth, and all the profligacy of her vegetation. In the forests of Miketo, and on the western slopes of the Goma Mountains, she scatters with liberal hand her luxuries of fruits, and along the banks of streams we see revealed the wild profusion of her bounties.

"As we increase the distance from the Tanganika we find the land disposed in graceful lines and curves: ridges heave up, separating valley from valley, hills

lift their heads in the midst of the basins and mountain-ranges, at greater distances apart, bound wide prospects, wherein the lesser hill-chains, albeit of dignified proportions, appear but as agreeable diversities of scenery.

"Over the whole, Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume; for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her domain.

"Yet Nature has not produced a soft, velvety, smiling England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos; her creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; her thorns are hooks of steel; her trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild-flowers, and game is left undisturbed, because of the difficulty of moving about, for, once the path is left, we find ourselves over head among thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass.

"At Manyema the beauty of Nature becomes terrible, and in the expression of her powers she is awful. The language of Swahili has words to paint her in every mood. English, rich as it is, is found insufficient. In the former we have the word *Pori* for a forest, an ordinary thickly-wooded tract; but for the forests of Manyema it has four special words—*Mohuro*, *Mwitu*, *Mtambani*, and *Msitu*. For *Mohuro* we might employ the words *jungly forest*; for *Mwitu*, *dense woods*; but for *Msitu* and *Mtambani* we have no single equivalent, nor could we express their full meaning without a series of epithets ending with '*tangled jungle*' or '*impervious underwood, in the midst of a dense forest*'—for such is in reality the nature of a Manyema *Msitu*.



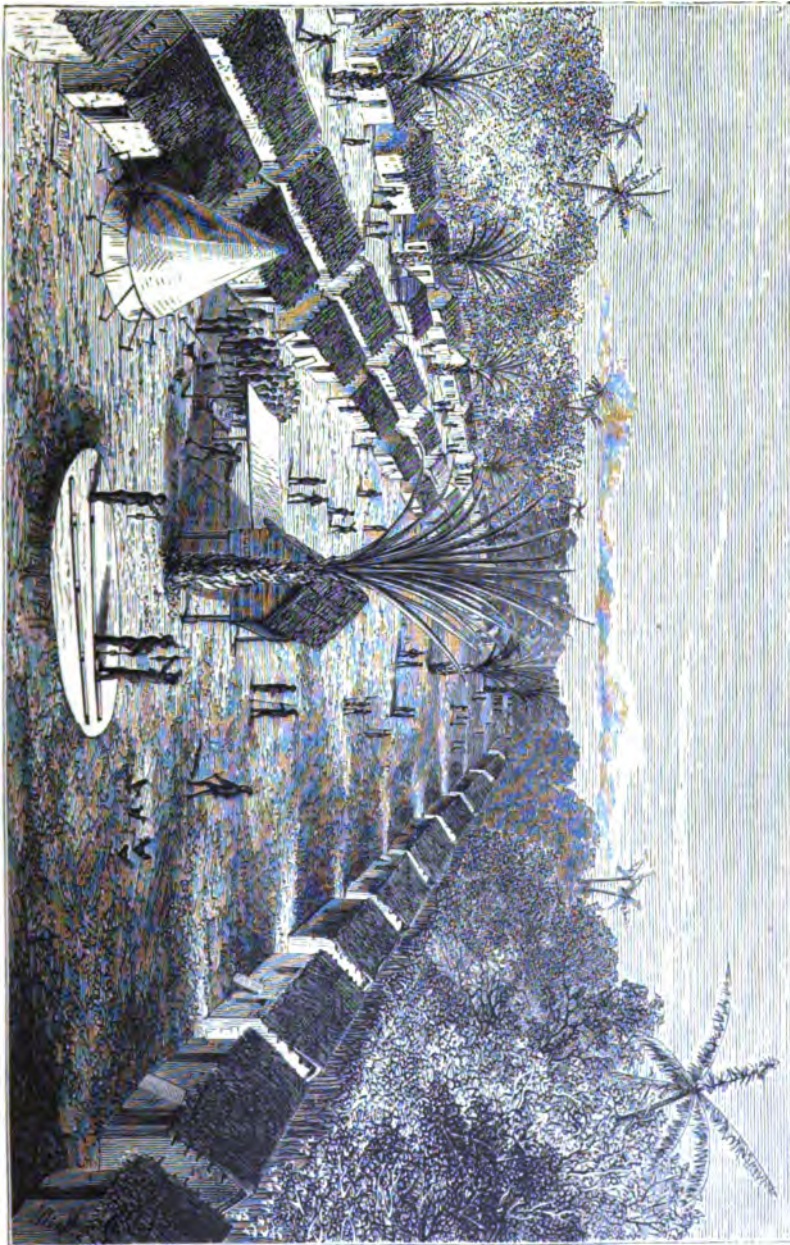
AFRICAN OWLS.

"I am of opinion that Manyema owes its fertility to the mountains west of the Tanganyika, which by their altitude suddenly cool and liquefy the vapors driven over their tops by the southeast monsoon; for while Uguha west was robed in green, its lake front was black with the ashes of burned grass.

"We left Riba-Riba's old chief, and his numerous progeny of boys and girls, and his wonderful subjects, encamped on their mountain-top, and journeyed on with rapid pace through tall forests, and along the crests of wooded ridges, down into the depths of gloomy dingles, and up again to daylight into view of sweeping circles of bearded ridges and solemn woods, to Ka-Bambarré.

"Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but, associated as it is with Livingstone's sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from Mwana Ngoy, son of Mwana Kusu,* 'Yes, this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons,' to make up my mind to halt.

* Mwana, *lord*; Kusu, *parrot*.



A VILLAGE IN NANYEMA.

“‘Ah! he lived here, did he?’

“‘Yes.’

“By this time the population of Ka-Bambarré, seeing their chief in conversation with the white stranger, had drawn round us under a palm-tree, and mats were spread for us to seat ourselves.

“‘Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?’

“‘He was not my father; but I knew him well.’

“‘Eh, do you hear that?’ he asked his people. ‘He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?’

“‘Yes; very good.’

“‘You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many a time. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead?’

“‘Yes, he is dead.’

“‘Where has he gone to?’

“‘Above, my friend,’ said I, pointing to the sky.

“‘Ah,’ said he, breathlessly, and looking up, ‘did he come from above?’

“‘No; but good men like him go above when they die.’

“We had many conversations about him. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time, when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished forever.

“It was strange what a sudden improvement in the physiognomy of the native had occurred. In the district of Uhombo we had seen a truly debased negro type. Here we saw people of the Ethiopic negro type, worthy to rank next the more refined Waganda. Mwana Ngoy himself was nothing very remarkable. Age had deprived him of his good looks; but there were about him some exceedingly pretty women, with winsome ways about them that were quite charming.

“Mwana Ngoy, I suppose, is one of the vainest of vain men. I fancy I can see him now, strutting about his village with his sceptral staff, an amplitude of grass-cloth about him, which, when measured, gives exactly twenty-four square yards,



A YOUTH OF EAST MANYEMA.



A MANYEMA ADULT.



THE VALLEY OF NABAJO.

drawn in double folds about his waist, all tags, tassels, and fringes, and painted in various colors, bronze and black and white and yellow, and on his head a plummy head-dress.

"What charms lurk in feathers! From the grand British dowager down to Mwana Ngoy of Ka-Bambarré, all admit the fascination of feathers, whether plucked from ostriches or barn-door fowl.

"Mwana Ngoy's plumes were the tribute of the village chanticleers, and his vanity was so excited at the rustle of his feathered crest that he protruded his stomach to such a distance that his head was many degrees from the perpendicular.

"On the 10th of October we arrived at Kizambala, presided over by another chief called Mwana Ngoy, a relative of him of Ka-Bambarré.

"Up to this date we had seen some twenty villages, and probably four thousand natives, of Manyema, and may therefore be permitted some generalizations.

"The Manyema, then, have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and iron bells, a light, beautifully balanced spear—probably, next to the spear of Uganda, the most perfect in the world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consisted of a narrow apron of antelope-skin, or finely-made grass-cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Old Mwana Ngoy had rolled his beard in a ball of dark mud: his children wore their hair in braids, with mud fringes. His drummer had a great crescent-shaped patch of mud at the back of the head. At Kizambala the natives had horns and cones of mud on the tops of their heads. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

"The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it with a stiffening of light cane into a bonnet-shaped head-dress, allowing the back hair to flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life, for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker baskets behind them, setting out for the rivers or creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel baskets strapped on across their foreheads.



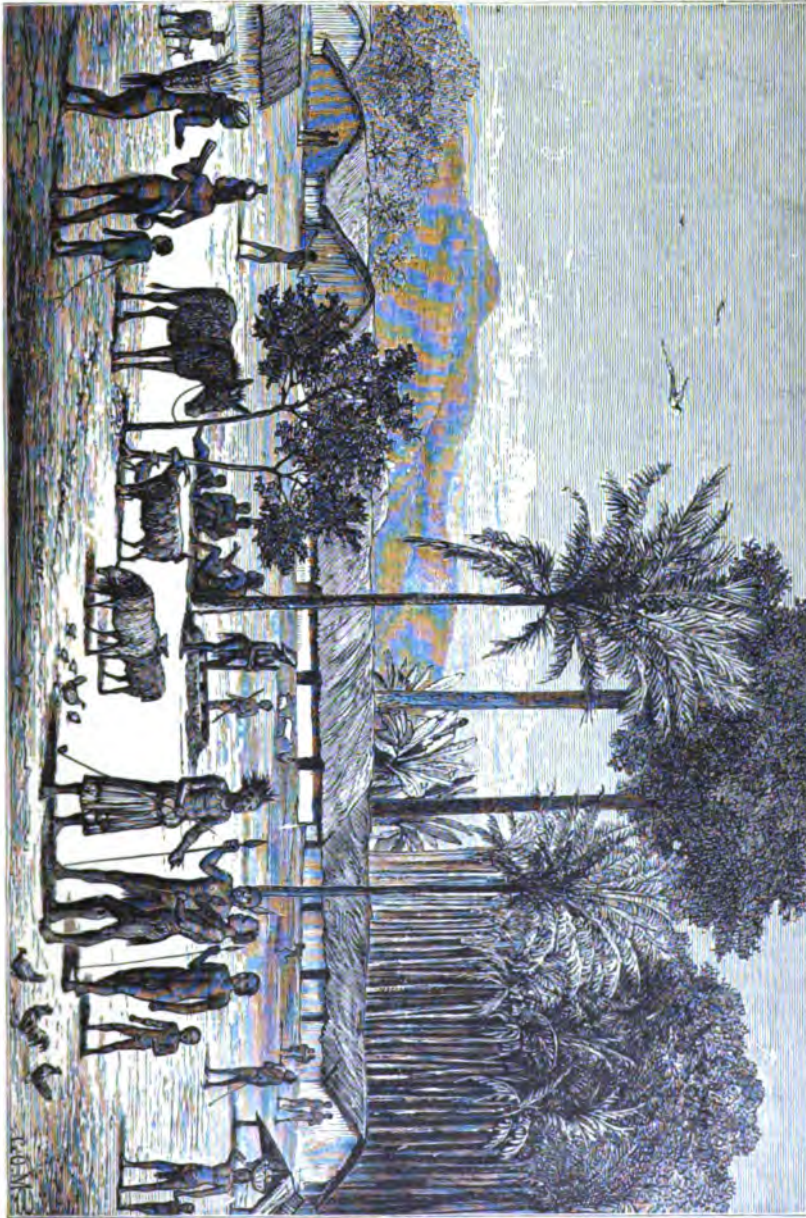
A YOUNG WOMAN OF EAST MANYEMA.

"Their villages consist of one or more broad streets, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, flanked by low, square huts, arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land, to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of tamped clay, with a heavy tree-trunk sunk into

it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

"The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The

VILLAGE SCENE IN SOUTHEAST MARYMA.



household chattels or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wickerwork dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords, and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

"They are tolerably hospitable, and permit strangers the free use of their dwellings. The bananas and plantains are very luxuriant, while the Guinea palms supply the people with oil and wine; the forests give them fuel, the rivers fish, and the gardens cassava, ground-nuts, and Indian corn.

"The chiefs enact strict laws, and, though possessed of but little actual power either of wealth or retinue, exact the utmost deference, and are exceedingly ceremonious, being always followed by a drummer, who taps his drum with masterly skill born of long and continued practice.

"On the 11th we crossed the Luama River—a stream two hundred yards wide and eight feet deep in the centre at the ferry—called the Rugumba in Ubujwé. Below the ford, as far as the Lualaba, its current is from three to six knots an hour, and about five feet deep, flowing over a shaly bed.

"On the western side of the Luama the women at once fled upon the approach of our caravan—a certain sign that there had been trouble between them and Arabs.

"My predecessors, Livingstone and Cameron, had, after crossing the stream, proceeded west, but I preferred to follow the Luama to its junction with the Lualaba, and thence to Nyangwé.

"The Luama valley is about twenty miles wide, furrowed with many water-courses; the soil is poor, abounding with yellow quartz, but resting upon soft shale. The ridges are formed of dykes of granite, which peep out frequently in large masses from among the foliage of trees.

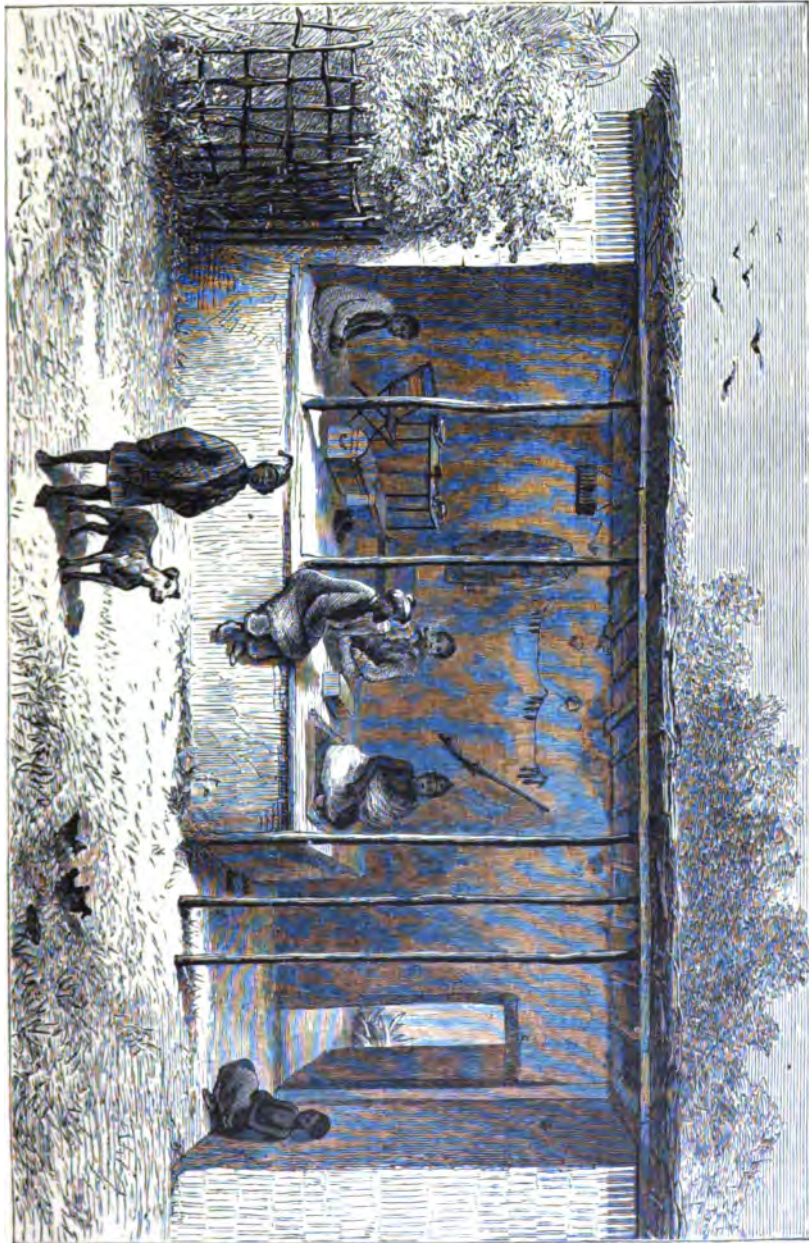
"The people appeared to be very timid, but behaved amiably. Over fifty followed us, and carried loads most willingly. Three volunteered to follow us wherever we should go, but we declined their offer.

"Our riding-donkeys were the first ever seen in Manyema, and effected a striking demonstration in our favor. They obtained more admiration than even we Europeans. Hundreds of natives ran up to us at each village in the greatest excitement to behold the strange, long-eared animals, and followed us long distances from their homes to observe the donkeys' motions.

"One donkey, known by the name of Muscati, a high-spirited animal from Arabia, possessed braying powers which almost equalled the roar of a lion in volume, and really appeared to enjoy immensely the admiration he excited. His asinine soul took great delight in braying at the unsophisticated Africans of the trans-Luama, for his bray sent them flying in all directions. Scores of times during a day's march we were asked the name of the beast, and, having learned it, they were never tired of talking about the 'Mpunda.'

"One must not rashly impute all the blame to the Arabs and Wa-Swahili of the Zanzibar coast for their excesses in Manyema, for the natives are also in a way to blame. Just as the Saxon and Dane and Jute, invited by the Britons, became their masters, so the Arabs, invited by the Manyema to assist them against one another, have become their tyrants.

"Bribes were offered to us three times by Manyema chiefs to assist them in destroying their neighbors, to whom they are of near kin, and with whom they have almost daily intimate relations. Our refusal of ivory and slaves appeared to



HOUSE OF AN ARAB MERCHANT, CENTRAL AFRICA

surprise the chiefs, and they expressed the opinion that we white men were not as good as the Arabs, for—though it was true we did not rob them of their wives and daughters, enslave their sons, or despoil them of a single article—the Arabs would have assisted them.

“One really does not know whether to pity or to despise the natives of Manyema. Many are amiable enough to deserve good and kind treatment, but others are hardly human. They fly to the woods upon the approach of strangers, leaving their granaries * of Indian corn, erected like screens across the streets, or just outside the villages, in tempting view of hungry people. If the strangers follow them into the woods to persuade them to return and sell food, the purpose of the visit is mistaken, and they are assailed from behind depths of bush and tall trees. They are humble and liberal to the strong-armed Arab, savage and murderous and cannibalistic to small bands, and every slain man provides a banquet of meat for the forest-natives of Manyema. Livingstone’s uniform gentle treatment of all



HOUSE OF A MANYEMA CHIEF.

classes deserved a better return than to have his life attempted four times. His patience finally exhausted, and his life in danger, he gave the order to his men. ‘Fire upon them, these men are wicked.’

“On the 13th, after a march of thirteen miles in a west-southwest direction, along a very crooked path, we arrived at Kabungwé.

“At this settlement we observed for the first time spears all of wood, having their points sharp and hardened in fire and shafts eight to ten feet long. As each

* These granaries consist of tall poles—like telegraph poles—planted at a distance of about ten feet from each other, to which are attached about a dozen lines of liane, or creepers, at intervals, from top to bottom. On these several lines are suspended the maize, point downwards, by the shucks of the cob. Their appearance suggests lofty screens built up of corn.

warrior possesses a sheaf of these weapons, besides a vast wooden shield, he is sufficiently armed against a native enemy, and might, by a little boldness, become a dangerous foe to an Arab.

"The currency throughout Manyema consists of cowries. Six cowries formed the ration money of the Wangwana, three cowries purchased a chicken, two procured ten maize-ears, one cowrie obtained the service of a native to grind the grain, two cowries were a day's hire for a porter; so that the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi were enjoying both abundance and relief from labor while we were travelling through Manyema.

"At Kabungwé I was alarmed at an insufferable odor that pervaded the air we breathed, for, whether in the house or without, the atmosphere seemed loaded with an intolerable stench. On inquiring of the natives whether there was any dead animal putrefying in the neighborhood, they pointed to the firewood that was burning, and to a tree—a species of laurel—as that which emitted the smell. Upon examination I found it was indeed due to this strange wood, which, however, only becomes offensive under the action of fire.

"Between Kabungwé and Mtuyu, our next camp, the country is extremely populous. Were all the villages we passed inhabited by brave men, a brigade of European troops could not move without precaution. The people, however, did not attempt to molest us, though an enormous number came out to stare at us and our donkeys.

"The natives are quick to adopt nicknames. In some places the Arabs were known by the name of Mwana Ngombé, 'lords of cows.'

"The Sarmeen of my first expedition received from his comrades, for his detective qualities, the name of Kachéché, or the 'weasel.'

"Sambuzi received the title of Mta-uza, or the 'spoiler;' and one of his subordinates was called Kiswaga, or 'fleet-foot.'

"Kalulu's name was formerly Ndugu Mali, 'brother of money.'

"Wadi Safeni had a young relative in the expedition entitled Akili Mali, or 'one who is wise with his money.'

"In the same manner countries receive appellations distinctive of peculiarities, such as,

Unya-Nyembé, land of hoes.
 U-Yofu, land of elephants.
 Unya-Mbewa, land of goats.
 Unya-Nkondo, land of sheep.
 U-Konongo, land of travellers.
 Unya-Nguruwé, land of hogs.
 U-Nguru, land of mountains.
 U-Kusu, land of parrots.
 U-Ganda, land of drums.
 U-Lungu or U-Rungu, plain land.
 Ma-Rungu, plateau land.
 U-Kutu, land of ears (long ears ?).
 U-Karanga, land of ground-nuts.
 U-Lua, or U-Rua, land of lakes.
 U-Emba, lake land.
 U-Bwari, land of food.

"Mtuyu is the easternmost settlement of the country of Uzura. On arrival we perceived that all their women were absent, and naturally inquired what had become of them. They replied, in pathetic strains, 'Oh, they are all dead; all cut off, every one. It was the small-pox!'

"We sympathized with them, of course, because of such a terrible loss, and attempted to express our concern. But one of our enterprising people, while endeavoring to search out a good market for his cowries, discovered several dozen of the women in a wooded ravine! They had been concealed under the supposition that we were slave-hunters.



KITETÉ, THE CHIEF OF MPUNGU.

"Skirting the range of hills which bounds the Luama valley on the north, we marched to Mpungu, which is fifteen miles west of Mtuyu. Kiteté, its chief, is remarkable for a plaited beard twenty inches long, decorated at the tips with a number of blue glass beads. His hair was also trussed up on the crown of his head in a shapely mass. His brother possessed a beard six inches long; there were half a dozen others with beards of three or four inches long. Kiteté's symbol of royalty was a huge truncheon, or Hercules club, blackened and hardened by fire. His village was neat, and the architecture of the huts peculiar, as the picture below shows.

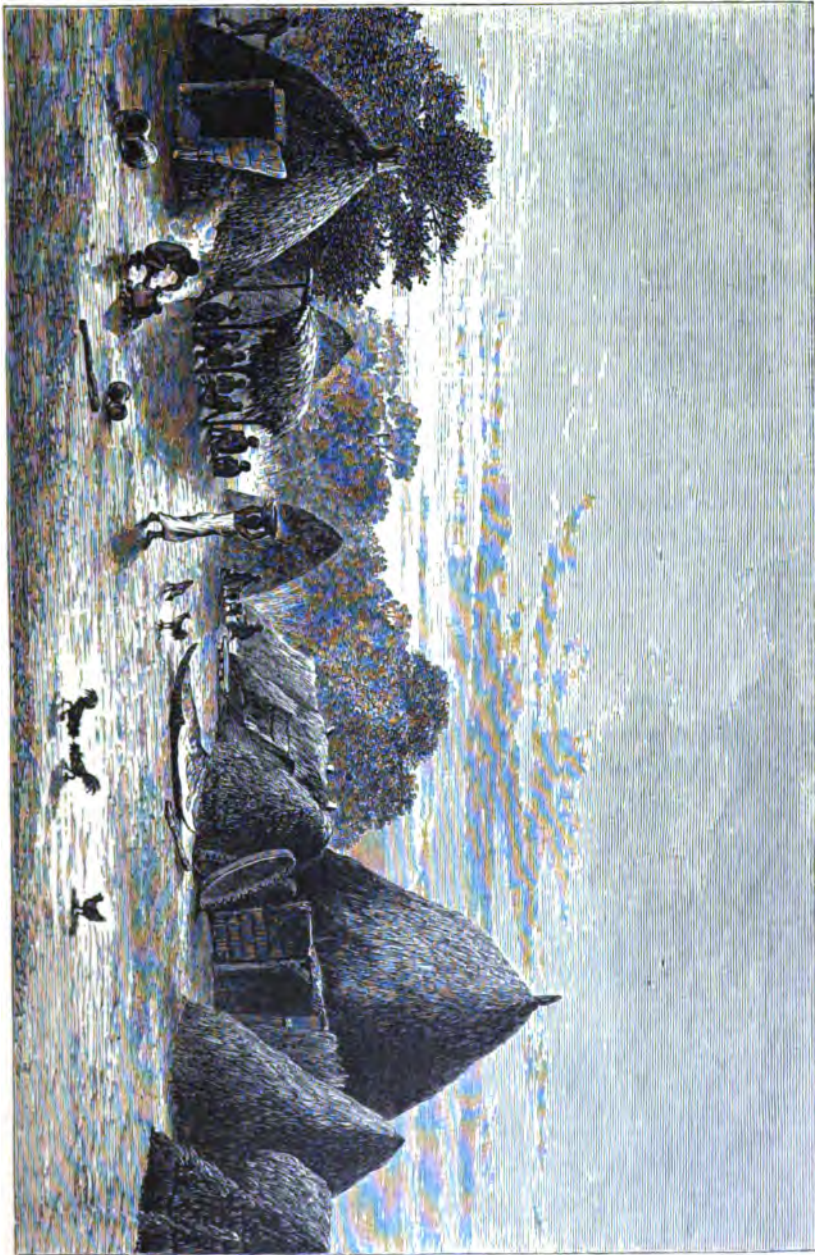
"The Luama valley at Uzura at this season presents a waving extent of grass-grown downs, and while crossing over the higher swells of land we enjoyed uninterrupted views of thirty or forty miles to the west and south.

"From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country (a distance of four miles), and suddenly from the crest of a low ridge saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Lualaba.

The former appeared to have a breadth of four hundred yards at the mouth; the latter was about fourteen hundred yards wide, a broad river of a pale gray color winding slowly from south and by east.

"We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. Across the river, beyond a tawny, grassy stretch towards the south-southwest, is Mount Kijima; about one thousand feet above the valley, to the south-southeast, across the Luama, runs the Luhye-ya ridge; from its base the plain slopes to the swift Luama. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volumed Missouri pours its rusty-brown water into it.

"A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. For two hundred and twenty miles I



VILLAGE NEAR KABUNGWÉ.



NATIVE HOUSES AT MTUYU.

had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the ocean."

"It is getting late," said Mr. Stanley, glancing at his watch, "and I will leave you at this point where you can dream of the great river and its course to the sea. To-morrow you shall hear about some of the difficulties we encountered in going forward with the expedition."

As Mr. Stanley retired he was loudly applauded, and it was evident that the little audience were greatly pleased to hear from his own lips the account of his journey through the African wilderness.



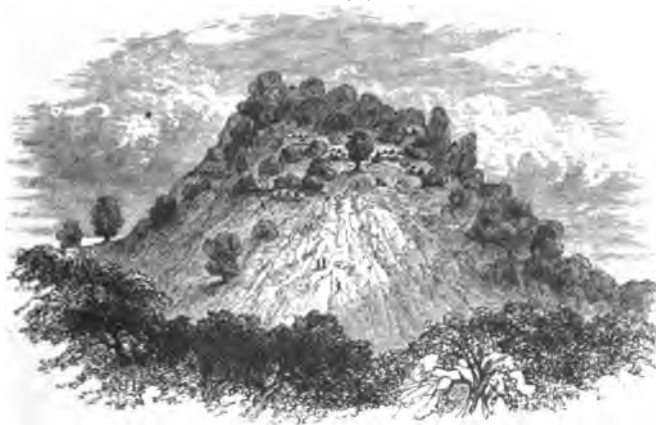
ANTS'-NEST IN MANYEMA.

CHAPTER IX.

DIFFICULTIES OF LIVINGSTONE AND CAMERON WITH THEIR FOLLOWERS.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF TIPPU-TIB.—NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ESCORT.—TIPPU-TIB ARRANGES TO GO WITH STANLEY.—THE WONDERS OF UREGGA.—GORILLAS AND BOA-CONSTRUCTORS.—THEIR REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES.—A NATION OF DWARFS.—HOW STANLEY DECIDED WHAT ROUTE TO FOLLOW.—HEADS OR TAILS?—"SHALL IT BE SOUTH OR NORTH?"—SIGNING THE CONTRACT WITH TIPPU-TIB.—A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.—ENTERING NYANGWÉ.—LOCATION AND IMPORTANCE OF THE PLACE.—ITS ARAB RESIDENTS.—MARKET SCENES AT NYANGWÉ.—READY FOR THE START.

THE forenoon of the next day was passed as usual; and in the afternoon the party assembled for the continuation of the story of the journey across the Dark Continent. It was Fred's turn to read, and the young man was promptly in his place at the table, and with the open volume before him.

"Mr. Stanley left us, last evening," said Fred, "on the banks of the great river which he called the Livingstone, but which is more familiar to us as the Congo. Early the next day after his arrival he resumed his march, pressing forward in the direction of Nyangwé, the farthest point



HILL AND VILLAGE ON THE ROAD TO NYANGWÉ.

reached by Livingstone and afterwards by Cameron. Both these travellers greatly desired to explore the mysterious river which flowed past Nyangwé, but were unable to do so. Neither could induce his men to advance beyond that point; they tried to purchase or hire canoes with which to descend the river, but none could be obtained.

"The same fate threatened to fall upon Stanley, and compel him to turn back to Ujiji just as had been the case with Livingstone. But it was his good-fortune to meet one Hamed bin Mohammed, or Tippu-Tib, an Arab trader of great influence, who is well known throughout Central Africa. He has a large force of Arabs under his control, and is a sort of migratory king among the people where he moves. He can easily assemble a thousand Arab fighting-men at a few days' notice, and at almost any moment he can command the services of two or three hundred of them. Here is a description of him as given by Mr. Stanley :

"He was a tall, black-bearded man, of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight, and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine, intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white and perfectly formed teeth. He was attended by a large retinue of young Arabs, who looked up to him as chief, and a score of Wangwana and Wanyamwezi followers whom he had led over thousands of miles through Africa.

"With the air of a well-bred Arab, and almost courtier-like in his manner, he welcomed me to the village, and his slaves being ready at hand with mat and bolster, he reclined *vis-à-vis*, while a buzz of admiration of his style was perceptible from the on-lookers. After regarding him for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was a remarkable man—the most remarkable man I had met among Arabs, Wa-Swahili, and half-castes in Africa. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand-new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowlé, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances.

"The person above described was the Arab who had escorted Cameron across the Lualaba as far as Utotera, south latitude 5°, and east longitude 25° 54'. Naturally, therefore, there was no person at Nyangwé whose evidence was more valuable than Tippu-Tib's as to the direction that my predecessor at Nyangwé had taken. The information he gave me was sufficiently clear—and was, moreover, confirmed by other Arabs—that the greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji never to return to Nyangwé."

"After a long conference," said Fred, "Mr. Stanley asked Tippu-Tib if he would accompany the expedition in the exploration of the great river. The Arab at first declined the proposal, but after several interviews and a considerable amount of negotiation, it was arranged that, in

consideration of five thousand dollars, Tippu-Tib with one hundred and fifty of his followers would accompany Mr. Stanley for a distance of sixty marches from Nyangwé in any direction the latter should choose to take. The contract between them was very carefully drawn, and a considerable time was spent in arranging it.



WAITING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

“While these negotiations were in progress Mr. Stanley obtained all the information possible from Arabs and others relative to the region he proposed to visit. One Arab who claimed to have followed the course of the river for a great distance said it flowed ‘to the north, to the north, always to the north, and there is no end to it till it reaches the salt sea.’ He had, he declared, travelled to the north along the banks of the river till he reached the country of the dwarfs, a journey of nine months. They were a powerful people, although they were so small; the men were only a yard high, with big heads and long beards. His party had a terrible fight with these dwarfs, who fought with poisoned arrows that cause death almost instantly by the slightest scratch. Every man that was killed was immediately eaten by the dwarfs, who have the reputation of being the worst cannibals in all Africa. Out of two or three hundred Arabs that went on this expedition, only about thirty remained to return to Nyangwé.

"After listening to this wonderful story Mr. Stanley asked the Arab if he saw any other curious things on his journey.

"'Oh, yes!' he answered. 'There are monstrous large boa-constrictors in the forest of Uregga, suspended by their tails to the branches, waiting for the passer-by or for a stray antelope. The ants in that forest are not to be despised. You cannot travel without your body being covered with them, when they sting you like wasps. The leopards are so numerous that you cannot go very far without seeing one. Almost every native wears a leopard-skin cap. The sokos (gorillas) are in the woods, and woe befall the man or woman met alone by them; for they run up to you and seize your hands, and bite the fingers off one by one, and as fast as they bite one off, they spit it out. The Wasongora Meno and Waregga are cannibals, and unless the force is very strong, they never let strangers pass. It is nothing but constant fighting. Only two years ago a party armed with three hundred guns started north of Usongora Meno; they only brought sixty guns back, and no ivory. If one tries to go by the river, there are falls after falls, which carry the people over and drown them. A party of thirty men, in three canoes, went down the river half a day's journey from Nyangwé, when the old white man (Livingstone) was living there. They were all drowned, and that was the reason he did not go on. Had he done so, he would have been eaten, for what could he have done? Ah, no. Master, the country is bad, and the Arabs have given it up. They will not try the journey into that country again, after trying it three times and losing nearly five hundred men altogether.'



A YOUNG SOKO (GORILLA).

"Before closing his contract with Tippu-Tib Mr. Stanley consulted Frank Pocock, his only remaining white companion, in order to obtain his views of the matter. I will read his account of the consultation and what followed it.

"At 6 P. M. a couple of saucers, filled with palm-oil and fixed with cotton-wick, were lit. It was my after-dinner hour, the time for pipes and coffee, which Frank was always invited to share.

"When he came in the coffee-pot was boiling, and little Mabruki was in wait-

ing to pour out. The tobacco-pouch, filled with the choicest production of Africa—that of Masansi, near Uvira—was ready. Mabruki poured out the coffee, and retired, leaving us together.

“‘Now Frank, my son,’ I said, ‘sit down. I am about to have a long and serious chat with you. Life and death—yours as well as mine, and those of all the expedition—hang on the decision I make to-night.’



BLACKSMITHS AT WORK.

“And then I reminded him of his friends at home, and also of the dangers before him; of the sorrow his death would cause, and also of the honors that would greet his success; of the facility of returning to Zanzibar, and also of the perilous obstacles in the way of advance—thus carefully alternating the *pro* with the *con*, so as not to betray my own inclinations. I reminded him of the hideous scenes we had already been compelled to witness and to act in, pointing out that other wicked tribes, no doubt, lay before us; but also recalling to his memory how treachery, cunning, and savage courage had been baulked by patience and promptitude; and how we still possessed the power to punish those who threatened us or murdered our friends. And I ended with words something like these:

“‘There is, no doubt, some truth in what the Arabs say about the ferocity of these natives before us. Livingstone, after fifteen thousand miles of travel, and a lifetime of experience among Africans, would not have yielded the brave struggle without strong reasons; Cameron, with his forty-five Snider rifles, would never have turned away from such a brilliant field if he had not sincerely thought that they were insufficient to resist the persistent attacks of countless thousands of wild men. But while we grant that there may be a modicum of truth in what the Arabs say, it is in their ignorant, superstitious nature to exaggerate what they have seen. A score of times have we proved them wrong. Yet their reports have already made a strong impression on the minds of the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi. They are already trembling with fear, because they suspect that I am about to at-



NATIVE TRAP FOR GAME.

tempt the cannibal lands beyond Nyangwé. On the day that we propose to begin our journey, we shall have no expedition.

“On the other hand, I am confident that, if I am able to leave Nyangwé with the expedition intact, and to place a breadth of wild country between our party and the Arab depot, I shall be able to make men of them. There are good stuff, heroic qualities, in them; but we must get free from the Arabs, or they will be very soon demoralized. It is for this purpose I am negotiating with Tippu-Tib. If I can arrange with him and leave Nyangwé without the dreadful loss we experienced at Ujiji, I feel sure that I can inspire my men to dare anything with me.

“The difficulty of transport, again, is enormous. We cannot obtain canoes at Nyangwé. Livingstone could not. Cameron failed. No doubt I shall fail. I shall not try to obtain any. But we might buy up all the axes that we can see between here and Nyangwé, and, travelling overland on this side the Lualaba, we might, before Tippu-Tib’s contract is at an end, come across a tribe which would sell their canoes. We have sufficient stores to last a long time, and I shall purchase more at Nyangwé. If the natives will not sell, we can make our own canoes, if we possess a sufficient number of axes to set all hands at work.

“Now, what I wish you to tell me, Frank, is your opinion as to what we ought to do.”

“Frank’s answer was ready.

“I say, ‘Go on, sir.’”

“Think well, my dear fellow; don’t be hasty; life and death hang on our decision. Don’t you think we could explore to the east of Cameron’s road?”

“But there is nothing like this great river, sir.”

“What do you say to Lake Lincoln, Lake Kamolondo, Lake Bemba, and all that part, down to the Zambezi?”

“Ah! that is a fine field, sir; and perhaps the natives would not be so ferocious. Would they?”

“Yet, as you said just now, it would be nothing to the great river, which



CANOES ON THE RIVER.

for all these thousands of years has been flowing steadily to the north through hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles, of which no one has ever heard a word.'

" 'Let us follow the river, sir.'

" 'Yet, my friend, think yet again. Look at all these faithful fellows whose lives depend on our word; think of our own, for we are yet young and strong and active. Why should we throw them away for a barren honor, or if we succeed have every word we said doubted, and carped at, and our motives misconstrued by malicious minds, who distort everything to our injury?'

" 'Ah, true, sir. I was one of those who doubted that you had ever found Livingstone. I don't mind telling you now. Until I came to Zanzibar, and saw your people, I did not believe it, and there are hundreds in Rochester who shared my opinion.'

" 'And do you believe, Frank, that you are in Manyema now?'

" 'I am obliged to, sir.'

" 'Are you not afraid, should you return to England, that when men say you have never been to Africa, as no doubt they will, you will come to disbelieve it yourself?'

" 'Ah, no, sir,' he replied. 'I can never forget Ituru; the death of my brother in that wild land; the deaths of so many Wangwana there; the great lake; Uganda; our march to Muta Nzege; Rumanika; my life in Ujiji; the Tanganika; and our march here.'

" 'But what do you think, Frank? Had we not better explore northeast of here, until we reach Muta Nzege, circumnavigate that lake, and strike across to Uganda again, and return to Zanzibar by way of Kagehyi?'

" 'That would be a fine job, sir, if we could do it.'

" 'Yet, if you think of it, Frank, this great river which Livingstone first saw, and which broke his heart almost to turn away from and leave a mystery, is a

noble field too. Fancy, by and by, after buying or building canoes, our floating down the river day by day, either to the Nile or to some vast lake in the far north, or to the Congo and the Atlantic Ocean! Think what a benefit our journey will be to Africa. Steamers from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Bemba, and to all the great rivers which run into it!

"I say, sir, let us toss up; best two out of three to decide it."

"Toss away. Here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north and the Lualaba; tails for the south and Katanga."

Frank stood up, his face beaming. He tossed the rupee high up. The coin dropped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Tails, sir!" said Frank, with a face expressive of strong disapproval.

"Toss again."

"He tossed again, and 'tails' was again announced—and six times running 'tails' won.



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA; TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND KATANGA."

"We then tried straws—the short straws for the south, the long straws for the River Lualaba—and again we were disappointed, for Frank persisted in drawing out the short straws, and in leaving the long straws in my hands.

"It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the rupee and straws. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

"Mr. Stanley, have no fear of me. I shall stand by you. The last words of my dear old father were, 'Stick by your master.' And there is my hand, sir; you shall never have cause to doubt me."

"Good; I shall go on, then. I will finish this contract with Tippu-Tib, for

the Wangwana, on seeing him accompany us, will perhaps be willing to follow me. We may also recruit others at Nyangwé. And then, if the natives will allow peaceful passage through their countries, so much the better. If not, our duty says, "Go on."

"The next night Tippu-Tib and his friends visited me again. The contract was written, and signed by the respective parties and their witnesses. The Wangwana chiefs were then called, and it was announced to them that Tippu-Tib, with one hundred and forty guns and seventy Wanyamwezi spearmen, would escort us a distance of sixty camps, when, if we found the countries hostile to us, and no



A FOLLOWER OF TIPPU-TIB.

hopes of meeting other traders, we should return with him to Nyangwé. If we met Portuguese or Turkish traders, a portion of us would continue the journey with them, and the remainder would return with Tippu-Tib to Nyangwé. This announcement was received with satisfaction, and the chiefs said that, owing to Tippu-Tib's presence, no Arab at Nyangwé would dare to harbor a runaway from the expedition.

"Cowries and beads were then counted out and given that evening to Tippu-Tib, as ration money for ten days from the day of his departure from Mwana Mamba.

"The next morning, being the 24th of October, the expedition left Mwana Mamba in high spirits. The good effect of the contract with Tippu-Tib had already brought us recruits, for on the road I observed several strange faces of men who, on our arrival at the first camp, Marimbu, eleven miles northwest from Mwana Mamba, appeared before my tent, and craved to be permitted to follow us. They

received an advance in cloth, and their names were entered on the muster-list of the expedition at the same rate of pay as the other Wanyamwezi and Wangwana.

"Through a fine rolling country, but depopulated, with every mile marked by ruined villages, we marched in a northwesterly direction, and on the 25th of October arrived at Kankumba, crossing the Mshama stream by the way.

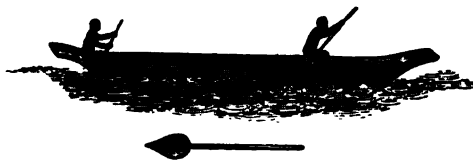
"About one mile from our camp was the marshy valley of the Kunda River, another tributary of the Lualaba, which rises in Uzimba; to the east-northeast of us, about eight miles off, rose some hilly cones, spurs of the Manyema hills; on the west stretched a rolling grassy land extending to the Lualaba.

"The grass (genus *Panicum*) of Manyema is like other things in this prolific land, of gigantic proportions, and denser than the richest field of corn. The stalks are an inch in diameter, and about eight feet high. In fact, what I have called 'grassy land' is more like a waving country planted with young bamboo.

"Young Kalulu, who, since his recapture at the Uguha port on Lake Tanganika, had been well behaved, and was in high favor again, met with a serious and very remarkable accident at Kankumba. A chief, called Mabruki the elder, had retained a cartridge in his Snider, contrary to orders, and, leaving it carelessly on the stacked goods, a hurrying Mgwana kicked it down with his foot, which caused it to explode. Kalulu, who was reclining on his mat near a fire, was wounded in no fewer than *eight* places, the bullet passing through the outer part of his lower legs, the upper part of his thigh, and, glancing over his right ribs, through the muscles of his left arm.

"Though the accident had caused severe wounds, there was no danger, and, by applying a little arnica, lint, and bandages, we soon restored him to a hopeful view of his case.

"On the morning of the 27th we descended from our camp at Kankumba to the banks of the Kunda, a river about forty yards wide, and ten feet deep at the ferry. The canoemen were Wagenya, or Wenya, fishermen under the protection of Sheik Abed bin Salim, alias 'Tanganika.'



A CANOE OF THE WENYA, OR WAGENYA, FISHERMEN.

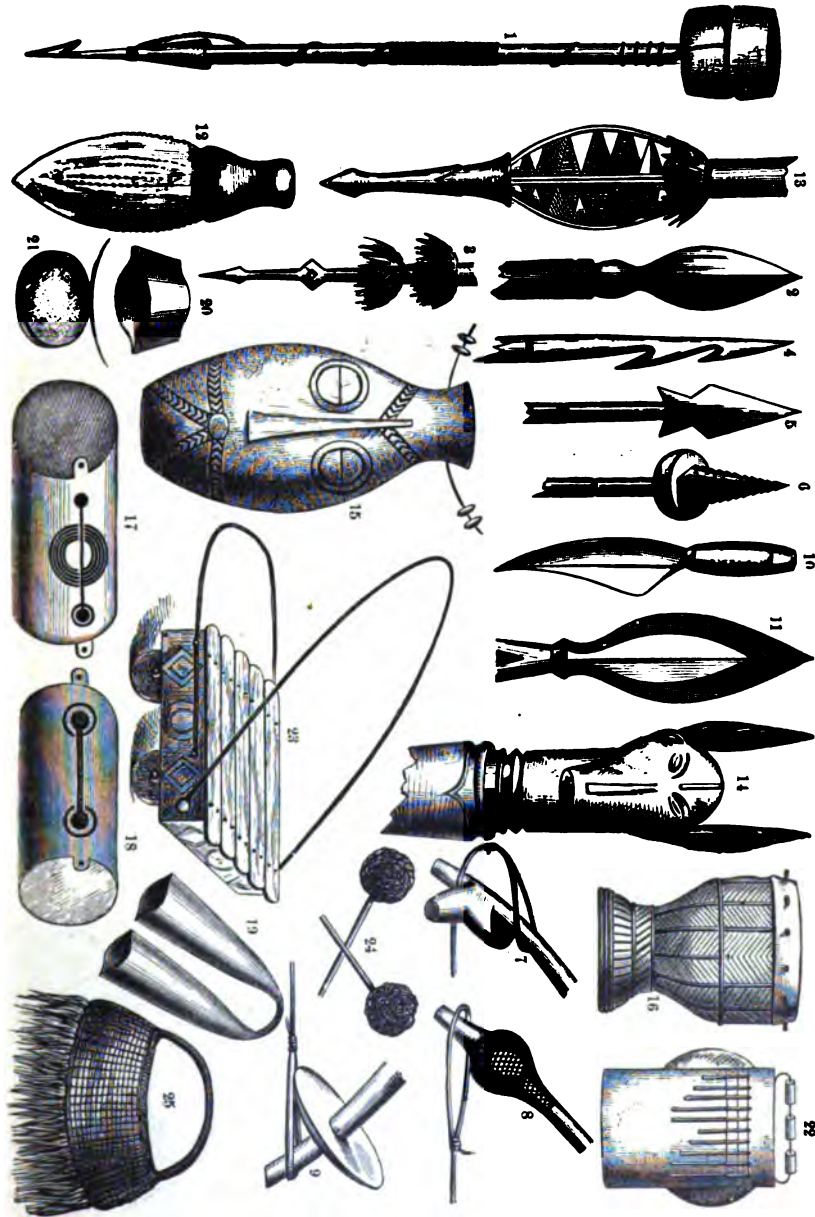
"A rapid march of four miles brought us to the outskirts of Nyangwé, where we were met by Abed bin Salim, an old man of sixty-five years of age, Mohammed bin Sayid, a young Arab with a remarkably long nose and small eyes, Sheik Abed's fundis or elephant-hunters, and several Wangwana, all dressed in spotless white shirts, crimson fezzes, and sandals.

"Sheik Abed was pleased to monopolize me, by offering me a house in his neighborhood.

"The manner that we entered Nyangwé appeared, from subsequent conversation, to have struck Sheik Abed, who, from his long residence there, had wit-

1. Fish-spear. 2, 3. Spears. 4, 5, 6. Arrow-heads. 7, 8, 9. Modes of stringing bows. 10, 11, 12. Envoes. 13, 14. Walking-sticks. 15. Charm.
16, 17, 18. Drums. 19. Iron gong. 20, 21. Iron bells. 22. Musical instrument. 23. Marimba. 24. Sticks for playing marimba. 25. Rattle.

FOR FORTER.



nessed the arrival and departure of very many caravans. There was none of the usual firing of guns and wild shouting and frenzied action; and the order and steadiness of veterans, the close files of a column which tolerably well understood by this time the difference between discipline and lawlessness with its stragglers and slovenly iaggards, made a marked impression upon the old Arab.

"Another thing that surprised him was the rapidity of the journey from the Tanganika—three hundred and thirty-eight miles in forty-three days, inclusive of all halts. He said that the usual period occupied by Arabs was between three and four months. Yet the members of the expedition were in admirable condition. They had never enjoyed better health, and we had not one sick person; the only one incapacitated for work was Kalulu, and he had been accidentally wounded only the very night before. Between the Tanganika and the Arab depot of Nyangwé neither Frank nor I had suffered the slightest indisposition.

"Nyangwé is the extreme westernmost locality inhabited by the Arab traders from Zanzibar. It stands in east longitude $26^{\circ} 16'$, south latitude $4^{\circ} 15'$, on the right or eastern side of the Lualaba, on the verge of a high and reddish bank rising some forty feet above the river, with clear open country north along the river for a distance of three miles, east some ten miles, south over seventy miles, or as far as the confluence of the Luama with the Lualaba. The town called Nyangwé is divided into two sections. The northern section has for its centre the quarters of Muini Dugumbi, the first Arab arrival here (in 1868); and around his house are the commodious quarters of his friends, their families and slaves—in all, perhaps, three hundred houses. The southern section is separated from its neighbor by a broad hollow, cultivated and sown with rice for the Arabs. When the Lualaba rises to its full amplitude, this hollow is flooded. The chief house of the



VIEW IN NYANGWÉ.

southern half of Nyangwé is the large and well-built clay *banda* of Sheik Abed bin Salim. In close neighborhood to this are the houses and huts of those Arab Wangwana who prefer the company of Abed bin Salim to Muini Dugumbi.

"Between the two foreign chiefs of Nyangwé there is great jealousy. Each endeavors to be recognized by the natives as being the most powerful. Dugumbi is an east-coast trader of Ša'adani, a half-caste, a vulgar, coarse-minded old man of probably seventy years of age, with a negroid nose and a negroid mind. Sheik Abed is a tall, thin old man, white-bearded, patriarchal in aspect, narrow-minded, rather peevish and quick to take offence, a thorough believer in witchcraft, and a fervid Muslim.

"Close to Abed's elbows of late years has been the long-nosed young Arab, Mohammed bin Sayid, superstitious beyond measure, of enormous cunning and subtlety, a pertinacious beggar, of keen trading instincts, but in all matters outside trade as simple as a child. He offered, for a consideration and on condition that I would read the Arabic Koran, to take me up and convey me to any part of Africa within a day. By such unblushing falsehoods he has acquired considerable influence over the mind of Sheik Abed. The latter told me that he was half afraid of him, and that he believed Mohammed was an extraordinary man. I asked the silly old sheik if he had lent him any ivory. No; but he was constantly being asked for the loan of ten frasilah (three hundred and fifty pounds) of ivory, for which he was promised fifteen frasilah, or five hundred and twenty-five pounds, within six months.

"Mohammed, during the very first day of my arrival, sent one of his favorite slaves to ask first for a little writing-paper, then for needles and thread, and, a couple of hours afterwards, for white pepper and a bar of soap; in the evening, for a pound or two of sugar and a little tea, and, if I could spare it, he would be much obliged for some coffee. The next day petitions, each very prettily worded—for Mohammed is an accomplished reader of the Koran—came, first for medicine, then for a couple of yards of red cloth, then for a few yards of fine white sheeting, etc. I became quite interested in him—for was he not a lovable, genial character, as he sat there chewing betel-nut and tobacco to excess, twinkling his little eyes with such malicious humor in them that, while talking with him, I could not withdraw mine from watching their quick flashes of cunning, and surveying the long, thin nose, with its impenetrable mystery and classic lines? I fear Mohammed did not love me, but my admiration was excessive for Mohammed.

"*'La il Allah—il Allah!'* he was heard to say to Sheik Abed, 'that old white man Daoud (Livingstone) never gave much to any man; this white man gives *nothing*.' Certainly not, Mohammed. My admiration is great for thee, my friend; but thou liest so



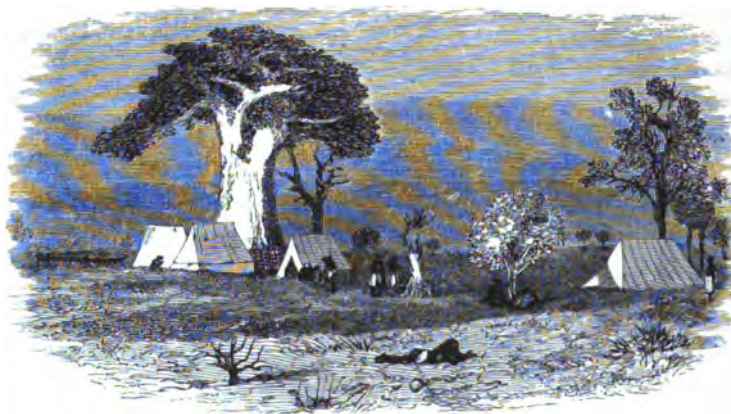
A BOWMAN.

that I am disgusted with thee, and thou hast such a sweet, plausible, villainous look in thy face, I could punch thee heartily.

"The next morning Muini (Lord) Dugumbi and following came—a gang of veritable freebooters, chiefest of whom was the famous Mtagamoyo—the butcher of women and fusillader of children. Tippu-Tib, when I asked him, a few weeks after, what he thought of Mtagamoyo, turned up his nose and said, 'He is brave, no doubt, but he is a man whose heart is as big as the end of my little finger. He has no feeling; he kills a native as though he were a serpent—it matters not of what sex.'

"This man is about forty-four years of age, of middle stature and swarthy complexion, with a broad face, black beard just graying, and thin-lipped. He spoke but little, and that little courteously. He did not appear very formidable, but he might be deadly, nevertheless. The Arabs of Nyangwé regard him as their best fighter.

"Dugumbi the patriarch, or, as he is called by the natives, Molemba-Lemba, had the rollicking look of a prosperous and coarse-minded old man, who was perfectly satisfied with the material aspect of his condition. He deals in humor of the coarsest kind—a vain, frivolous old fellow, ignorant of everything but the art of collecting ivory, who has contrived to attach to himself a host of nameless half-castes of inordinate pride, savage spirit, and immeasurable greed.

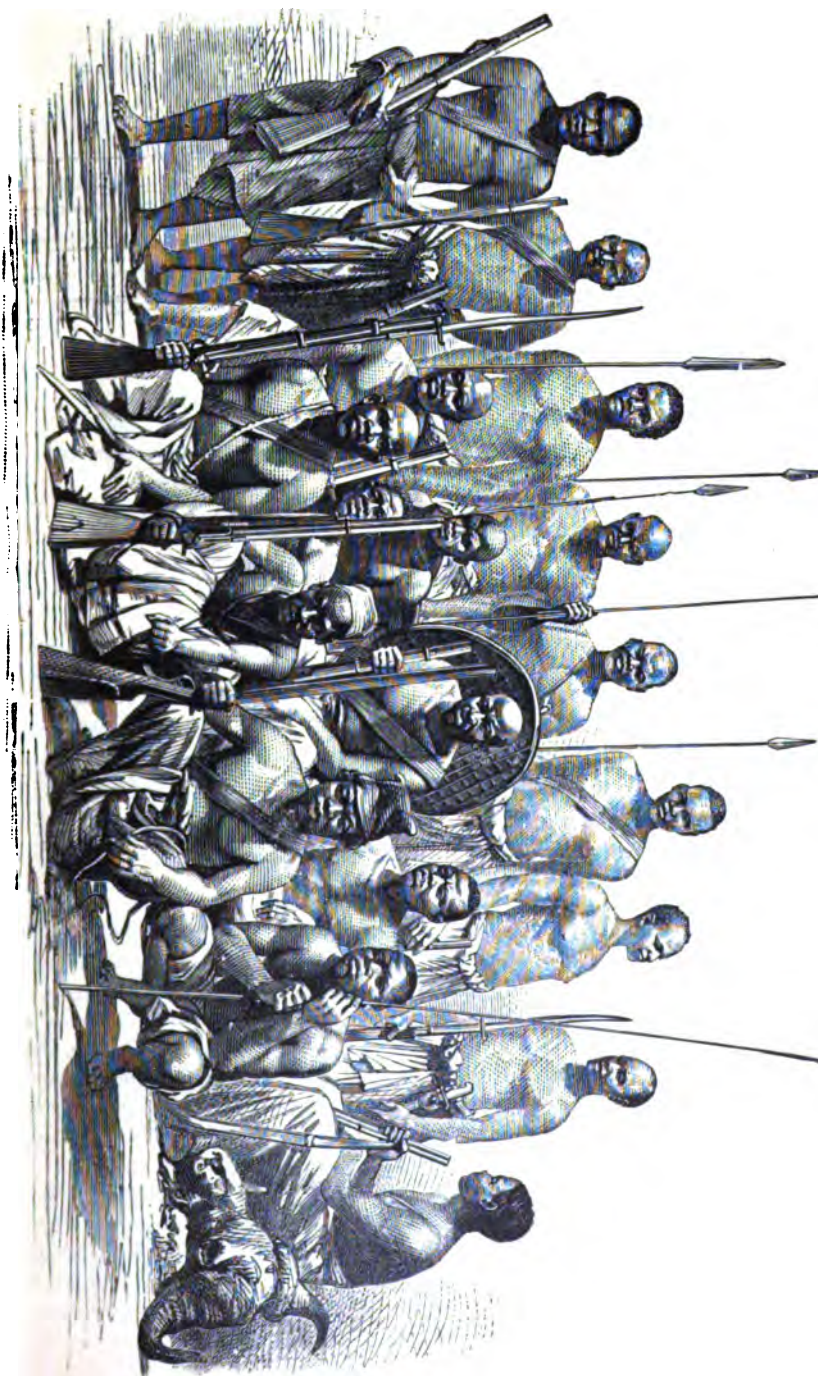


CAMP SCENE.

"The Arabs of Nyangwé, when they first heard of the arrival of Tippu-Tib at Imbarri from the south, were anxious to count him as their fellow-settler; but Tippu-Tib had no ambition to become the chief citizen of a place which could boast of no better settlers than vain old Dugumbi, the butcher Mtagamoyo, and silly Sheik Abed; he therefore proceeded to Mwana Mamba's, where he found better society with Mohammed bin Sayid, Sayid bin Sultan, Msé Ani, and Sayid bin Mohammed el Mezrui. Sayid bin Sultan, in features, is a rough copy of Abdul Aziz, late Sultan of Turkey.

"One of the principal institutions at Nyangwé is the Kituka, or the market,

AN ESCORT OF GUNNERS AND SPEARMEN.



with the first of which I made acquaintance in 1871, in Ujiji and Urundi. One day it is held in the open plaza in front of Sheik Abed's house; on the next day in Dugumbi's section, half a mile from the other; and on the third at the confluence of the Kunda and the Lualaba; and so on in turn.

"In this market everything becomes vendible and purchasable, from an ordinary earthenware pot to a slave. From one thousand to three thousand natives gather here from across the Lualaba and from the Kunda banks, from the islands up the river, and from the villages of the Mitamba, or forest. Nearly all are clad in the fabrics of Manyema, fine grass-cloths, which are beautifully colored and very durable. The articles sold here for cowries, beads, copper and iron wire, and lambas, or squares of palm-cloth,* represent the productions of Manyema. I went round the market and made out the following list:

Sweet potatoes.	Eggs.	Basket-work.
Yams.	Fowls.	Cassava bread.
Maize.	Black pigs.	Cassava flour.
Sesamum.	Goats.	Copper bracelets.
Millet.	Sheep.	Iron wire.
Beans.	Parrots.	Iron knobs.
Cucumbers.	Palm-wine (Malofu).	Hoes.
Melons.	Pombé (beer).	Spears.
Cassava.	Mussels and oysters from the	Bows and arrows.
Ground-nuts.	river.	Hatchets.
Bananas.	Fresh fish.	Rattan-cane staves.
Sugar-cane.	Dried fish.	Stools.
Pepper (in berries).	Whitebait.	Crockery.
Vegetables for broths.	Snails (dried).	Powdered camwood.
Wild fruit.	Salt.	Grass cloths.
Palm-butter.	White ants.	Grass mats.
Oil-palm nuts.	Grasshoppers.	Fuel.
Pineapples.	Tobacco (dried leaf).	Ivory.
Honey.	Pipes.	Slaves.
	Fishing-nets.	

"From this it will be perceived that the wants of Nyangwé are very tolerably supplied. And how like any other market place it was! with its noise and murmur of human voices. The same rivalry in extolling their wares, the eager, quick action, the emphatic gesture, the inquisitive look, the facial expressions of scorn and triumph, anxiety, joy, plausibility, were all there. I discovered, too, the surprising fact that the aborigines of Manyema possess just the same inordinate ideas in respect to their wares as London, Paris, and New York shopkeepers. Perhaps the Manyema people are not so voluble, but they compensate for lack of language by gesture and action, which are unspeakably eloquent.

"During this month of the year the Lualaba reached its lowest level. Our boat, the *Lady Alice*, after almost being rebuilt, was launched in the river, and with sounding-line and sextant on board, my crew and I, eager to test the boat on the gray-brown waters of the great river, pushed off at 11 A. M., and rowed for an

* Made from the fibre of the *Raphia vinifera* palm.



SLAVE OFFERED IN THE MARKET.

island opposite, eight hundred yards distant, taking soundings as we went. The soundings showed a mean depth of eighteen feet nine inches.

"The easternmost island in mid-river is about one hundred yards across at its widest part, and between it and another island is a distance of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards. From the second island to the low shore opposite Nyangwé is about two hundred and fifty yards, and these channels have a slightly swifter flow than the main river. The mean depth of the central channel was twelve and a half feet, the westernmost eleven feet, and the entire width of clear water flow was about thirteen hundred yards. During the months of April, May, and June, and the early part of July, the Lualaba is full, and overspreads the low



NYANGWÉ HEADS.

lands westward for nearly a mile and a half. The Lualaba then may be said to be from four thousand to five thousand yards wide opposite Nyangwé.

"The Arabs, wherever they settle throughout Africa, endeavor to introduce the seeds of the vegetables and fruit-trees which grow in their beloved island of Zanzibar. At Unyanyembe, therefore, they have planted papaws, sweet limes, mangoes, lemons, custard-apples, pomegranates, and have sown wheat and rice in abundance. At Ujiji, also, they have papaws, sweet limes, pomegranates, lemons, wheat, rice, and onions. At Nyangwé their fruit consists of pine-apples, papaws, and pomegranates. They have succeeded admirably in their rice, both at Nyangwé, Kasongo's, and Mwana Mamba's.



NYANGWÉ POTTERY.

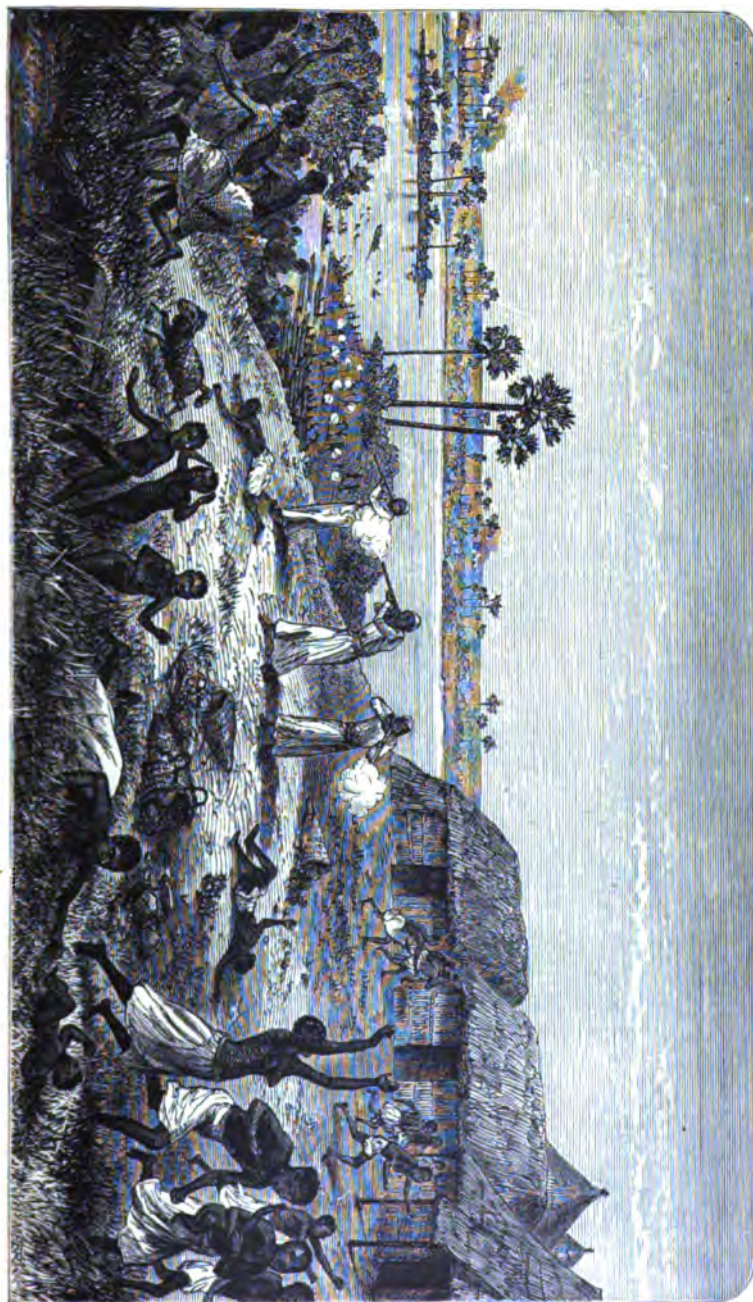
"The Wagenya, as the Arabs call them, or Wenya—pronounced Wainya—as they style themselves, are a remarkable tribe of fishers, who inhabit both banks of the Lualaba, from the confluence of the Kamalondo, on the left bank, down to the sixth cataract of the Stanley Falls, and on the right bank, from the confluence of the Luama down to Ubwiré, or Usongora Meno.

"The Wenya were the aborigines of Nyangwé, when the advanced party of Muini Dugumbi appeared on the scene—precursors of ruin, terror, and depopulation, to the inhabitants of seven hundred square miles of Manyema. Considering that the fertile open tract of country between the Luama and Nyangwé was exceedingly populous, as the ruins of scores of villages testify, sixty inhabitants to the square mile would not be too great a proportion. The river border, then, of Manyema, from the Luama to Nyangwé, may be said to have had a population of forty-two thousand souls, of which there remain probably only twenty thousand. The others have been deported, or massacred, or have fled to the islands or emigrated down the river.

"Tippu-Tib arrived at Nyangwé on the 2d of November, with a much larger force than I anticipated, for he had nearly seven hundred people with him. However, he explained that he was about to send some three hundred of them to a country called Tata, which lies to the east of Usongora Meno.

"On the 4th of November the members of the expedition were mustered, and we ascertained that they numbered one hundred and fifty-four, and that we possessed the following arms: Sniders, 29; percussion-lock muskets, 32; Winchesters, 2; double-barrelled guns, 2; revolvers, 10; axes, 68. Out of this number of sixty-four guns only forty were borne by trustworthy men; the others were mere pagazis, who would prefer becoming slaves to fighting for their freedom and lives.

NUINI DUJABI'S FOLLOWERS ATTACKING NYANOWE.



At the same time they were valuable as porters, and faithful to their allotted duties and their contract, when not enticed away by outside influences or fear. The enormous force that Tippu-Tib brought to Nyangwé quite encouraged them; and when I asked them if they were ready to make good their promise to me at Zanzibar and Muta Nzege Lake, they replied unanimously in the affirmative.

“ ‘Then to-night, my friends,’ said I, ‘you will pack up your goods, and to-morrow morning, at the first hour, let me see you in line before my house ready to start.’



ANTELOPE OF THE NYANGWÉ REGION.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE FROM NYANGWÉ.—THE DARK UNKNOWN.—IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.—AN AFRICAN WILDERNESS.—SAVAGE FURNITURE.—TIPPU-TIB'S DEPENDANTS.—A TOILSOME MARCH.—THE DENSE JUNGLE.—A DEMORALIZED COLUMN.—AFRICAN WEAPONS.—A VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—SKULLS OF SOKOS.—STANLEY'S LAST PAIR OF SHOES.—SNAKES IN THE WAY.—THE TERRIBLE UNDERGROWTH.—NATIVES OF UREGGA AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.—SKULLS AS STREET ORNAMENTS.—AMONG THE CANNIBALS.—ON THE RIVER'S BANK.—A SUDDEN INSPIRATION.—THE TRUE ROAD TO THE SEA.—TIPPU-TIB'S DISCOURAGEMENTS.—ENCOUNTERING THE NATIVES.—SUCCESSFUL NEGOTIATIONS.—THE EXPEDITION FERRIED OVER THE RIVER.—CAMPING IN THE WENYA.

AFTER a brief pause Fred continued to read from the book which lay before him :

"When, on the 5th of November, 1876, we had left Nyangwé behind us, and had ascended an elevated grassy ridge, we saw before us a black, curving wall of forest, which, beginning from the river bank, extended southeast, until hills and distance made it indistinct.

"I turned round to look at Nyangwé, which we were leaving. How lovable



NEAR NYANGWÉ.

and cheerful it appeared as it crowned the shoulder of one of those lengthy grassy undulations overlooking the gray-brown Livingstone! How bright and warm appeared the plain border of the river as the sun shone over its wind-fanned waves of grass! Even the hill-cones of Uzura and western Manyema ranked in line between the forest and the grassy plain, which were now purpling and becoming like cloud-forms, seemed to me to have a more friendly and brighter appearance than the cold blackness of the dense forest which rose before us to the north!

"What a forbidding aspect had the Dark Unknown which confronted us! I could not comprehend in the least what lay before us. Even the few names which I had heard from the Arabs conveyed no definite impression to my understanding. What were Tata, Meginna, Uregga, Usongora Meno, and such uncouth names to me! They conveyed no idea, and signified no object; they were barren names of either countries, villages, or peoples, involved in darkness, savagery, ignorance, and fable.

"Yet it is our destiny to move on, whatever direction it may be that that narrow winding path, running among tall grasses and down into gullies and across small streams, takes us, until we penetrate that cold, dark, still horizon before us, and emerge whithersoever the narrow path will permit us—a distance of two hundred and forty hours' travel.

"The object of the desperate journey is to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. For from Nyangwé east, along the fourth parallel of south latitude, are some eight hundred and thirty geographical miles, discovered, explored, and surveyed; but westward to the Atlantic Ocean, along the same latitude, are nine hundred and fifty-six miles—over nine hundred geographical miles of which are absolutely unknown. Instead, however, of striking direct west, we are about to travel north on the eastern side of the river, to prevent it bending easterly to Muta Nzege, or Nilewards, unknown to us, and to ascertain, if the river really runs westward, what affluents flow to it from the east; and to deduce from their size and volume some idea of the extent of country which they drain, and the locality of their sources.

"A thousand things may transpire to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose: hunger, disease, and savage hostility may crush us; perhaps, after all, the difficulties may daunt us, but our hopes run high, and our purpose is lofty; then, in the name of God let us set on, and as he pleases, so let him rule our destinies!

"After journeying a distance of nine miles and a half northeast, over a rolling plain covered with grass, we arrived at the villages of Nakasimbi; Tippu-Tib, with seven hundred people—men, women and children—occupying two villages, while our expedition occupied another, overlooking a depression drained by a sluggish affluent of the Kunda River.

"Tippu-Tib is accompanied by about a dozen Arabs, young or middle-aged, who have followed him in the hope of being rewarded by him or myself at the end of a prosperous journey.

"One of them is called Sheik Abdallah, alias Muini Kibwana—a name adopted solely for Manyema. He is very ignorant, can neither read nor write, but has a vast regard for those who have mastered the secrets of literature, like Tippu-Tib. He is armed with a flint-lock Brummagem musket, for which he has



OPEN COUNTRY BEFORE REACHING THE FOREST.



TIPPU-TIB'S BODY SERVANTS.

considerable affection, because—according to him—it has saved his life many a time. ‘It never lies.’

“The next is Muini Ibrahim, a Mrima (coast) man, of Arab descent, though ruder and unpolished. Americans would have very little to do with him, because the negroid evidences are so great that he would be classed as a full-blooded negro. Yet he speaks Arabic well, and is a fervid Muslim, but withal as superstitious as any primitive African. He affects to be religious, and consequently is not bloodthirsty, having some regard for the lives of human beings, and for this receiving due praise from me. He is also armed with a flint-lock musket. Sheik Abdallah and he are bosom friends, and each possesses from thirty to forty slaves, likewise armed with flint-locks.

“Tippu-Tib’s Arab dependants, who dip their hands in the same porridge and meat-dish with the independent Sheih Abdallah and Muini Ibrahim, consist of Muini Jumah (Master Friday), a nervous, tall young man; Chéché (Weasel), a short, light-complexioned young man of twenty-five years of age; Bwana Abed bin Jumah, the author of the dwarf story, who has consented to act as our guide;

Muini Hamadi, a half-caste man of sturdy form and resolute appearance; and six or seven others of no special individuality or importance, except as so many dependants of Tippu-Tib.

"The seven hundred people who follow our expedition at present consist of two parties: one party composed of three hundred men, women, and children, and commanded by Bwana Shokka (master of the axe), the confidential man of Tippu-Tib's staff, of great strength, tall and gaunt of person, and a renowned traveller; a man of great tact, and worth a fortune to his master, as he is exceedingly cool, speaks slowly, and by some rare gift conciliates the savages (when not actually attacked on the road) and makes them friends. In a few days he is to part from us, striking northeasterly for some dozen marches, the utmost reach of Arab intercourse.



JUMAH.

"The four hundred who are to accompany us for a distance of sixty camps consist of about two hundred and fifty men—Arabs, half-castes, Wangwana, one hundred Wanyamwezi, Ruga-Ruga—mostly armed with spears and bows and arrows; others possess flint-locks. One hundred men consist of Barua, Manyema, Bakusu, Ba-Samba, and Utotera slaves; most of these slaves are armed with flint-locks, the others with formidable spears and shields. There are also about fifty youths, ranging from ten to eighteen years of age, being trained by Tippu-Tib as gun-bearers, house-servants, scouts, cooks, carpenters, house-builders, blacksmiths, and leaders of trading parties. Meanwhile such young fellows are useful to him; they are more trustworthy than adults, because they look up to him as their father; and know that if they left him they would inevitably be captured by a less humane man. The remainder of this motley force consists of women, the wives of Tippu-Tib and his followers.

"Two hundred and ten out of the four hundred I have pledged to support until they shall return to Nyangwé, at the same rate of ration currency that may be distributed to the members of our expedition.

"On the 6th of November we drew nearer to the dreaded black and chill forest called Mitamba, and at last, bidding farewell to sunshine and brightness, entered it.

"We had made one mistake—we had not been up early enough. Tippu-Tib's heterogeneous column of all ages was ahead of us, and its want of order and compactness became a source of trouble to us in the rear.

"We, accustomed to rapid marching, had to stand in our places minutes at a time waiting patiently for an advance of a few yards, after which would come another halt, and another short advance, to be again halted. And all this time the

trees kept shedding their dew upon us, like rain, in great round drops. Every leaf seemed weeping. Down the boles and branches, creepers and vegetable cords, the moisture trickled and fell on us. Overhead the wide-spreading branches, in many interlaced strata, each branch heavy with broad, thick leaves, absolutely shut out the daylight. We knew not whether it was a sunshiny day or a dull, foggy, gloomy day; for we marched in a feeble, solemn twilight, such as you may experience in temperate climes an hour after sunset. The path soon became a stiff, clayey paste, and at every step we splashed water over the legs of those in front and on either side of us.

"To our right and left, to the height of about twenty feet, towered the undergrowth, the lower world of vegetation. The soil on which this thrives is a dark-brown vegetable humus, the *débris* of ages of rotting leaves and fallen branches, a very forcing-bed of vegetable life, which, constantly fed with moisture, illustrates in an astonishing degree the prolific power of the warm, moist shades of the tropics.

"The stiff clay lying under this mould, being impervious, retains the moisture which constantly supplies the millions of tiny roots of herb, plant, and bush. The innumerable varieties of plants which spring up with such marvellous rapidity, if exposed to the gale, would soon be laid prostrate. But what rude blast can visit these imprisoned shades? The tempest might roar without the leafy world, but in its deep bosom there is absolute stillness. One has but to tug at a sapling to know that the loose mould has no retentive power, and that the sapling's roots have not penetrated the clays. Even the giants of the forest have not penetrated very deeply, as one may see by the half-exposed roots; they appear to retain their upright positions more by breadth of base than by their grasp of earth.

"Every few minutes we found ourselves descending into ditches, with streams trending towards the Kunda River, discharged out of leafy depths of date-palms, Amoma, Carpodinæ, and Phrynica. Climbing out from these streams, up their steep banks, our faces were brushed by the broad leaves of the Amomum, or the wild banana, ficus of various kinds, and climbing, crawling, obstructing lengths of wild vines.

"Naturally our temper was not improved by this new travelling. The dew dropped and pattered on us incessantly until about 10 A.M. Our clothes were heavily saturated with it. My white sun-helmet and puggaree appeared to be weighted with lead. Being too heavy, and having no use for it in the cool, dank shades, I handed it to my gun-bearer, for my clothes, gaiters, and boots, which creaked loudly with the water that had penetrated them, were sufficient weight for me to move with. Added to this vexation was the perspiration which exuded from every pore, for the atmosphere was stifling. The steam from the hot earth could be seen ascending upward and settling like a gray cloud above our heads. In the early morning it had been so dense that we could scarcely distinguish the various trees by their leafage.

"At 3 P.M. we had reached Mpotira, in the district of Uzimba, Manyema, twenty-one miles and a half from the Arab depot on the Lualaba.

"The poor boatmen did not arrive until evening, for the boat sections—dreadful burdens—had to be driven like blunted ploughs through the depths of foli-

THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.





WATER-BOTTLES.

age. The men complained bitterly of fatigue, and for their sake we rested at Mpotira.

"The nature of the next two days' experiences through the forest may be gathered by reading the following portions of entries in my journal:

"*November 8.*—N. one half W., nine miles to district of Karindi, or Kionga, Uregga.

"We have had a fearful time of it to-day in these woods, and Bwana Shokka, who has visited this region before, declares with superior pride that what we have experienced as yet is only a poor beginning to the weeks upon weeks which we shall have to endure. Such crawling, scrambling, tearing through the damp, dank jungles, and such height and depth of woods! . . . Once we obtained a sidelong view, from a tree on the crown of a hill, over the wild woods on our left, which swept in irregular waves of branch and leaf down to the valley of the Lualaba. Across the Lualaba, on the western bank, we looked with wistful eyes on what appeared to be green, grassy plains. Ah! what a contrast to that which we had to endure! It was a wild and weird scene, this outlook we obtained of the top of the leafy world! . . . It was so dark sometimes in the woods that I could not see the words, recording notes of the track, which I pencilled in my note-book. At 3.30 p.m. we arrived in camp, quite worn out with the struggle through the intermeshed bush, and almost suffocated with the heavy atmosphere. Oh, for a breath of mountain air!

"*November 9, 1876.*—N. one half W., ten and a half miles' march to Kiussi, Uregga.

"Another difficult day's work in the forest and jungle. Our expedition is no longer the compact column which was my pride. It is utterly demoralized. Every man scrambles as he best may through the woods; the path, being over a clayey soil, is so slippery that every muscle is employed to assist our progress. The toes grasp the path, the head bears the load, the hand clears the obstructing bush, the elbow puts aside the sapling. Yesterday the boatmen complained so much that I organized all the chiefs into a pioneer party, with axes, to clear the path. Of course we could not make a wide road. There were many prostrate

giants fallen across the path, each with a mountain of twigs and branches, compelling us to cut roads through the bush a long distance to get round them. My boat-bearers are utterly wearied out.'

"On the 10th we halted for a well-deserved rest. We were now in Uregga—the forest country. Fenced round by their seldom-penetrated woods, the Waregga have hitherto led lives as secluded as the troops of chimpanzees in their forest. Their villages consist of long rows of houses, all connected together in one block from fifty yards to three hundred yards in length. The doorways are square apertures in the walls, only two feet square, and cut at about eighteen inches above the ground. Within the long block is divided into several apartments for the

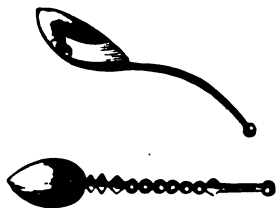


STOOL OF UREGGA.

respective families. Like the Manyema houses, the roofs glisten as though smeared with coal-tar. There are shelves for fuel, and netting for swinging their crockery; into the roof are thrust the various small knick-knacks which such families need—the pipe and bunch of tobacco-leaves, the stick of dried snails, various mysterious compounds wrapped in leaves of plants, pounded herbs, and what not. Besides these we noted, as household treasures, the skins of goats, mongoose or civet, weasel, wild cat, monkey, and leopard, shells of land-snails, very large and prettily marked, and necklaces of the *Achatina monettaria*. There is also quite a store of powdered camwood, besides curiously carved bits of wood, supposed to be talismans against harm, and handsome spoons, while over the door are also horns of goats and small forest deer, and, occupying conspicuous places, the gaudy war head-dress of feathers of the gray-bodied and crimson-tailed parrots, the drum, and some heavy, broad-bladed spears with ironwood staffs.



UREGGA HOUSE.



SPOONS OF UREGGA.

"In the 'arts and sciences' of savage life, these exceedingly primitive Africans, buried though they have been from all intercourse with others, are superior in some points to



UREGGA SPEAR.

many tribes more favorably situated. For instance, until the day I arrived at Kiussi village, I had not observed a settee. Yet in the depths of this forest of Uregga every family possessed a neatly made water-cane settee, which would seat comfortably three persons.



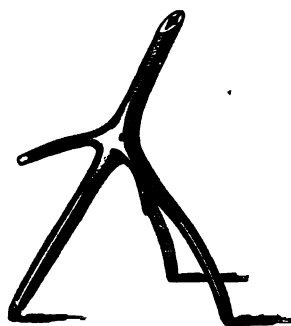
CANE SETTEE.

"Another very useful article of furniture was the bench four or five feet long, cut out of a single log of the white soft wood of one of the Rubiaceæ, and significant as showing a more sociable spirit than that which seems to govern Eastern Africans, among whom the rule is, 'Every man to his own stool.'



BENCH.

"Another noteworthy piece of furniture is the fork of a tree, cut off where the branches begin to ramify. This, when trimmed and peeled, is placed in an inverted position. The branches, sometimes three, or even four, serve as legs of a singular back-rest.



BACK-REST.

"All the adult males wear skull-caps of goat or monkey-skin, except the chief and elders, whose heads were covered with the aristocratic leopard-skin, with the tail of the leopard hanging down the back like a tassel.

"The women were weighted with massive and bright iron rings. One of them, who was probably a lady of importance, carried at least twelve pounds of iron and five pounds of copper rings on her arms and legs, besides a dozen necklaces of the indigenous *Achatina monetaria*.

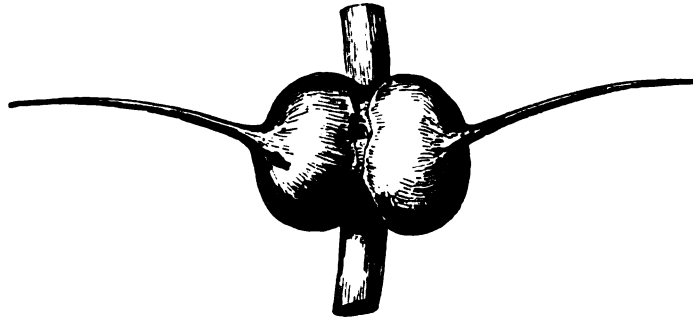
"From Kiussi, through the same dense jungle and forest, with its oppressive atmosphere and its soul-wearying impediments, we made a journey of fourteen miles to Mirimo. It is a populous settlement, and its people are good-natured.

"For several days we struggled on through the terrible forest. The Wangwana began to murmur loudly, while the boatmen, though assisted by a dozen supernumeraries and preceded by a gang of pioneers, were becoming perfectly savage; but the poor fellows had certainly cause for discontent. I pitied them from my soul, yet I dared not show too great a solicitude, lest they should have presumed upon it, and requested me either to return to Nyang-wé or to burn my boat.

AN AFRICAN FEZ OF
LEOPARD-SKIN.

"Even Tippu-Tib, whom I anxiously watched, as on him I staked all my hopes and prospects, murmured. The evil atmosphere created sickness in the Arab escort, but all my people maintained their health, if not their temper. The constant slush and reek which the heavy dews caused in the forest had worn my shoes out, and half of the march on the fifteenth of November I travelled with naked feet. I had then to draw out of my store my last pair of shoes. Frank was already using his last pair. Yet we were still in the very centre of the continent. What should we do when all were gone? was a question which we asked of each other often.

"The faces of the people, Arabs, Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and the escort, were quite a study at the camp. All their courage was oozing out, as day by day



PRICKLES OF THE ACACIA PLANT.

we plodded through the doleful, dreary forest. We saw a python ten feet long, a green viper, and a monstrous puff-adder on this march, besides scores of monkeys, of the white-necked or glossy-black species, as also the small gray, and the large howling baboons. We heard also the 'soko,' or chimpanzee, and saw one 'nest' belonging to it in the fork of a tall bombax. A lemur was also observed; its loud, harsh cries made each night hideous.

"The path presented myriapedes, black and brown, six inches in length; while beetles were innumerable, and armies of the deep-brown 'hot-water' ants compelled us to be cautious how we stepped.

"The difficulties of such travel as we had now commenced may be imagined when a short march of six miles and a half occupied the twenty-four men who were carrying the boat-sections an entire day, and so fatigued them that we had to halt a day to recruit their exhausted strength.

"The terrible undergrowth that here engrossed all the space under the shade of the pillared bombax and mastlike mvulé was a miracle of vegetation. It consisted of ferns, spear-grass, water-cane, and orchidaceous plants, mixed with wild vines, cable thicknesses of the *Ficus elastica*, and a sprinkling of mimosas, acacias, tamarinds; lianes, palms of various species, wild date, *Raphia vinifera*, the elais, the fan, rattans, and a hundred other varieties, all struggling for every inch of space, and swarming upward with a luxuriance and density that only this extraordinary hothouse atmosphere could nourish. We had certainly seen forests before, but this scene was an epoch in our lives ever to be remembered for its bitterness; the gloom enhanced the dismal misery of our life; the slopping moisture, the unhealthy reeking atmosphere, and the monotony of the scenes; nothing but the eternal interlaced branches, the tall aspiring stems, rising from a tangle through which we had to burrow and crawl like wild animals, on hands and feet.



AN AFRICAN ANT.

"One morning, when we were encamped at a village called Wane-Kirumbu, Tippu-

"About 9 A.M. six canoes full of men were seen to paddle to the island. We saw them arrive before it, and finally draw near. Earnestly and anxiously I gazed through my glass at every movement. Other canoes were seen advancing to the island. A few seconds after the latest arrivals had appeared on the scene, I saw great animation, and almost at once those curious cries came pealing up the river. There were animated shouts, and a swaying of bodies, and, unable to wait longer, we dashed towards the island, and the natives on seeing us approach paddled quickly to their landing-place.

"Well, Frank, what was the matter?" I asked.

"I never saw such wretches in my life, sir. When that last batch of canoes came, their behavior, which was decent before, changed. They surrounded us. Half of them remained in the canoes; those on land began to abuse us violently, handling their spears, and acting so furiously that if we had not risen with our guns ready they would have speared us as we were sitting down waiting to begin the ceremony. But Kachéché, seeing their wild behavior and menacing gestures, advanced quietly from the brushwood with his men, on seeing which they ran to their canoes, where they held their spears ready to launch when you came.'

"Well, no harm has been done yet,' I replied; 'so rest where you are, while I take Kachéché and his men across to their side, where a camp will be formed; because, if we delay to-day crossing, we shall have half of the people starving by to-morrow morning.'

"After embarking Kachéché, we steered for a point in the woods above the native village, and, landing thirty men with axes, proceeded to form a small camp, which might serve as a nucleus until we should be enabled to transport the expedition. We then floated down river opposite the village, and, with the aid of an interpreter, explained to them that as we had already landed thirty men in their country, it would be far better that they should assist us in the ferriage, for which they might feel assured that they would be well paid. At the same time I tossed a small bag of beads to them. In a few minutes they consented, and six canoes, with two men in each, accompanied us to camp. The six canoes and the boat conveyed eighty people safely to the left bank; and then other canoes, animated by the good understanding that seemed to prevail between us, advanced to assist, and by night every soul associated with our expedition was rejoicing by genial camp-fires in the villages of the Wenya.

It was now time to adjourn the meeting of the *Eider's* Geographical Society. Fred briefly announced that the reading would be continued in the evening, and immediately the little party proceeded to a promenade on deck, where they discussed the narrative to which they had just listened, and wondered what happened next.

of features, but with the addition of bands of sere leaf of the banana round the forehead.

"At Wane-Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. Here were the broad-bladed spears of southern Uregga, and the equally broad knives of all sizes, from the small waist-knife, an inch and a half in length, to the heavy Roman swordlike cleaver. The bellows for the smelting-furnace are four in number, double-handled, and manned by four men, who, by a quick up-and-down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consists of tamped clay, raised into a mound about four feet high. A hollow is then excavated in it, two feet in diameter and two feet



A FORGE AND SMITHY AT WANE-KIRUMBU, UREGGA.

deep. From the middle of the slope four apertures are excavated into the base of the furnace, into which are fitted funnel-shaped earthenware pipes to convey the blasts to the fire. At the base of the mound a wide aperture for the hearth is excavated, penetrating below the furnace. The hearth receives the dross and slag.

"Close by stood piled up mat-sacks of charcoal, with a couple of boys ready to supply the fuel, and about two yards off was a smaller smithy, where the iron was shaped into hammers, axes, war-hatchets, spears, knives, swords, wire, iron balls with spikes, leglets, armlets, iron beads, etc. The art of the blacksmith is of a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants. The people have much traditional lore, and it appears from the immunity which they have enjoyed in these dismal retreats that from one generation to another something has been communicated and learned, showing that even the jungle man is a progressive and improvable animal.

"On the 17th of November we crossed several lofty, hilly ridges, and after a march of eleven miles northwesterly through the dank, dripping forests, arrived at Kampunzu, in the district of Uvinza, where dwell the true aborigines of the forest country.

"Kampunzu village is about five hundred yards in length, formed of one street thirty feet wide, flanked on each side by a straight, symmetrical, and low block of houses, gable-roofed. Several small villages in the neighborhood are of the same pattern.

"The most singular feature of Kampunzu village were two rows of skulls ten feet apart, running along the entire length of the village, imbedded about two inches deep in the ground, the 'cerebral hemispheres' uppermost, bleached, and glistening white from weather. The skulls were one hundred and eighty-six in number in this one village. To me they appeared to be human, though many had an extraordinary projection of the posterior lobes, others of the parietal bones, and the frontal bones were unusually low and retreating; yet the sutures and the general aspect of the greatest number of them were so similar to what I believed to be human that it was almost with an indifferent air that I asked my chiefs and Arabs what these skulls were. They replied, 'sokos'—chimpanzees (?).

"'Sokos from the forest?'

"'Certainly,' they all replied.

"'Bring the chief of Kampunzu to me immediately,' I said, much interested now because of the wonderful reports of them that Livingstone had given me, as also the natives of Manyema.

"The chief of Kampunzu—a tall, strongly-built man of about thirty-five years of age—appeared, and I asked,

"'My friend, what are those things with which you adorn the street of your village?'

"He replied, 'Nyama' (meat).

"'Nyama! Nyama of what?'

"'Nyama of the forest.'

"'Of the forest! What kind of thing is this Nyama of the forest?'

"'It is about the size of this boy,' pointing to Mabruki, my gun-bearer, who was four feet ten inches in height. 'He walks like a man, and goes about with a stick, with which he beats the trees in the forest, and makes hideous noises. The Nyama eat our bananas, and we hunt them, kill them, and eat them.

"'Are they good eating?' I asked.

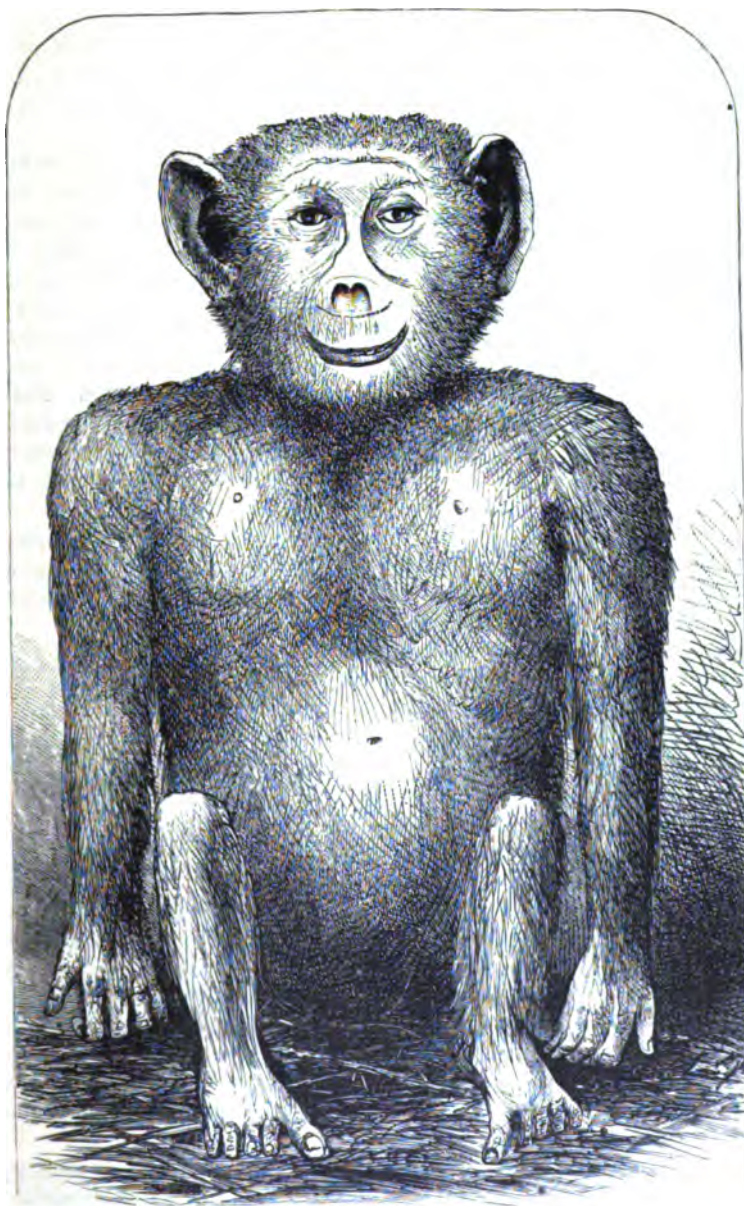
"He laughed, and replied that they were very good.

"'Would you eat one if you had one now?'

"'Indeed I would. Shall a man refuse meat?'

"'Well, look here. I have one hundred cowries here. Take your men and catch one, and bring him to me, alive or dead. I only want his skin and head. You may have the meat.'

"Kampunzu's chief, before he set out with his men, brought me a portion of the skin of one, which probably covered the back. The fur was dark gray, an inch long, with the points inclined to white; a line of darker hair marked the spine. This, he assured me, was a portion of the skin of a 'soko.' He also showed me a cap made out of it, which I purchased.



▲ YOUNG "SOKO" SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

"The chief returned about evening unsuccessful from the search. He wished us to remain two or three days, that he might set traps for the 'sokos,' as they would be sure to visit the bananas at night. Not being able to wait so many days, I obtained for a few covies the skull of a male and another of a female.



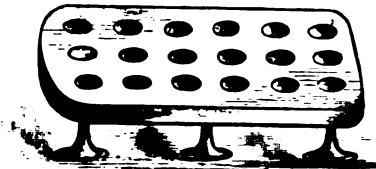
HEAD OF THE GORILLA.

"These two skulls were safely brought to England and shown to Professor Huxley, who passed judgment upon them as follows:

"Of the two skulls submitted to me for examination, the one is that of a man probably somewhat under thirty years of age, and the other that of a woman over fifty. Nothing in these skulls justifies the supposition that their original possessors differed in any sensible degree from the ordinary African negro."

"Professor Huxley thus startles me with the proof that Kampunzu's people were cannibals, for at least one half the number of skulls seen by me bore the mark of a hatchet, which had been driven into the head while the victims were alive.

"In this village were also observed those carved benches cut out of the Rubiaceæ already mentioned, backgammon trays, and stools carved in the most admirable manner, all being decorated around the edges of the seats with brass tacks and 'soko' teeth.



BACKGAMMON TRAY.

"The women of Uregga wear only aprons, of bark or grass-cloth, fastened by cords of palm fibre. The men wear skins of civet, or monkey, in front and rear, the tails downward. It may have been from a hasty glance of a rapidly disappearing form of one of these people in the wild woods that native travellers in the lake regions felt persuaded that they had seen 'men with tails.'

"On the 19th a march of five miles through the forest west from Kampunzu brought us to the Lualaba, in south latitude $3^{\circ} 35'$, just forty-one geographical miles north of the Arab depot Nyangwé. An afternoon observation for longitude showed east longitude $25^{\circ} 49'$. The name Lualaba terminates here. I mean to speak of it henceforth as THE LIVINGSTONE.

"The Livingstone was twelve hundred yards wide from bank to bank opposite the landing-place of Kampunzu. As there were no people dwelling within a mile of the right bank, we prepared to encamp. My tent was pitched about thirty feet from the river, on a grassy spot; Tippu-Tib and his Arabs were in the bushes; while the five hundred and fifty people of whom the expedition consisted began

to prepare a site for their huts, by enlarging the open space around the landing-place.

"While my breakfast (for noon) was cooking, and my tent was being drawn taut and made trim, a mat was spread on a bit of short grass, soft as an English lawn, a few yards from the water. Some sedgy reeds obstructed my view, and as I wished while resting to watch the river gliding by, I had them all cropped off short.

"Frank and the Wangwana chiefs were putting the boat-sections together in the rear of the camp; I was busy thinking, planning a score of things—what time it would be best to cross the river, how we should commence our acquaintance with the warlike tribes on the left bank, what our future would be, how I should succeed in conveying our large force across, and, in the event of a determined resistance, what we should do, etc.

"Gentle as a summer's dream, the brown wave of the great Livingstone flowed by; broad and deep. On the opposing bank loomed darkly against the sky another forest, similar to the one which had harrowed our souls. I obtained from my seat a magnificent view of the river, flanked by black forests, gliding along, with a serene grandeur and an unspeakable majesty of silence about it that caused my heart to yearn towards it.

"Downward it flows to the unknown! to night-black clouds of mystery and fable, mayhap past the lands of the anthropoids, the pigmies, and the blanket-eared men of whom the gentle pagan king of Karagwé spoke, by leagues upon leagues of unexplored lands, populous with scores of tribes, of whom not a whisper has reached the people of other continents; perhaps that fabulous being, the dread Macoco, of whom Bartolomeo Diaz, Cada Mosto, and Dapper have written, is still represented by one who inherits his ancient kingdom and power, and surrounded by barbarous pomp. Something strange must surely lie in the vast space occupied by total blankness on our maps between Nyangwé and "Tuckey's Farthest!"

"I seek a road to connect these two points. We have labored through the terrible forest, and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people's hearts have become faint. I seek a road. Why, here lies a broad watery avenue cleaving the Unknown to some sea, like a path of light! Here are woods all around, sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. Why not build them?"

"I sprang up; told the drummer to call to muster. The people responded wearily to the call. Frank and the chiefs appeared. The Arabs and their escort came also, until a dense mass of expectant faces surrounded me. I turned to them and said,

"Arabs! sons of Unyamwezi! children of Zanzibar! listen to words. We have seen the Mitamba of Uregga. We have tasted its bitterness, and have groaned in spirit. We seek a road. We seek something by which we may travel. I seek a path that shall take me to the sea. I have found it."

"Ah! ah—h!" and murmurs and inquiring looks at one another.



IN FULL STYLE.

“‘Yes! El hamd ul Illah. I have found it. Regard this mighty river. From the beginning it has flowed on thus, as you see it flow to-day. It has flowed on in silence and darkness. Whither? To the salt sea, as all rivers go! By that salt sea, on which the great ships come and go, live my friends and your friends. Do they not?’

“Cries of ‘Yes! yes!’

“‘Yet, my people, though this river is so great, so wide and deep, no man has ever penetrated the distance lying between this spot on which we stand and our white friends who live by the salt sea. Why? Because it was left for us to do.’

“‘Ah, no! no! no!’ and desponding shakes of the head.

“‘Yes,’ I continued, raising my voice; ‘I tell you, my friends, it has been left from the beginning of time until to-day for us to do. It is our work, and no other. It is the voice of Fate! The ONE GOD has written that this year the river shall be known throughout its length! We will have no more Mitambas; we will have no more panting and groaning by the wayside; we will have no more hideous darkness; we will take to the river, and keep to the river. To-day I shall launch my boat on that stream, and it shall never leave it until I finish my work. I swear it.

“‘Now, you Wangwana! You who have followed me through Turu, and sailed around the great lakes with me; you, who have followed me, like children following their father, through Unyoro, and down to Ujiji, and as far as this wild, wild land, will you leave me here? Shall I and my white brother go alone? Will you go back and tell my friends that you left me in this wild spot, and cast me adrift to die? Or will you, to whom I have been so kind, whom I love as I would love my children, will you bind me, and take me back by force? Speak, Arabs? Where are my young men, with hearts of lions? Speak, Wangwana, and show me those who dare follow me?’

“‘Uledi, the coxswain, leaped upward, and then sprang towards me, and kneeling grasped my knees, and said, ‘Look on me, my master! I am one! I will follow you to death!’ ‘And I,’ Kachéché cried; ‘and I, and I, and I,’ shouted the boat’s crew.

“‘It is well. I knew I had friends. You, then, who have cast your lot with me stand on one side, and let me count you.’

“‘There were thirty-eight! Ninety-five stood still, and said nothing.

“‘I have enough. Even with you, my friends, I shall reach the sea. But there is plenty of time. We have not yet made our canoes. We have not yet parted with the Arabs. We have yet a long distance to travel with Tippu-Tib. We may meet with good people, from whom we may buy canoes. And by the time we part I am sure that the ninety-five men now fearing to go with us will not leave their brothers, and their master and his white brother, to go down the river without them. Meantime I give you many thanks, and shall not forget your names.’

“‘The assembly broke up, and each man proceeded about his special duties. Tippu-Tib, Sheik Abdallah, and Muini Ibrahim sat on the mat, and commenced to try to persuade me not to be so rash, and to abandon all idea of descending the river. In my turn I requested them not to speak like children, and, however they might think, not to disclose their fears to the Wangwana; but rather to encour-

A TRIBUTARY RIVER.



age them to do their duty, and share the dangers with me, because the responsibility was all my own, and the greatest share of danger would be mine; and that I would be in front to direct and guide, and save, and for my own sake as well as for their sake would be prudent.

"In reply, they spoke of cataracts and cannibals and warlike tribes. They depreciated the spirit of the Wangwana, and declaimed against men who were once slaves; refused to concede one virtue to them, either of fidelity, courage, or gratitude, and predicted that the end would be death to all.



WANGWANA WOMEN.

"Speak no more, Tippu-Tib. You who have travelled all your life among slaves have not yet learned that there lies something good in the heart of every man that God made. Men were not made all bad, as you say. For God is good, and he made all men. I have studied my people; I know them and their ways. It will be my task to draw the good out of them while they are with me; and the only way to do it is to be good to them, for good produces good. As you value my friendship, and hope to receive money from me, be silent. Speak not a word of fear to my people, and when we part I shall make known my name to you. To you, and to all who are my friends, I shall be "the white man with the open hand." But if not, then I shall be "Kipara-moto."

"While I had been speaking, a small canoe with two men was seen advancing from the opposite bank. One of the interpreters was called, and told to speak to them quietly, and to ask them to bring canoes to take us across.

"We had a long parley, but it resulted in nothing. The natives refused to ferry us over the river at any price, and on the way back they set up a war-cry which resounded through the forest, and was repeated from many points. Meantime my people were putting the *Lady Alice* in readiness, and by the time I had

finished my breakfast the *Lady Alice* was in the river, and a loud shout of applause greeted her appearance on the water.

"The boat's crew, with Uledi as coxswain, and Tippu-Tib, Sheik Abdallah, Muini Ibrahim, Bwana Abed (the guide), Muni Jumah, and two interpreters and myself as passengers, entered the boat. We were rowed up the river for half an hour, and then struck across to a small island in mid-stream. With the aid of a glass I examined the shores, which from our camp appeared to be dense forest. We saw that there were about thirty canoes tied to the bank, and among the trees I detected several houses. The bank was crowded with human beings, who were observing our movements.

"We re-entered our boat and pulled straight across to the left bank, then floated down slowly with the current, meantime instructing the interpreters as to what they should say to the Wenya.

"When we came opposite, an interpreter requested them to take a look at the white man who had come to visit their country, who wished to make friends with them, who would give them abundance of shells, and allow none of his men to appropriate a single banana, or do violence to a single soul; not a leaf would be taken, nor a twig burned, without being paid for.

"The natives, gazing curiously at me, promised, after a consultation, that if we made blood-brotherhood with them there should be no trouble, and that for this purpose the white chief, accompanied by ten men, should proceed early next morning to the island, where he would be met by the chief of the Wenya and his ten men; and that, after the ceremony, all the canoes should cross and assist to carry our people to their country.

"After thanking them, we returned to camp, highly elated with our success. At 4 A.M., however, the boat secretly conveyed twenty men with Kachéché, who had orders to hide in the brushwood, and, returning to camp at 7 A.M., conveyed Frank and ten men, who were to perform the ceremony of brotherhood, to the island. On its return I entered the boat, and was rowed a short way up stream along the right bank, so that, in case of treachery, I might be able to reach the island within four minutes to lend assistance.



SOME OF THE PEOPLE ON SHORE.

"About 9 A.M. six canoes full of men were seen to paddle to the island. We saw them arrive before it, and finally draw near. Earnestly and anxiously I gazed through my glass at every movement. Other canoes were seen advancing to the island. A few seconds after the latest arrivals had appeared on the scene, I saw great animation, and almost at once those curious cries came pealing up the river. There were animated shouts, and a swaying of bodies, and, unable to wait longer, we dashed towards the island, and the natives on seeing us approach paddled quickly to their landing-place.

"Well, Frank, what was the matter?" I asked.

"I never saw such wretches in my life, sir. When that last batch of canoes came, their behavior, which was decent before, changed. They surrounded us. Half of them remained in the canoes; those on land began to abuse us violently, handling their spears, and acting so furiously that if we had not risen with our guns ready they would have speared us as we were sitting down waiting to begin the ceremony. But Kachéché, seeing their wild behavior and menacing gestures, advanced quietly from the brushwood with his men, on seeing which they ran to their canoes, where they held their spears ready to launch when you came."

"Well, no harm has been done yet," I replied; "so rest where you are, while I take Kachéché and his men across to their side, where a camp will be formed; because, if we delay to-day crossing, we shall have half of the people starving by to-morrow morning."

"After embarking Kachéché, we steered for a point in the woods above the native village, and, landing thirty men with axes, proceeded to form a small camp, which might serve as a nucleus until we should be enabled to transport the expedition. We then floated down river opposite the village, and, with the aid of an interpreter, explained to them that as we had already landed thirty men in their country, it would be far better that they should assist us in the ferriage, for which they might feel assured that they would be well paid. At the same time I tossed a small bag of beads to them. In a few minutes they consented, and six canoes, with two men in each, accompanied us to camp. The six canoes and the boat conveyed eighty people safely to the left bank; and then other canoes, animated by the good understanding that seemed to prevail between us, advanced to assist, and by night every soul associated with our expedition was rejoicing by genial camp-fires in the villages of the Wenya.

It was now time to adjourn the meeting of the *Eider's* Geographical Society. Fred briefly announced that the reading would be continued in the evening, and immediately the little party proceeded to a promenade on deck, where they discussed the narrative to which they had just listened, and wondered what happened next.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW STANLEY OBTAINED CANOES.—THE PEOPLE OF UKUSU.—THEIR HOSTILITY.—
A FIGHT AND TERMS OF PEACE.—SEPARATION FROM TIPPU-TIB.—DEPARTURE
“TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN.”—A SAD FAREWELL.—AMONG THE VINYA-NARA.—
THE NATIVES AT STANLEY FALLS.—A FIERCE BATTLE.—DEFENDING A STOCK-
ADE.—BOATS CAPSIZED IN A TEMPEST AND MEN DROWNED.—BEGINNING OF
THE NEW YEAR.—A BATTLE ON THE WATER.—MONSTER CANOES.—AMONG THE
MWANA NTABA.—THE NATIVES ARE DEFEATED.—FIRST CATARACT OF STAN-
LEY FALLS.—CAMPED IN A FORTIFICATION.

“MR. STANLEY’S hope of obtaining canoes was soon realized,” said Fred, when the party assembled in the evening, “but he suffered greatly before he secured them. Small-pox and other diseases carried off many of his people; the natives at first refused all offers of peace, and would sell no provisions. At the rapids of Ukassa, near the mouth of the Ruiki River, a fleet of canoes came to attack him, but the savages retreated when they found the strangers were ready to fight.

“He found some old and abandoned canoes which his men repaired; and with these canoes and the *Lady Alice* he transported a part of his



CANOE IN THE MOUTH OF THE RUIKI RIVER.

WAR-HATCHET OF
UKUSU.

force, while the remainder went by land. The banks of the river were densely peopled, and the houses in the villages showed a considerable advance towards civilization. Many of the villages were built in regular streets, and some of these streets were fully two miles long. From a native, who was made prisoner, Mr. Stanley learned that he was in the district called Ukusu, and that the people would not permit strangers to pass along the river. The river was about seventeen hundred yards wide, and thickly studded in many places with islands densely covered with trees and undergrowth.

"The houses were of various patterns, but all of a single story in height. Most of them were mere double cages, made very elegantly of the panicum grass cane, seven feet long by five feet wide and six feet high, separated, as regards the main building, but connected by the roof, so that the central apartments were common to both cages, and in these the families meet and perform their household duties, or receive their friends for social chat. Near each village was the burial-place or vault of its preceding kings, roofed over with the leaves of the *Phrynium ramosissimum*, which appears to be as useful a plant for many reasons as the banana to the Waganda.



STOOL OF UKUSU.

"At one of the villages a large number of natives attacked the expedition, which had taken position and built a stockade close to the river's bank. Thousands of poisoned arrows came whizzing into the stockade, and hundreds of spears were thrown, but the rifles of the expedition held the savages at bay. When the day ended, the negroes retired to the opposite side of the river, where they tied their canoes to the bank. During the night Mr. Stanley and Frank Pocock crossed the river with the *Lady Alice* and their large canoe; one by one the canoes of the natives were silently secured and taken away to the number of thirty-eight, and when the natives woke in the morning, they were probably never more astonished in their lives.



STEW-POT OF THE WAHIKA.

"A peace was negotiated, and terms of blood-brotherhood were made.

ENCOUNTER WITH A GORILLA.





A HOUSE OF TWO ROOMS.

Mr. Stanley returned fifteen of the canoes, and retained twenty-three as an equivalent for the losses he had sustained in the attack. He had a sufficient number of boats now for his purpose.

"Tippu-Tib announced that he would go no farther. Mr. Stanley released him from his engagement, on condition that he would use his influence with the members of the expedition to remain with it. A satisfactory settlement was made with Tippu-Tib and his people; farewell feasts were given, and everything seemed favorable for the future. Provisions for twenty days were prepared, the men were assigned to the boats, and, to make the fleet as much like a civilized one as possible, each boat received a name. Here is the list :

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1. The exploring boat, Lady Alice. | 13. London Town. |
| 2. Ocean, commanded by Frank. | 14. America. |
| 3. Livingstone. | 15. Hart. |
| 4. Stanley. | 16. Daphne. |
| 5. Telegraph. | 17. Lynx. |
| 6. Herald. | 18. Nymph. |
| 7. Jason. | 19. Vulture. |
| 8. Argo. | 20. Shark. |
| 9. Penguin. | 21. Arab. |
| 10. Wolverine. | 22. Mirambo. |
| 11. Fawn. | 23. Mtesa. |
| 12. Glasgow (flag-ship, commanded by Manwa Sera). | |

"And now," said Fred, "we will hear Mr. Stanley's story of how they set out on their adventurous voyage :

WEEK ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE OKLAHOMA RIVER—LAUNCHING A CANOE.





COIL OF PLAITED ROPE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

and fainter and fainter came the notes down the water, till finally they died away, leaving us all alone on the great river.

"But, looking up, I saw the gleaming portal to the Unknown: wide open to us and away down, for miles and miles, the river lay stretched with all the fascination of its mystery. I stood up and looked at the people. How few they appeared to dare the region of fable and darkness! They were nearly all sobbing. They were leaning forward, bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts.

"Sons of Zanzibar,' I shouted, 'the Arabs and the Wanyemwezi are looking at you. They are now telling one another what brave fellows you are. Lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? All the world is smiling with joy. Here we are all together like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our homes. See this river; it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? When did you journey along a path like this? Strike your paddles deep, cry out Bismillah! and let us forward.'

"Poor fellows! with what wan smiles they responded to my words! How feebly they paddled! But the strong flood was itself bearing us along, and the Vinya-Njara villages were fast receding into distance.

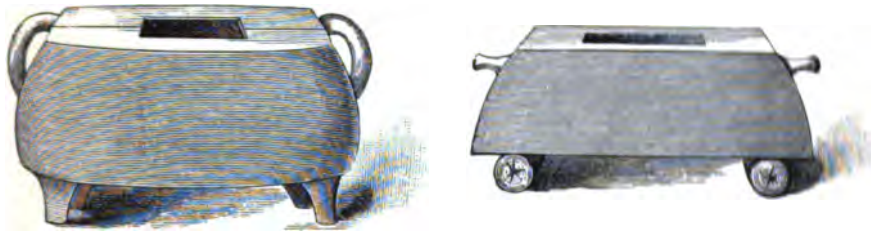
"Then I urged my boat's crew, knowing that thus we should tempt the canoes to quicker pace. Three or four times Uledi, the coxswain, gallantly attempted to sing, in order to invite a cheery chorus, but his voice soon died into such piteous hoarseness that the very ludicrousness of the tones caused his young friends to smile even in the midst of their grief.

"We knew that the Vinya-Njara district was populous from the numbers of natives that fought with us by land and water, but we had no conception that it was so thickly populated as the long row of villages we now saw indicated. I counted fourteen separate villages, each with its respective growth of elais palm and banana, and each separated from the other by thick bush.

"Every three or four miles there were small villages visible on either bank, but we met with no disturbance, fortunately. At 5 P.M. we made for a small village called Kali-Karero, and camped there, the natives having retired peacefully. In half an hour they returned, and the ceremony of brotherhood was entered upon, which insured a peaceful night. The inhabitants of Rukura, opposite us, also approached us with confidence, and an interchange of small gifts served us as a healthy augury for the future.

"On the morning of the 29th, accompanied by a couple of natives in a small fishing-canoe, we descended the river along the left bank, and, after about four miles, arrived at the confluence of the Kasuku, a dark-water stream of a hundred yards' width at the mouth. Opposite the mouth, at the southern end of Kaimba—a long wooded island on the right bank, and a little above the confluence—stands the important village of Kisanga-Sanga.

"Below Kaimba Island and its neighbor, the Livingstone assumes a breadth of eighteen hundred yards. The banks are very populous: the villages of the left bank comprise the district of Luavala. We thought for some time we should be permitted to pass by quietly, but soon the great wooden drums, hollowed out of huge trees, thundered the signal along the river that there were strangers. In order to lessen all chances of a rupture between us, we sheered off to the middle of the river, and quietly lay on our paddles. But from both banks at once, in fierce concert, the natives, with their heads gayly feathered, and armed with broad black wooden shields and long spears, dashed out towards us.



WAR-DRUMS OF THE TRIBES OF THE UPPER LIVINGSTONE.

"Tippu-Tib before our departure had hired to me two young men of Ukusu—cannibals—as interpreters. These were now instructed to cry out the word 'Sen-nenneh' ('Peace!'), and to say that we were friends.

"But they would not reply to our greeting, and in a bold, peremptory manner told us to return.

"'But we are doing no harm, friends. It is the river that takes us down, and the river will not stop, or go back.'

"'This is our river.'

"'Good. Tell it to take us back, and we will go.'

"'If you do not go back, we will fight you.'

"'No, don't; we are friends.'

"'We don't want you for our friends; we will eat you.'

"But we persisted in talking to them, and, as their curiosity was so great, they persisted in listening, and the consequence was that the current conveyed us near to the right bank; and in such near neighborhood to another district that our discourteous escort had to think of themselves, and began to skurry hastily up river, leaving us unattacked.

"The villages on the right bank also maintained a tremendous drumming and blowing of war-horns, and their wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp-prowed canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying fish. Unlike the Luavala villagers, they did not wait to be addressed, but as soon as they came within fifty or sixty yards they shot out their spears, crying out, 'Meat! meat! Ah! ha! We shall have plenty of meat!'

"There was a fat-bodied wretch in a canoe, whom I allowed to crawl within spear-throw of me: who, while he swayed the spear with a vigor far from assuring to one who stood within reach of it, leered with such a clever hideousness of feature that I felt, if only within arm's-length of him, I could have bestowed upon



VILLAGE SCENE.

him a hearty thump on the back, and cried out applaudingly, 'Bravo, old boy! You do it capitally!'

"Yet not being able to reach him, I was rapidly being fascinated by him. The rapid movements of the swaying spear, the steady, wide-mouthed grin, the big square teeth, the head poised on one side with the confident pose of a practised spear-thrower, the short brow and square face, hair short and thick. Shall I ever forget him? It appeared to me as if the spear partook of the same cruel, inexorable look as the grinning savage. Finally, I saw him draw his right arm back, and his body incline backward, with still that same grin on his face, and I felt myself begin to count, one, two, three, four—and *whiz!* The spear flew over my back, and hissed as it pierced the water. The spell was broken.

"It was only five minutes' work clearing the river. We picked up several shields, and I gave orders that all shields should be henceforth religiously preserved, for the idea had entered my head that they would answer capitally as bulwarks for our canoes. An hour after this we passed close to the confluence of the Urindi—a stream four hundred yards in width at the mouth, and deep with water of a light color, and tolerably clear.

"We continued down river along the right bank, and at 4 p.m. camped in a dense low jungle, the haunt of the hippopotamus and elephant during the dry season. When the river is in flood a much larger tract must be under water.

"The traveller's first duty in lands infested by lions and leopards is to build a safe corral, kraal, or boma, for himself, his oxen, horses, servants; and in lands

infested like Usongora Meno and Kasera—wherein we now were—by human lions and leopards, the duty became still more imperative. We drew our canoes, therefore, half-way upon the banks, and our camp was in the midst of an impenetrable jungle.

“At dawn we embarked, and descended about two miles, close to the right bank, when, lo! the broad mouth of the magnificent Low-wa, or Rowwa, River burst upon the view. It was over a thousand yards wide, and its course by compass was from the southeast, or east-southeast true. A sudden rain-storm compelled us to camp on the north bank, and here we found ourselves under the shadows of the primeval forest.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MODE OF PLAYING.

“About ten o'clock, as we cowered in most miserable condition under the rude, leafy shelters we had hastily thrown up, the people of the wooded bluffs of Iryamba, opposite the Lowwa confluence, came over to see what strange beings were those who had preferred the secrecy of the uninhabited grove to their own loud, roystering society. Stock-still we sat cowering in our leafy coverts, but the mild, reproachful voice of Katembo, our cannibal interpreter, was heard laboring in the interests of peace, brotherhood, and good-will. The rain pattered so incessantly that I could from my position only faintly hear Katembo's voice pleading, earnestly yet mildly, with his unsophisticated brothers of Iryamba, but I felt convinced from the angelic tones that they would act as a sedative on any living creature except a rhinoceros or a crocodile. The long-drawn bleating sound of the

word 'Sen-nen-neh,' which I heard frequently uttered by Katembo, I studied until I became quite as proficient in it as he himself.

"Peace was finally made between Katembo on the one hand and the canoe-men of Iryamba on the other, and they drew near to gaze at their leisure at one of the sallow white men, who with great hollow eyes peered, from under the visor of his cap, on the well-fed, bronze-skinned aborigines.

"At 2 P.M. we left our camp in the forest of Luru, and pulled across to the Iryamba side of the Livingstone. But as soon as the rain had ceased a strong breeze had risen, which, when we were in mid-river, increased to a tempest from the north, and created great, heavy waves, which caused the foundering of two of our canoes, the drowning of two of our men, Farjalla Baraka, and Nasib, and the loss of four muskets and one sack of beads. Half a dozen other canoes were in great danger for a time, but no more fatal accidents occurred.

"I feared lest this disaster might cause the people to rebel and compel me to return, for it had shocked them greatly; but I was cheered to hear them remark that the sudden loss of their comrades had been ordained by fate, and that no precautions would have availed to save them. But though omens and auguries were delivered by the pessimists among us, not one hazarded aloud the belief that we ought to relinquish our projects; yet they were all evidently cowed by our sudden misfortune.

"On the 31st, the last day of the year 1876, we resumed our voyage. The morning was beautiful, the sky blue and clear, the tall forest still and dark, the river flowed without a ripple, like a solid mass of polished silver. Everything promised fair. But from the island below, the confluence of the Lowwa and the Livingstone, the warning drum sounded loudly over the river, and other drums soon echoed the dull boom.

"'Keep together, my men,' I cried, 'there may be hot work for us below.'

"We resolved to keep in mid-stream, because both the island and the left bank appeared to be extremely populous, and to paddle slowly and steadily down river. The canoes of the natives darted from either shore, and there seemed to be every disposition made for a furious attack; but as we drew near we shouted out to them, 'Friends, Sennenneh! Keep away from us. We shall not hurt you; but don't lift your spears, or we'll fight.'

"There was a moment's hesitation, wherein spears were clashed against shields, and some fierce words uttered, but finally the canoes drew back, and as we continued to paddle, the river with its stiff current soon bore us down rapidly past the populous district and island.

"At noon we came to the southern end of an uninhabited low and sandy island, where I ascertained the latitude to be south $1^{\circ} 20' 3''$. The altitude, above sea level, of the river at this place is 1729 feet. After descending some five miles we formed our camp in the woods on the right bank.

"The beginning of the new year, 1877, commenced, the first three hours after sunrise, with a delicious journey past an uninhabited tract, when my mind, wearied with daily solicitude, found repose in dwelling musingly upon the deep slumber of nature. Outwardly the forest was all beauty, solemn peace, and soft, dreamy rest, tempting one to sentiment and mild melancholy. Though it was in vain to endeavor to penetrate with our eyes into the dense wall of forest—black and imper-



GORILLAS AND NEST.

vious to the sunlight which almost seemed to burn up the river—what could restrain the imagination? These were my calm hours; periods when my heart, oblivious of the dark and evil days we had passed, resolutely closed itself against all dismal forebodings, and revelled in the exquisite stillness of the uninhabited wilderness.

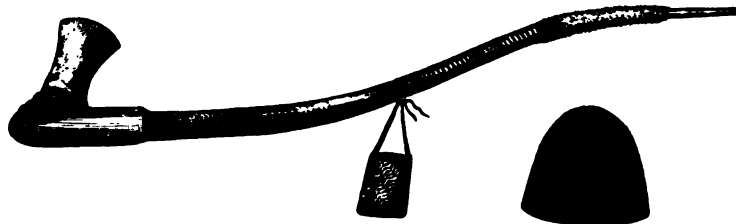
“But soon after nine o'clock we discovered we were approaching settlements, both on islands and on the banks, and again the hoarse war-drums awakened the echoes of the forest, boomed along the river, and quickened our pulses.

“We descend in close order as before, and steadily pursue our way. But, heading us off, about ten long canoes dart out from the shadow of palmy banks, and the wild crews begin to chant their war-songs, and now and then, in attitudes of bravado and defiance, raise spears and shields aloft and bring them downward with sounding clash.

“As we approached them we shouted out ‘Sen-nen-neh’—our Sesame and Shibboleth, our watchword and countersign. But they would not respond.

“Hitherto they had called us Wasambye; we were now called Wajiwa (people of the sun?); our guns were called Katadzi, while before they were styled Kibongeh, or lightning. Katembo was implored to be eloquent, mild of voice, pacific in gesture.

“They replied, ‘We shall eat Wajiwa meat to-day. Oho, we shall eat Wajiwa meat!’ and then an old chief gave some word of command, and at once one hundred paddles beat the water into foam, and the canoes darted at us. But the contest was short, and we were permitted to pursue our voyage.



NATIVE PIPE.

“Farther down we met some friendly natives, who told us that we should soon come to the territory of the Mwana Ntaba, with whom we should have to fight; that the Mwana Ntaba people occupied the country as far as the falls; that below the falls were several islands inhabited by the Baswa, who were friends of the Mwana Ntaba. It would be impossible, they said, to go over the falls, as the river swept against a hill, and rolled over it, and tumbled down, down, down, with whirl and uproar, and we should inevitably get lost. It would be far better, they said, for us to return.

“About two o'clock, in the afternoon of January 4th, as we were proceeding quietly, our vessels being only about thirty yards from the right bank, eight men with shields darted into view from behind a bush-clump, and, shouting their war-cries, launched their wooden spears. Some of them struck and dented the boat deeply, others flew over it. We shoved off instantly, and getting into mid-stream found that we had heedlessly exposed ourselves to the watchful tribe of Mwana Ntaba,

SCENE ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE GREAT RIVER—LAUNCHING A CANOE.



who immediately sounded their great drums, and prepared their numerous canoes for battle.

"Up to this time we had met with no canoes over fifty feet long, but those which now issued from the banks and the shelter of bends in the banks were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint, one half of their bodies being daubed white, the other half red, with broad black bars, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. There was a crocodilian aspect about these lengthy vessels which was far from assuring, while the fighting-men, standing up alternately with the paddlers, appeared to be animated with a most ferocious cat-o'-mountain spirit. Horn-blasts, which reverberated from bank to bank, sonorous drums, and a chorus of loud yells, lent a fierce *éclat* to the fight in which we were now about to be engaged.

"We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non-combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be eighty-five feet three inches in length, rashly made the mistake of singling out the *Lady Alice* for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within fifty feet of us, and after pouring a volley into the crew charged the canoe with the boat, and the crew, unable to turn her round



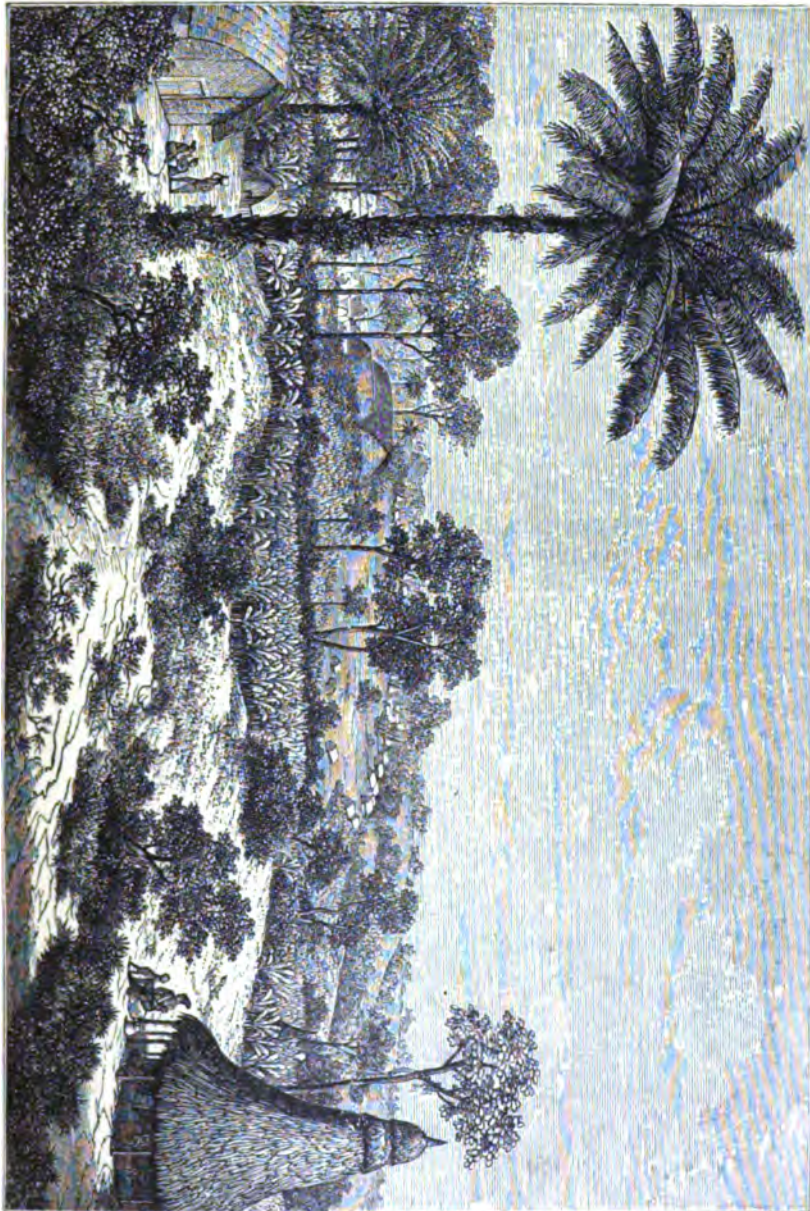
MWANA NTABA CANOE (THE "CROCODILE").

sufficiently soon to escape, precipitated themselves into the river and swam to their friends, while we made ourselves masters of the *Great Eastern* of the Livingstone. We soon exchanged two of our smaller canoes and manned the monster with thirty men, and resumed our journey in line, the boat in front acting as a guide. This early disaster to the Mwana Ntaba caused them to hurry down river, blowing their horns, and alarming with their drums both shores of the river, until about forty canoes were seen furiously dashing down stream, no doubt bent on mischief.

"At 4 p.m. we came opposite a river about two hundred yards wide, which I have called the Leopold River, in honor of His Majesty Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and which the natives called either the Kankora, Mikonju, or Munduku.

"Soon after passing by the confluence, the Livingstone, which above had been two thousand five hundred yards wide, perceptibly contracted, and turned sharply to the east-northeast, because of a hill which rose on the left bank about three hundred feet above the river. Close to the elbow of the bend on the right bank we passed by some white granite rocks, from one to six feet above the water, and just below these we heard the roar of the first cataract of the Stanley Falls series.

"But louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaba from both sides of the great river. We now found ourselves confronted by the inevitable necessity of putting into practice the resolution which we had formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or die. What



VILLAGE NEAR THE FOREST.

shall we do? Shall we turn and face the fierce cannibals, who with hideous noise drown the solemn roar of the cataract, or shall we cry out, 'Mambu Kwa Mungu'—'Our fate is in the hands of God'—and risk the cataract with its terrors?

"Meanwhile we are sliding smoothly to our destruction, and a decision must therefore be arrived at instantly. God knows, I and my fellows would rather have it not to do, because possibly it is only a choice of deaths, by cruel knives or drowning. If we do not choose the knives, which are already sharpened for our throats, death by drowning is certain. So, finding ourselves face to face with the inevitable, we turn to the right bank upon the savages, who are in the woods and on the water. We drop our anchors and begin the fight, but after fifteen minutes of it find that we cannot force them away. We then pull up anchors and ascend stream again, until, arriving at the elbow above mentioned, we strike across the river and divide our forces. Mwana Sera is to take four canoes and to continue up stream a little distance, and, while we occupy the attention of the savages in front, is to lead his men through the woods and set upon them in rear. At 5.30 P.M. we make the attempt, and keep them in play for a few minutes, and on hearing a shot in the woods dash at the shore, and under a shower of spears and arrows effect a landing. From tree to tree the fight is continued until sunset, when, having finally driven the enemy off, we have earned peace for the night.

"Until about 10 P.M. we are busy constructing an impenetrable stockade or boma of brushwood, and then at length we lay our sorely fatigued bodies down to rest, without comforts of any kind and without fires, but (I speak for myself only) with a feeling of gratitude to Him who has watched over us in our trouble, and a humble prayer that His protection may be extended to us for the terrible days that may yet be to come."



NATIVE CORN-MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XII.

ATTACKED BY THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE MWANA NTABA AND BASWA TRIBES.—THEY ARE REPULSED.—EXPLORING THE FIRST CATARACT.—CARRYING AND DRAGGING THE BOATS THROUGH THE FOREST AND AROUND THE FALLS.—AN ISLAND CAMP.—NATIVE WEAPONS AND UTENSILS.—ANOTHER BATTLE.—HOW ZAIDI WAS SAVED FROM A PERILOUS POSITION.—CAUGHT IN A NET.—HOW THE NET WAS BROKEN.—FISHES IN THE GREAT RIVER.—HOW THE OTHER CATARACTS WERE PASSED.—AFLOAT ON SMOOTH WATER.—A HOSTILE VILLAGE.—ANOTHER BATTLE.—ATTACKED BY A LARGE FLOTILLA.—A MONSTER BOAT.—A TEMPLE OF IVORY.—NO MARKET FOR ELEPHANTS' TUSKS.—EVIDENCES OF CANNIBALISM.—FRIENDLY NATIVES OF RUBUNGA.—PORTUGUESE MUSKETS IN THE HANDS OF THE NATIVES.

FRED paused a few moments and then resumed the narrative :

"At 4 A.M. of the 5th of January we were awake, cooking betimes the food that was to strengthen us for the task that lay before us, while the screaming lemur and the soko still alarmed the dark forest with their weird cries.

"We were left undisturbed until 8 A.M., when the canoes of the Mwana Ntaba were observed to cross over to the left bank, and in response to their signals the forest behind our camp was soon alive with wild men. Frank distributed thirty rounds to each of the forty-three guns which now remained to us. Including my own guns, we possessed only forty-eight altogether, as Manwa Sera had lost four Sniders in the Ukassa Rapid, and by the capsizing of the two canoes in the tempest which struck us as we crossed the Livingstone below its confluence with the Lowwa, we had lost four muskets. But more terrible for our enemies than Sniders or muskets was the courage of despair that now nerved every heart and kept cool and resolute every head.

"By river the cannibals had but little chance of success, and this the Mwana Ntaba after a very few rounds from our guns discovered ; they therefore allied themselves with the Baswa tribe, which during the night had crossed over from its islands, below the first falls. Until 10 A.M. we held our own safely in the camp,



AFRICAN STOOL.

but then, breaking out of it, we charged on the foe, and until 3 P.M. were incessantly at work. Ten of our men received wounds, and two were killed. To prevent them becoming food for the cannibals, we consigned them to the swift brown flood of the Livingstone.

"The Mwana Ntaba and the Baswas at length retired, and though we momentarily expected a visit from them each day, for the next two or three days we were unmolested.

"Early on the morning of the 6th I began to explore the first cataract of the Stanley Falls. I found a small stream about two hundred yards wide, separated by a lateral dyke of igneous rocks from the main stream, which took the boat safely down for a couple of miles. Then presently other dykes appeared, some mere low, narrow ridges of rock, and others, much larger and producing tall trees, inhabited by the Baswa tribe. Among these islets the left stream rushed down in cascades or foamy sheets, over low terraces, with a fall of from one foot to ten feet. The Baswas, no doubt, had recently fled to these islets to seek refuge from some powerful tribe situated inland west of the river.

"The main stream, nine hundred yards wide, rushed towards the east-north-east, and, after a mile of rapids, tilted itself against a hilly ridge that lay north and south, the crest of which was probably three hundred feet above the river. With my glass, from the fork of a tree twenty feet above the ground, I saw at once that a descent by the right side was an impossibility, as the waves were enormous, and the slope so great that the river's face was all a-foam; and that at the base of the hilly ridge which obstructed its course the river seemed piling itself into a watery bank, whence it escaped into a scene of indescribable confusion down to the horror of whirling pools and a mad confluence of tumbling, rushing waters.

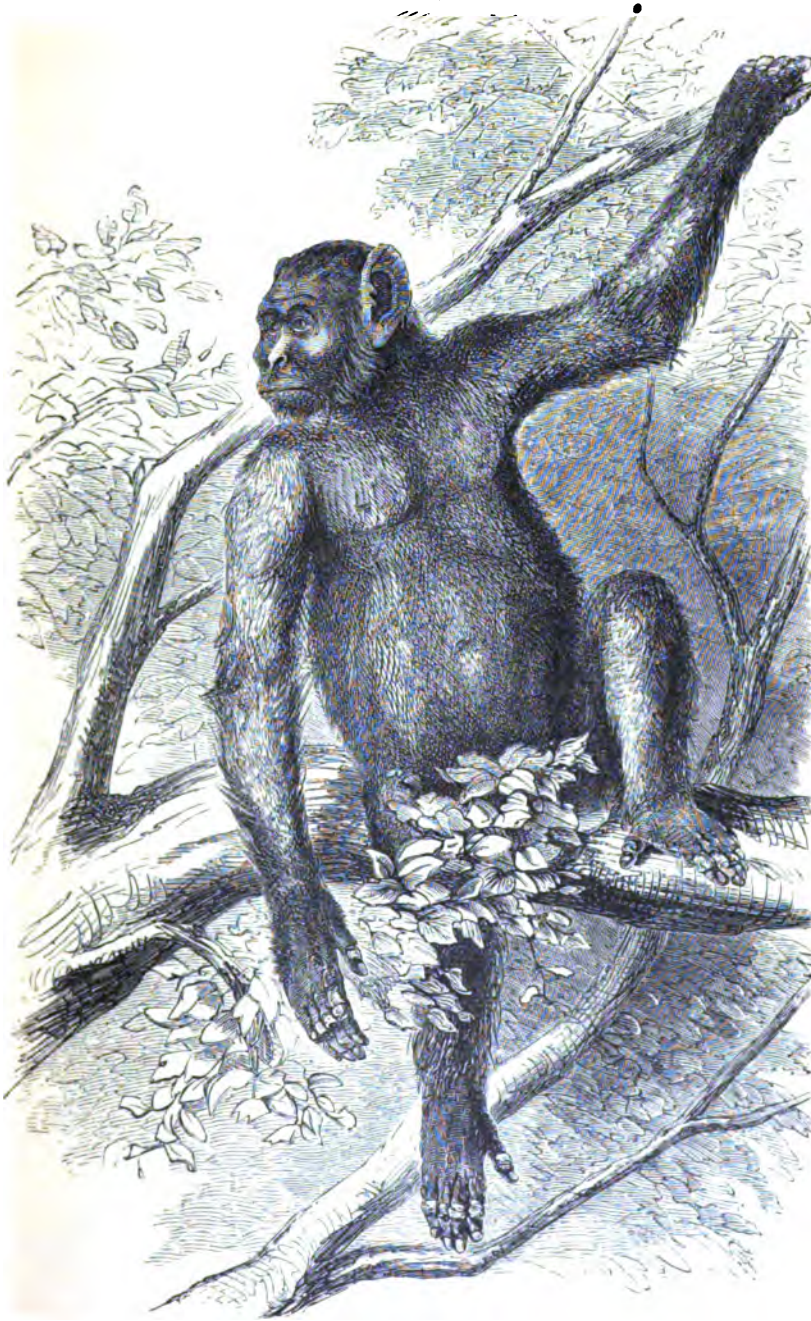
"I decided, therefore, to go down along the left stream, overland, and to ascertain the best route I took eight men with me, leaving five to guard the boat. Within two hours we had explored the jungle, and 'blazed' a path below the falls—a distance of two miles.

"Then, returning to camp, I sent Frank off with a detachment of fifty men with axes to clear the path, and a musket-armed guard of fifteen men, to be stationed in the woods parallel with the projected land route, and, leaving a guard of twenty men to protect the camp, I myself rowed up river along the left bank, a distance of three miles.



SPEAR-HEAD.

"By noon of the 7th, having descended with the canoes as near as prudence would permit to the first fall of the left stream, we were ready for hauling the canoes overland. A road, fifteen feet in width, had been cut through the tangle of rattan, palms, vines, creepers, and brushwood, tolerably straight except where great forest monarchs stood untouched, and whatever brushwood had been cut from the jungle had been laid across the road in thick piles. A rude camp had also been constructed half-way on the river side of the road, into which every-



THE KOOLOO-KAMBA, OR LONG EARED SOKO.

thing was conveyed. By 8 P.M. we had hauled the canoes over one mile of ground.

"The next day, while the people were still fresh, we buckled on to the canoes, and by 3 P.M. of the 8th had passed the falls and rapids of the first cataract, and were afloat in a calm creek between Baswa Island and the left bank!

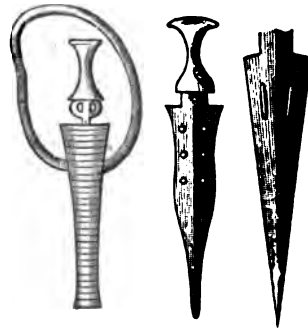
"Not wishing to stay in such a dangerous locality longer than was absolutely necessary, we re-embarked, and, descending cautiously down the creek, came in a short time to the great river, with every prospect of a good stretch of serene water. But soon we heard the roar of another cataract, and had to hug the left bank closely. Then we entered other creeks, which wound lazily by jungle-covered islets, and, after two miles of meanderings among most dismal islands and banks, emerged in view of the great river, with the cataract's roar sounding solemnly and terribly near. As it was near evening, and our position was extremely unpleasant, we resolved to camp for the night at an island which lay in mid-stream. The inhabitants fled as we approached.

"During the morning of the 9th we explored the island of Cheandoah, where we were encamped, and found it much longer than we at first supposed. It was extremely populous, and contained five villages. We discovered an abundance of spears here and iron-ware of all kinds used by the natives, such as knives, hammers, hatchets, tweezers, anvils of iron,



A BASWA KNIFE.

or, in other words, inverted hammers, borers, pole-burners, fish-hooks, darts, iron rods; all the spears possessed broad points, and were the first of this style I had seen. Almost all the knives, large and small, were encased in sheaths of wood covered with goatskin, and ornamented with polished iron bands. They varied in size, from a butcher's cleaver to a lady's dirk, and belts of undressed goatskin, of red buffalo or antelope hide, were attached to them for suspension from the shoulders. There were also iron bells, like our cow and goat bells, curiously carved whistles, fetiches or idols of wood, uncouth and rudely cut figures of human beings, brightly painted in vermillion, alternating with black; baskets made of palm fibre, large wooden and dark clay pipes, iron rings for arms and legs, numerous treasures of necklaces of the *Achatina monetaria*, the black seeds of a species of plantain, and the crimson berries of the *Abrus precatorius*; copper, iron, and wooden pellets. The houses were all of the gable-roofed pattern, which we had first noticed on



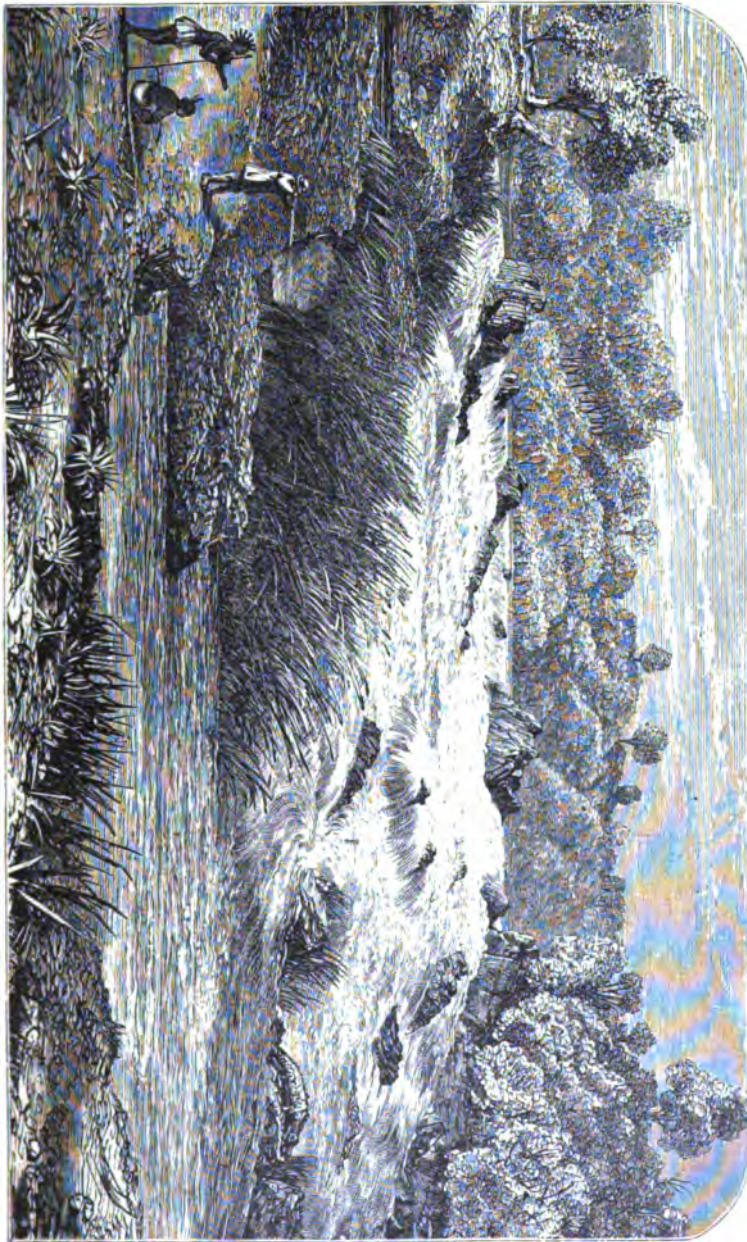
STYLE OF KNIVES.



BASWA BASKET AND COVER.

the summit of the hills on which Riba-Riba, Manyema, is situated; the shields of the Baswa were also after the same type.

"The vegetation of the island consisted of almost every variety of plant and tree found in this region, and the banana, plantain, castor-bean, sugar-cane, cassava, and maize flourished; nor must the oil-palm be forgotten, for there were great jars of its dark-red butter in many houses."

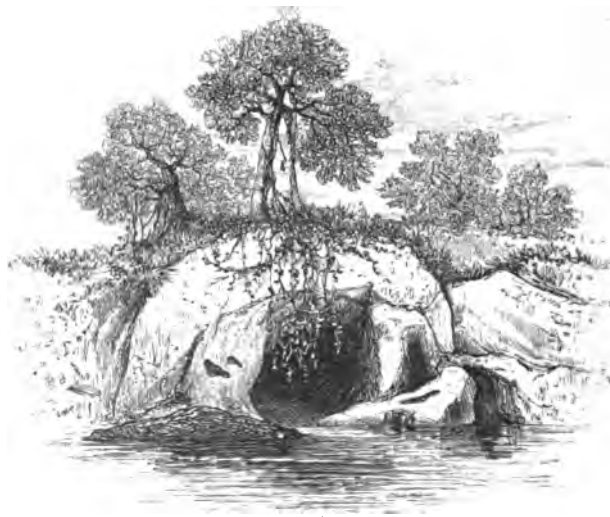


SHOOTING A CROCODILE AT THE RAPIDS.

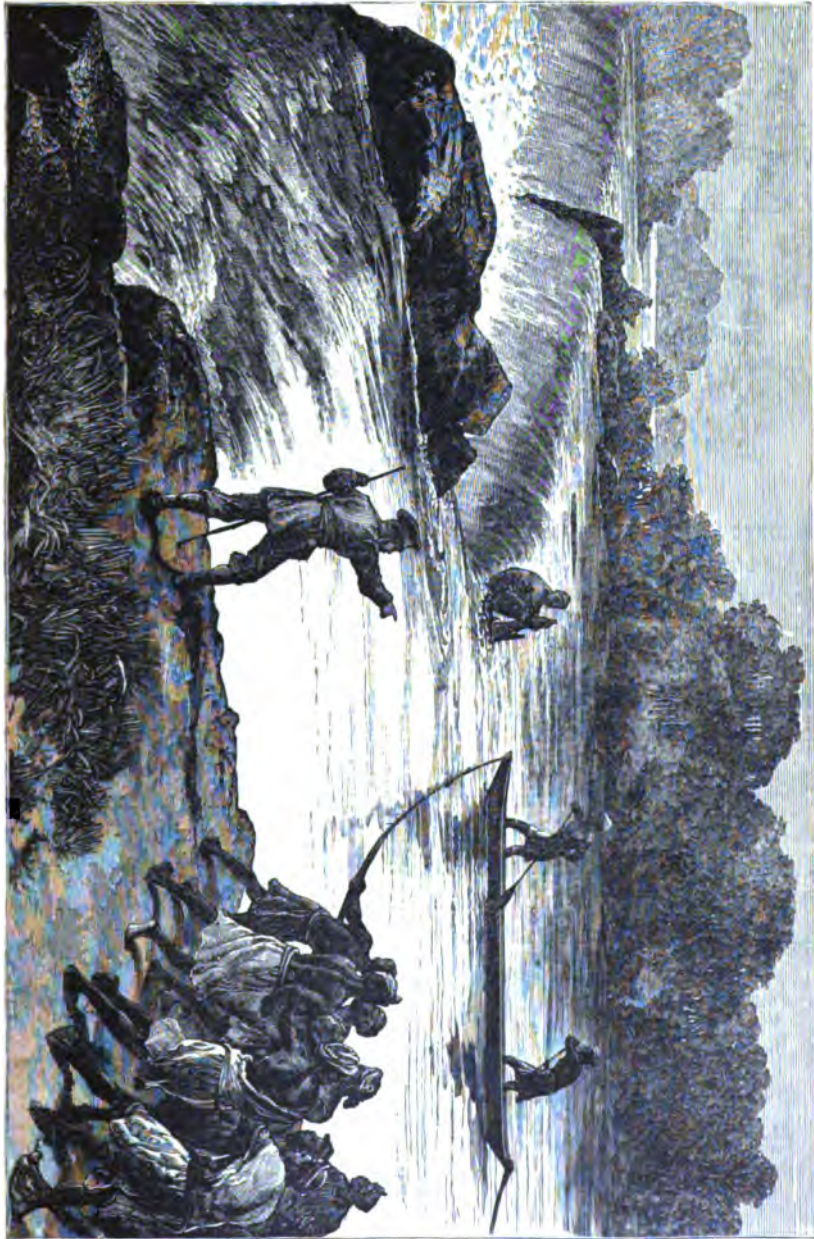
"The natives on the mainland," said Fred, raising his eyes from the book for a few moments, "opposed the explorers, and a sharp fight followed, with the same result as at the first cataract. The boats were dragged overland around the worst of the falls, and then lowered through the last rapid by means of ropes. This rapid was separated by an islet from a steep fall which was impassable by the boats. A canoe was swept over this fall and one of its crew drowned; the rest were rescued by Frank Pocock and some of the land party who were below the fall.

"Just before the boat made its leap over the fall, Zaidi, its captain, sprang into the water and caught upon a rock where he clung until Mr. Stanley devised and executed a plan for his rescue. Strong cables were made from rattans cut in the forest; two cables were attached to a canoe, one at its bow and the other at the stern, and then the canoe, manned by Uledi, the coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, and a youth named Marzouk, was lowered carefully down the current until the unhappy man was reached. It was a position of great peril, and the rescue of the poor fellow was due to the skill of the leader of the expedition and the bravery of Uledi and Marzouk.

"Seven cataracts in all were passed," said Fred, "some of them by lowering the boats through rapids and others by cutting roads through the forest and dragging the craft overland. Some of the natives along the route were peaceable, but the majority of the tribes and villages were hostile. Mr. Stanley always exhausted all possible efforts at peace,



CAVERN NEAR STANLEY FALLS.



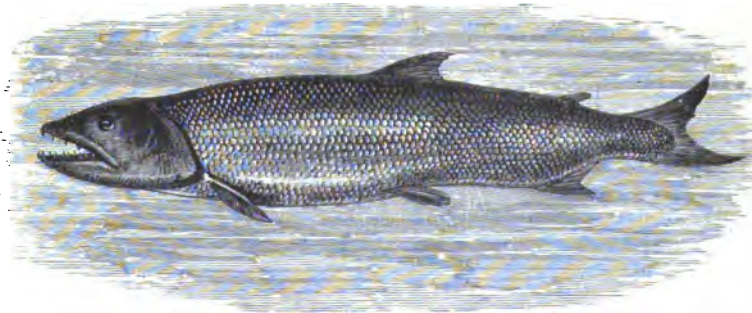
THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF ZALDI, AND HIS RESCUE BY ULKDI, THE COXSWAIN OF THE BOAT.



THE SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

and never fought them until the natives themselves struck the first blow. A short battle was usually sufficient to convince the savages of the futility of opposition. At one place a strong net was drawn around the camp by the natives during the night, in the same manner that nets are drawn for hunting game in various parts of Africa. But the savages found that the plan so effective against wild animals did not work well against the expedition, as the net was cut to pieces by those whom it enclosed.

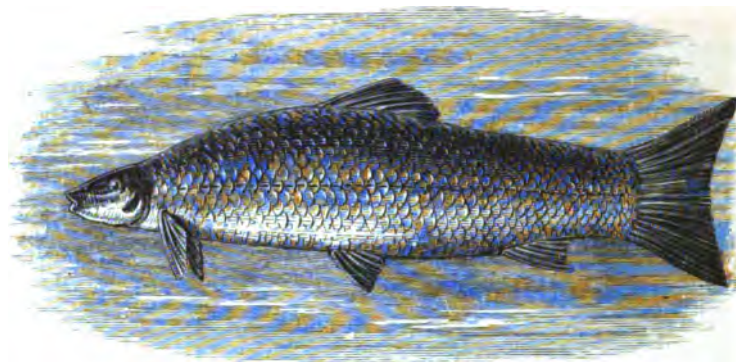
“The passage of the cataracts and rapids which comprise the Stanley Falls occupied twenty-two days. At the seventh cataract there was a fish-weir, and Mr. Stanley made drawings of several fishes that were caught there. Below Stanley Falls the river spread out again and presented no obstacles to navigation until Stanley Pool was reached, a distance of several hundred miles.



PIKE—STANLEY FALLS.



AN AFRICAN SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



FISH—SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

29 inches long; 16 inches round body; round snout; no teeth; broad tail; large scales; color, pale brown.

"And now," said Fred, "you shall hear from Mr. Stanley about this part of the great river:

"We hastened away down river in a hurry, to escape the noise of the cataracts which, for many days and nights, had almost stunned us with their deafening sound.

"The Livingstone now deflected to the west-northwest, between hilly banks—

"Where highest woods, impenetrable
To star, or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening."

"We are once again afloat upon a magnificent stream, whose broad and gray-brown waters woo us with their mystery. We are not a whit dejected after our terrible experiences; we find our reward in being alive to look upon wild nature, and a strange elasticity comes over us. The boat-boys amuse me by singing their most animating song, to which every member of our expedition responds with enthusiasm. The men, women, and children are roused to maintain that reckless, exuberant spirit which assisted me to drive through the cannibal region of the Stanley Falls, for otherwise they might lose that dash and vigor on which depends our success. They are apt, if permitted thinking-time, to brood upon our situation, to become disquieted and melancholy.



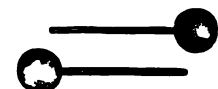
BASWA PALM-OIL JAR AND PALM-WINE COOLER.

to reflect on the fate of those who have already been lost, and to anticipate a like dolorous ending to their own lives.

"At noon, on the 29th, when approaching a large village, we were again assaulted by the aborigines. We drove them back, and obtained a peaceful passage past them, until 1 P.M. From 1 P.M. we were engaged with a new tribe, which pos-

sessed very large villages, and maintained a running fight with us until 4 P.M., when, observing the large village of Ituka below us, and several canoes cutting across river to head us off, we resolved to make our stand on the shore. Material for constructing a boma was soon discovered in the outlying houses of the village, and by five o'clock we were tolerably secure on the edge of the steep banks—all obstructions cleared away on the land side, and a perfect view of the river front and shore below us.

"The savages were hideously bepainted for war, one half of their bodies being white, the other ochreous. Their shields were oblong squares, beautifully made of rattan-cane, light, tough, and, to spears and knives, impenetrable. A square slab of ebony wood with a cleat, and one long thin board placed lengthways, and another crossways, sufficed to stiffen them.



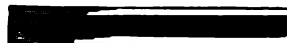
DRUMSTICKS, KNOBS BEING
OF INDIA-RUBBER.

Shouting their war-cries—'Ya-Mariwa! Ya-Mariwa!'—they rushed on our boma fences like a herd of buffaloes several times, in one of which charges Muftah Rufiji was killed, and another man received a wound from a spear, which glanced along his back. As the heavy spears hurtled through the boma, or flew over it, very many of us had extremely narrow escapes. Frank, for instance, avoided one by giving his

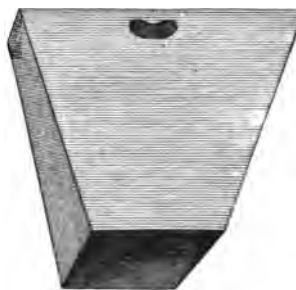
body a slight jerk on one side. We, of course, had the advantage, being protected by doors, roofs of houses, poles, brushwood, and our great Mwana Ntaba shields, which had been of invaluable use to us, and had often in the heat of fights saved us and made us almost invulnerable.

"From the Ruiki River up to this afternoon of the 29th of January we had fought twenty-four times, and out of these struggles we had obtained sixty-five doorlike shields, which upon the commencement of a fight on the river at all times had been raised by the women, children, and non-combatants as bulwarks before the riflemen, from behind which, cool and confident, the forty-three guns were of more avail than though there were one hundred and fifty riflemen unprotected. The steersmen, likewise protected, were enabled to steer their vessels with the current while we were engaged in these running fights. Against the spears and arrows the shields were impervious.

"About ten o'clock of the 30th another conflict began, in the usual way, by a determined assault on us in canoes. By charging under cover of our shields we captured one canoe and eight men, and withdrew to a low grassy islet opposite Yangambi, a settlement consisting of five populous villages. We had discovered by this that nothing cowed the natives so much as a capture, and as it was the most bloodless mode of settling what might have been a protracted affair, I had



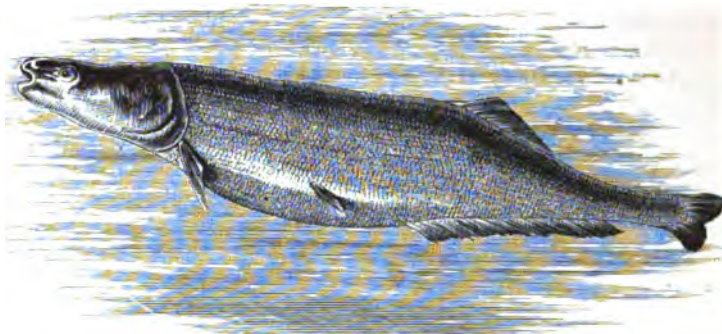
MOUTH OF DRUM.



WOODEN SIGNAL-DRUM OF THE
WENYA, OR WAGENYA, AND THE
TRIBES ON THE LIVINGSTONE.



SHIELDS OF ITUKA PEOPLE.



FISH—STANLEY FALLS.

Fine scales; weight, 23 lbs.; thick, broad snout; 26 small teeth in upper jaw, 23 teeth in lower jaw; broad tongue; head, 11 inches long.

adopted it. Through our captives we were enabled to negotiate for an unmolested passage, though it involved delay and an expenditure of lung force that was very trying; still, as it ended satisfactorily in many ways, it was preferable to continued fighting. It also increased our opportunities of knowing who our antagonists were, and to begin an acquaintance with these long-buried peoples.

“When the natives observed us preparing to halt on the grassy islet directly opposite their villages, with their unfortunate friends in our power, they withdrew to their villages to consult. The distance between our grassy islet and the right bank was only five hundred yards, and, as it was the eastern bank, the sun shone direct on them, enabling me, with the aid of a field-glass, to perceive even the differences of feature between one man and another.

“We placed our captives in their canoe, and, giving each a few shells, motioned them to depart. As the warriors on the bank saw their friends return, they all gathered round the landing-place, and, as they landed, asked scores of questions, the replies to which elicited loud grunts of approval and wonder. The drumming gradually ceased, the war-cries were heard no more, the people left their processions to crowd round their countrymen, and the enormous spear-blades no longer flashed their brightness on us. We waited about an hour, and, taking it for granted that after such a signal instance of magnanimity they would not resume their hostile demeanor, we quietly embarked, and glided down river unopposed.

“At a little after noon, on February 1st, we were attacked by a larger force of canoes than on any previous occasion. We were passing the mouth of the Aruwimi River, where there was a great concourse of canoes hovering about some islets which stud the middle of the stream. The canoe-men, standing up, give a loud shout as they discern us, and blow their horns louder than ever. We pull briskly on to gain the right bank, when, looking up stream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body, arouses not only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehensions—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us, which both in size and numbers utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto! Instead of aiming for the right bank, we form in line, and keep straight down river, the boat taking position behind. Yet after a

moment's reflection, as I note the numbers of the savages, and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the apparent desire of our canoes to abandon the steady, compact line, I give the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them, and threaten them with my guns. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored ten yards apart. The boat moves up to the front, and takes position fifty yards above them. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants, men, women, and children, in the bows and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these the muskets and rifles are aimed.

"We have sufficient time to take a view of the mighty force bearing down on us, and to count the number of the war-vessels which have been collected from the Livingstone and its great affluent. There are fifty-four of them! A monster canoe leads the way, with two rows of upstanding paddles, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison as with a swelling barbarous chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads gay with feathers of the parrot, crimson and gray; at the stern, eight men, with long paddles, whose tops are decorated with ivory balls, guide the monster vessel; and dancing up and down from stem to stern are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. All the paddles are headed with ivory balls, every head bears a feather crown, every arm shows gleaming white ivory armlets. From the bow of the canoe streams a thick fringe of the long white fibre of the Hyphene palm. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns, and a thrilling chant from two thousand human throats, do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. However, it is 'neck or nothing.' We have no time to pray, or to take sentimental looks at the savage world, or even to breathe a sad farewell to it. So many other things have to be done speedily and well.

"As the foremost canoe comes rushing down, its consorts on either side beating the water into foam and raising their jets of water with their sharp prows, I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them:

"Boys, be firm as iron; wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't fire all at once. Keep aiming until you are sure of your man. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you.'

"Frank is with the *Ocean* on the right flank, and has a choice crew, and a good bulwark of black wooden shields. Manwa Sera has the *London Town*—which he has taken in charge instead of the *Glasgow*—on the left flank, the sides of the canoe bristling with guns, in the hands of tolerably steady men.

"The monster canoe aims straight for my boat, as though it would run us down; but, when within fifty yards off, swerves aside, and, when nearly opposite, the warriors above the manned prow let fly their spears, and on either side there is a noise of rushing bodies. But every sound is soon lost in the ripping, crackling musketry. For five minutes we are so absorbed in firing that we take no

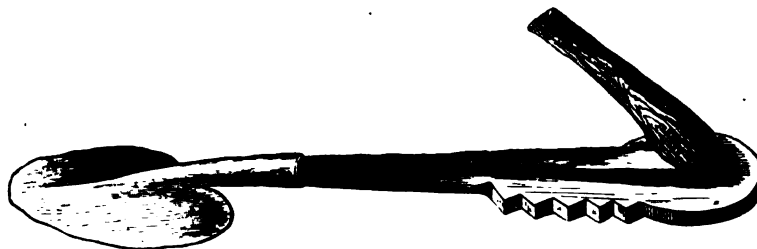


MONSTER CANOE.

note of anything else; but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is re-forming about two hundred yards above us.

"Our blood is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we hate the filthy, vulturous ghouls who inhabit it. We therefore lift our anchors, and pursue them up-stream along the right bank, until, rounding a point, we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them out into the woods, and there only sound the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit.

"While mustering my people for re-embarkation, one of the men came forward and said that in the principal village there was a 'Meskiti,' a 'pembé'—a church, or temple—of ivory, and that ivory was 'as abundant as fuel.' In a few moments I stood before the ivory temple, which was merely a large circular roof supported by thirty-three tusks of ivory, erected over an idol four feet high, painted with camwood dye a bright vermilion, with black eyes and beard and hair. The figure was very rude, still it was an unmistakable likeness of a man. The tusks being wanted by the Wangwana, they received permission to convey them into the canoes. One hundred other pieces of ivory were collected, in the shape of log wedges, long ivory war-horns, ivory pestles to pound cassava into meal, and herbs for spinach, ivory armlets and balls, and ivory mallets to beat the fig-bark into cloth.

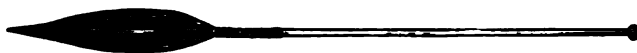


NATIVE SPADE.

"The stores of beautifully carved paddles, ten feet in length, some of which were iron-pointed, the enormous six-feet-long spears, which were designed more for ornament than use, the splendid long knives, like Persian kummers, and bright iron-mounted sheaths with broad belts of red buffalo and antelope hide, barbed spears, from the light assegai to the heavy double-handed sword-spear, the tweezers, hammers, pricklers, hole-burners, hairpins, fish-hooks, hammers, arm and leg-rings of iron and copper, iron beads and wrist-bands, iron bells, axes, war-hatchets, adzes, hoes, dibbers, etc., proved the people on the banks of this river to be clever, intelligent, and more advanced in the arts than any hitherto observed since we commenced our descent of the Livingstone. The architecture of their huts, however, was the same, except the conical structure they had erected over their idol. Their canoes were much larger than those of the Mwana Ntaba, above the Stanley Falls, which had crocodiles and lizards carved on them. Their skull-caps of basket-work, leopard, civet, and monkey skins, were similar to those that we had observed in Uregga. Their shields were like those of the Wariwa.



THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUVIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.



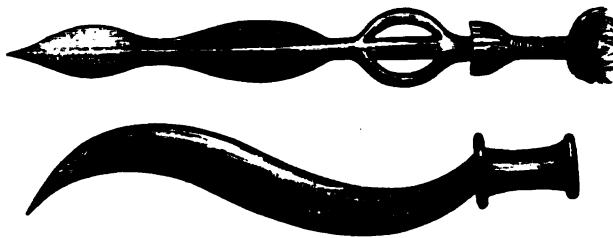
SPEAR, ISANGI.

There were various specimens of African wood-carving in great and small idols, stools of ingenious pattern, double benches, walk-staffs, spear-staffs, paddles, flutes, grain-mortars, mallets, drums, clubs, troughs, scoops and canoe-balers, paddles, porridge-spoons, etc. Gourds also exhibited taste in ornamentation. Their earthenware was very superior, their pipes of an unusual pattern—in short, everything that is of use to a well-found African village exhibited remarkable intelligence and prosperity.

“Evidences of cannibalism were numerous in the human and ‘soko’ skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were freely scattered in the neighborhood, near the village garbage heaps and the river banks, where one might suppose hungry canoe-men to have enjoyed a cold collation on an ancient matron’s arm. As the most positive and downright evidence, in my opinion, of this hideous practice, was the thin forearm of a person that was picked up near a fire, with certain scorched ribs which might have been tossed into the fire after being gnawed. It is true that it is but circumstantial evidence, yet we accepted them as indubitable proofs. Besides, we had been taunted with remarks that we would furnish them with meat supplies—for the words *meat* and *to-day* have but slight dialectic difference in many languages.

“We embarked in our canoes at 5 P.M., and, descending the affluent, came to the confluence again, and then, hugging the right bank, appeared before other villages; but after our successful resistance to such a confederation of chiefs and the combined strength of three or four different tribes, it was not likely that one small settlement would risk an encounter. For several days after this battle we had little opposition. We avoided the villages as much as possible, and by the 8th of February we were entirely out of provisions. On the 9th we camped on a grassy islet in front of a village called Rubunga, where, after a great deal of parleying, we bought a plentiful supply of bananas and other food. We made brotherhood with the chief, and had no trouble during our stay.

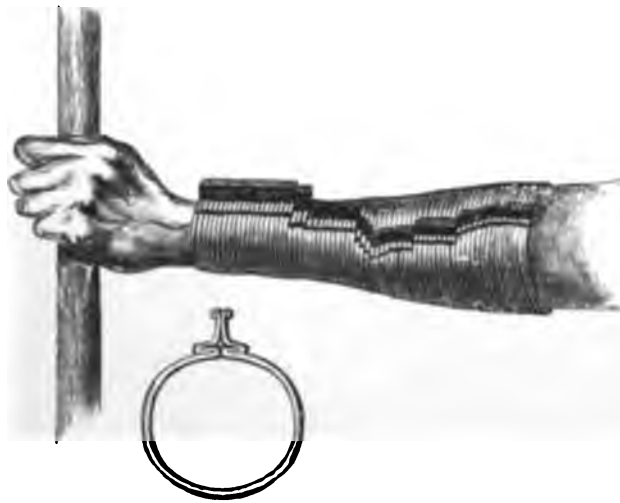
“The people of Rubunga carry knives which are singular specimens of the African smith’s art, being principally of a waving sickle-shaped pattern, while the principal men carried brass-handled weapons, eighteen inches long, double-edged, and rather wide-pointed, with two blood channels along the centre of the broad



KNIFE, RUBUNGA.

blade, while near the hilt the blade was pierced by two quarter-circular holes, while the top of the haft was ornamented with the fur of the otter.

"The aborigines dress their hair with an art peculiar to the Warua and Waguha, which consists in wearing it in tufts on the back of the head, and fastening it with elegantly shaped iron hairpins—a fashion which also obtains among many kitchen maids in England. Tattooing is carried to excess, every portion of the skin bearing punctured marks, from the roots of the hair down to the knees. Their breasts are like hieroglyphic parchment charts, marked with *raised* figures, ledges, squares, circles, wavy lines, tuberosc knots, rosettes, and every conceivable design. No coloring substance had been introduced into these incisions and punctures; the cuticle had simply been tortured and irritated by the injection of some irritants or air. Indeed, some of the glossy tubercles, which contained air, were as large as hens' eggs. As many as six thin ledges marked the foreheads from temple to temple, as many ran down each cheek, while from lower eyelid to base of septum curved wavy lines; the chin showed rosettes, the neck seemed goitrous with the large vesicular protuberances, while the front parts of their bodies afforded broad fields upon which the native artist had displayed the exuberant fertility of his genius. To such an extent is this fashion carried that the people are hideously deformed, many of them having quite unnatural features and necks.



RINGS FOR PROTECTING THE ARM.

"To add to the atrocious bad taste of these aborigines, their necklaces consisted of human, gorilla, and crocodile teeth, in such quantity in many cases that little or nothing could be seen of the neck. A few possessed polished boars' tusks, with the points made to meet from each side.

"The most curious objects we discovered at Rubunga were four ancient Portuguese muskets, at the sight of which the people of the expedition raised a glad shout. These appeared to them certain signs that we had not lost the road, that

the great river did really reach the sea, and that their master was not deluding them when he told them that some day they would see the sea.

"In reply to our questions as to where they had obtained them, they said from men in canoes from Bankaro, Bangaro, Mangara, or, as the word finally settled down, from Mangala, who came once a year to buy ivory. These traders were black men, and they had never heard of white men or of Arabs."

"We will now," said Fred, "leave you to pass the night among the people of Rubunga, who seem friendly enough to warrant my trusting you with them." The eager listeners took the hint thus conveyed and there was a concerted movement towards the doorway.



RUBUNGA BLACKSMITHS.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN URANGI.—A NOISY RECEPTION.—WONDERFUL HEAD-DRESSES.—A TREACHEROUS ATTACK.—ANIMAL LIFE ALONG THE RIVER.—BIRDS AND BEASTS OF THE GREAT STREAM.—A BATTLE WITH THE BANGALA.—FIRE-ARMS IN THE HANDS OF THE NATIVES.—THE SAVAGES, ALTHOUGH IN SUPERIOR NUMBERS, ARE REPULSED.—HIGH WINDS AND STORMS.—EFFECT OF THE CLIMATE ON MR. STANLEY'S HEALTH.—A GREAT TRIBUTARY RIVER.—FRIENDLY PEOPLE OF IKENGO.—PROVISIONS IN ABUNDANCE.—ISLANDS IN THE RIVER.—DEATH OF AMINA.—A MOURNFUL SCENE.—THE LEVY HILLS.—HIPPOPOTAMUS CREEK.—BOLOBO.—THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.—A CRAFTY POTENTATE.—HIS DRESS, PIPE, WIVES, AND SONS.—INCONVENIENT COLLARS.—CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

IT was Frank's turn to read on the next day, and, promptly at the appointed hour, the reader and his audience were in their places. Without any preliminary remarks, the youth plunged at once into the midst of his subject.

"On the morning of the 10th of February natives from down river appeared to escort us, and our friends of Rubunga also despatched a canoe and five men to introduce us to Urangi. In about two hours we arrived at the very populous settlement of Urangi, consisting of several villages almost joining one another. I doubt whether the people of Urangi and Rubunga are cannibals, though we obtained proof sufficient that human life is not a subject of concern with them, and the necklaces of human teeth which they wore were by no means assuring—they provoked morbid ideas.

"We received a noisy and demonstrative welcome. In the afternoon the great chief of Urangi made his presence known by sounding his double iron gong. This gong consisted of two long, iron, bell-shaped instruments, connected above by an iron handle, which, when beaten with a short stick with a ball of india-rubber at the end, produced very agreeable musical sounds. He had a kindly reception, and though he manifested no desire or declared any intention of reciprocating our gift, he did not leave our camp dissatisfied with his present. He loudly proclaimed to the assembly in the



DOUBLE IRON BELLS OF URANGI.

river something to the effect that I was his brother; that peace and good-will should prevail, and that everybody should behave, and 'make plenty of trade.' But on his departure his people became roguish and like wild children. Scores of canoes flitted here and there, up and down, along the front of the camp, which gave us opportunities of observing that every person was tattooed in the most abominable manner; that the coiffeur's art was carried to perfection; that human teeth were popular ornaments for the neck; that their own teeth were filed; that brass wire to an astonishing quantity had been brought to them by the Bangala; as they had coils of it upon their arms and legs, and ruffs of it resting upon their shoulders; that while the men wore ample loin-coverings of grass-cloth, their women went naked; that ivory was to be purchased here to any amount, and that palm-wine had affected the heads of a great many. We also discovered that Urangi possessed about a dozen muskets.

"During the night we heard drumming and the report of muskets, but were not otherwise disturbed. As we departed down the river in the morning we were treacherously attacked by a fleet of canoes, and had a hard fight to beat them off. Hitherto, on the river, we had only the arrows and spears of the natives to fear, but now they were using muskets.

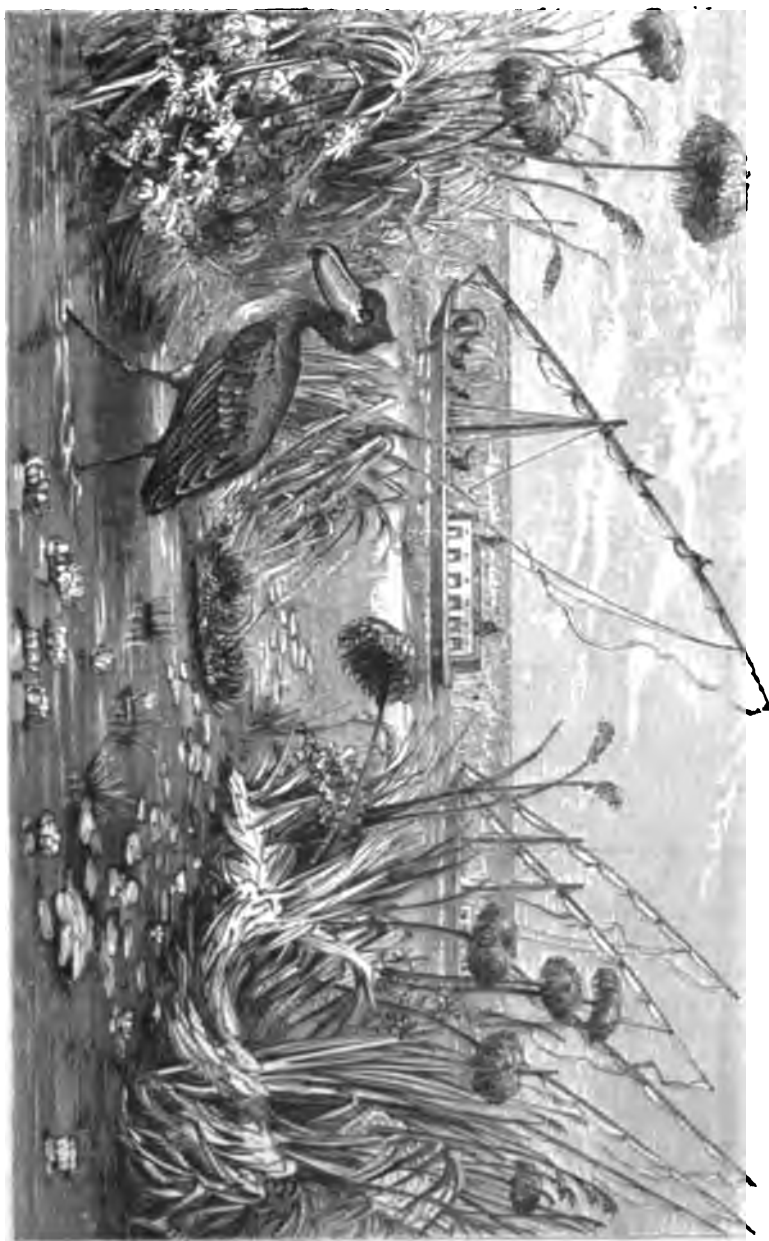
"There was an abundance of animal life along the river. On the islands we saw several elephants; the river was full of crocodiles and hippopotami, and along the islands and banks there were flocks of storks, cranes, ducks, egrets, flamingoes, spur-winged geese, and other aquatic birds. We saw many fine specimens of the *Balinœceps Rex*, identical with the one inhabiting the Upper Nile. He makes his home among the lotus-flowers and papyrus-plants, and is noticeable for his enormous beak.



BEAK OF THE BALINŒCEPS REX.

"During the forenoon of the 14th of February, while anxiously looking out lest we should be taken by some erratic channels in view of other villages, we arrived at the end of an island, which, after some hesitation, we followed along the right. Two islands were to the right of us, and prevented us from observing the mainland. But after descending two miles we came in full view of a small settlement on the right bank. Too late to return, we crept along down river, hugging the island as closely as possible, in order to arrive at a channel before the natives should sight us. But, alas! even in the midst of our prayers for deliverance, sharp, quick taps on a native kettle-drum sent our blood bounding to the heart, and we listened in agony for the response. Presently one drum after an-

THE BULIN PLUM BEE



other sounded the alarm, until the Titanic drums of war thundered the call to arms.

"In very despair I sprang to my feet, and, addressing my distressed and long-suffering followers, said, 'It is of no use, my friends, to hope to escape these blood-thirsty pagans. Those drums mean war. Yet it is very possible these are the Bangala, in which case, being traders, they will have heard of the men by the sea, and a little present may satisfy the chiefs. Now, while I take the sun you prepare your guns, your powder and bullets; see that every shield is ready to lift at once, as soon as you see or hear one gun-shot. It is only in that way I can save you, for every pagan now, from here to the sea, is armed with a gun, and they are black like you, and they have a hundred guns to your one. If we must die, we will die with guns in our hands, like men. While I am speaking, and trying to make friendship with them, let no one speak or move.'

"We drew ashore at the little island, opposite the highest village, and at noon I obtained by observation north latitude $1^{\circ} 7' 0''$. Meanwhile savage madness was being heated by the thunder of drums, canoes were mustering, guns were being loaded, spears and broadswords were being sharpened, all against us, merely because we were strangers, and afloat on their waters. Yet we had the will and the means to purchase amity. We were ready to submit to any tax, imposition, or insolent demand for the privilege of a peaceful passage. Except life, or one drop of our blood, we would sacrifice anything.

"Slowly and silently we withdrew from the shelter of the island and began the descent of the stream. The boat took position in front, Frank's canoe, the *Ocean*, on the right, Manwa Sera's, *London Town*, to the left. Beyond Manwa Sera's canoe was the uninhabited island, the great length of which had ensnared us and hedged us in to the conflict. From our right the enemy would appear with muskets and spears and an unquenchable ferocity, unless we could mollify him.

"We had left Observation Island about half a mile behind us when the prows of many canoes were seen to emerge out of the creek. I stood up and edged towards them, holding a long piece of red cloth in one hand and a coil of brass wire in the other. We rested on our oars, and the men quietly placed their paddles in their canoes, and sat up, watchful, but ready for contingencies. As we floated down, numbers of canoes advanced.

"I hailed the natives, who were the most brilliantly decorated of any yet seen. At a distance they all appeared to wear something like English University caps, though of a white color. There was a great deal of glitter and flash of metal, shining brass, copper, and bright steel among them.

"The natives returned no answer to my hail; still I persisted, with the same artfulness of manner that had been so successful at Rubunga. I observed three or four canoes approaching Frank's vessel with a most suspicious air about them, and several of their canoes menacing him, at which Frank stood up and menaced them with his weapon. I thought the act premature, and ordered him to sit down and to look away from them. I again raised the crimson cloth and wire, and by pantomime offered to give it to those in front, whom I was previously addressing; but almost immediately those natives who had threatened Frank fired into my boat, wounding three of my young crew—Mambu, Murabo, and Jaffari—and two more natives fired into Frank's canoe, wounding two—Hatib and Muftah.

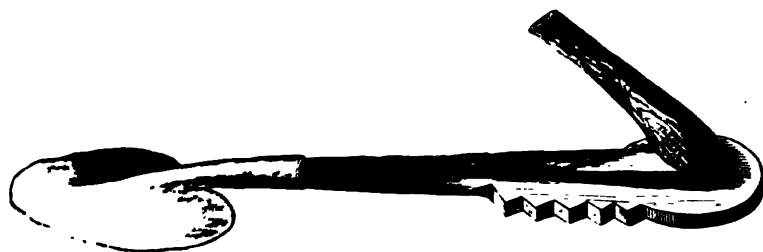


A CANNIBAL CHIEF.

of anything else: but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is reforming about two hundred yards above us.

"Our camp is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we have the busy, voracious ghouls who inhabit it. We therefore lift our anchors, and pursue them up-stream along the right bank, until rounding a point, we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them out into the woods, and there only would the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit.

"While mustering my people for re-embarkation, one of the men came forward and said that in the principal village there was a 'Meskiti,' a 'pembé'—a church, or temple—of ivory, and that ivory was 'as abundant as fuel.' In a few moments I stood before the ivory temple, which was merely a large circular roof supported by thirty-three tusks of ivory, erected over an idol four feet high, painted with camwood dye a bright vermillion, with black eyes and beard and hair. The figure was very rude, still it was an unmistakable likeness of a man. The tusks being wanted by the Wangwana, they received permission to convey them into the canoes. One hundred other pieces of ivory were collected, in the shape of log wedges, long ivory war-horns, ivory pestles to pound cassava into meal, and herbs for spinach, ivory armlets and balls, and ivory mallets to beat the fig-bark into cloth.

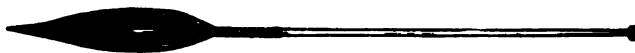


NATIVE SPADE.

"The stores of beautifully carved paddles, ten feet in length, some of which were iron-pointed, the enormous six-feet-long spears, which were designed more for ornament than use, the splendid long knives, like Persian kummers, and bright iron-mounted sheaths with broad belts of red buffalo and antelope hide, barbed spears, from the light assegai to the heavy double-handed sword-spear, the tweezers, hammers, pricklers, hole-burners, hairpins, fish-hooks, hammers, arm and leg-rings of iron and copper, iron beads and wrist-bands, iron bells, axes, war-hatchets, adzes, hoes, dibbers, etc., proved the people on the banks of this river to be clever, intelligent, and more advanced in the arts than any hitherto observed since we commenced our descent of the Livingstone. The architecture of their huts, however, was the same, except the conical structure they had erected over their idol. Their canoes were much larger than those of the Mwana Ntaba, above the Stanley Falls, which had crocodiles and lizards carved on them. Their skull caps of basket-work, leopard, civet, and monkey skins, were similar to those that we had observed in Uregga. Their shields were like those of the Wariwa.



THE ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-THREE CANOES OF THE FLEETICAL BANGALA



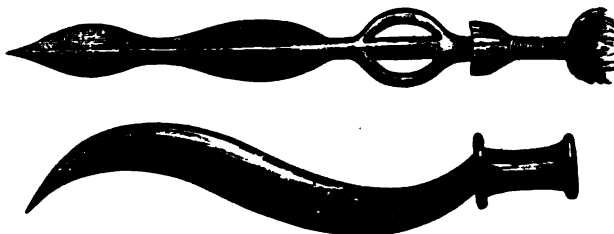
SPEAR, ISANGI.

There were various specimens of African wood-carving in great and small idols, stools of ingenious pattern, double benches, walk-staffs, spear-staffs, paddles, flutes, grain-mortars, mallets, drums, clubs, troughs, scoops and canoe-balers, paddles, porridge-spoons, etc. Gourds also exhibited taste in ornamentation. Their earthenware was very superior, their pipes of an unusual pattern—in short, everything that is of use to a well-found African village exhibited remarkable intelligence and prosperity.

"Evidences of cannibalism were numerous in the human and 'soko' skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were freely scattered in the neighborhood, near the village garbage heaps and the river banks, where one might suppose hungry canoe-men to have enjoyed a cold collation on an ancient matron's arm. As the most positive and downright evidence, in my opinion, of this hideous practice, was the thin forearm of a person that was picked up near a fire, with certain scorched ribs which might have been tossed into the fire after being gnawed. It is true that it is but circumstantial evidence, yet we accepted them as indubitable proofs. Besides, we had been taunted with remarks that we would furnish them with meat supplies—for the words *meat* and *to-day* have but slight dialectic difference in many languages.

"We embarked in our canoes at 5 P.M., and, descending the affluent, came to the confluence again, and then, hugging the right bank, appeared before other villages; but after our successful resistance to such a confederation of chiefs and the combined strength of three or four different tribes, it was not likely that one small settlement would risk an encounter. For several days after this battle we had little opposition. We avoided the villages as much as possible, and by the 8th of February we were entirely out of provisions. On the 9th we camped on a grassy islet in front of a village called Rubunga, where, after a great deal of parleying, we bought a plentiful supply of bananas and other food. We made brotherhood with the chief, and had no trouble during our stay.

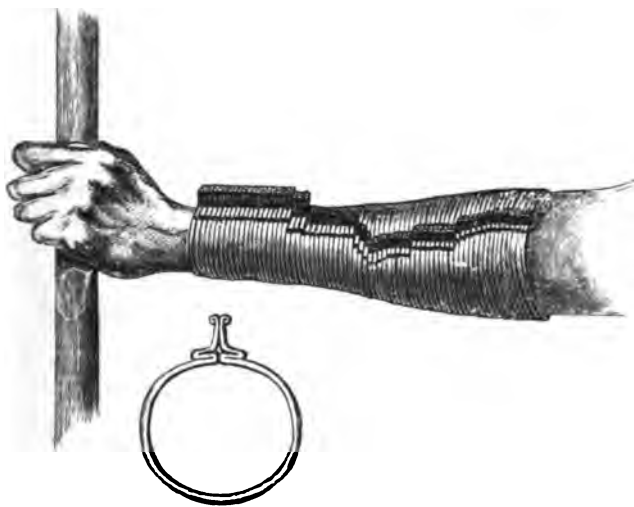
"The people of Rubunga carry knives which are singular specimens of the African smith's art, being principally of a waving sickle-shaped pattern, while the principal men carried brass-handled weapons, eighteen inches long, double-edged, and rather wide-pointed, with two blood channels along the centre of the broad



KNIVES, RUBUNGA.

blade, while near the hilt the blade was pierced by two quarter-circular holes, while the top of the haft was ornamented with the fur of the otter.

"The aborigines dress their hair with an art peculiar to the Warua and Waguha, which consists in wearing it in tufts on the back of the head, and fastening it with elegantly shaped iron hairpins—a fashion which also obtains among many kitchen maids in England. Tattooing is carried to excess, every portion of the skin bearing punctured marks, from the roots of the hair down to the knees. Their breasts are like hieroglyphic parchment charts, marked with *raised* figures, ledges, squares, circles, wavy lines, tuberos knots, rosettes; and every conceivable design. No coloring substance had been introduced into these incisions and punctures; the cuticle had simply been tortured and irritated by the injection of some irritants or air. Indeed, some of the glossy tubercles, which contained air, were as large as hens' eggs. As many as six thin ledges marked the foreheads from temple to temple, as many ran down each cheek, while from lower eyelid to base of septum curved wavy lines; the chin showed rosettes, the neck seemed goitrous with the large vesicular protuberances, while the front parts of their bodies afforded broad fields upon which the native artist had displayed the exuberant fertility of his genius. To such an extent is this fashion carried that the people are hideously deformed, many of them having quite unnatural features and necks.



RINGS FOR PROTECTING THE ARM.

"To add to the atrocious bad taste of these aborigines, their necklaces consisted of human, gorilla, and crocodile teeth, in such quantity in many cases that little or nothing could be seen of the neck. A few possessed polished boars' tusks, with the points made to meet from each side.

"The most curious objects we discovered at Rubunga were four ancient Portuguese muskets, at the sight of which the people of the expedition raised a glad shout. These appeared to them certain signs that we had not lost the road, that

the great river did really reach the sea, and that their master was not deluding them when he told them that some day they would see the sea.

"In reply to our questions as to where they had obtained them, they said from men in canoes from Bankaro, Bangaro, Mangara, or, as the word finally settled down, from Mangala, who came once a year to buy ivory. These traders were black men, and they had never heard of white men or of 'Arabs.'"

"We will now," said Fred, "leave you to pass the night among the people of Rubunga, who seem friendly enough to warrant my trusting you with them." The eager listeners took the hint thus conveyed and there was a concerted movement towards the doorway.



RUBUNGA BLACKSMITHS.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN URANGI.—A NOISY RECEPTION.—WONDERFUL HEAD-DRESSES.—A TREACHEROUS ATTACK.—ANIMAL LIFE ALONG THE RIVER.—BIRDS AND BEASTS OF THE GREAT STREAM.—A BATTLE WITH THE BANGALA.—FIRE-ARMS IN THE HANDS OF THE NATIVES.—THE SAVAGES, ALTHOUGH IN SUPERIOR NUMBERS, ARE REPULSED.—HIGH WINDS AND STORMS.—EFFECT OF THE CLIMATE ON MR. STANLEY'S HEALTH.—A GREAT TRIBUTARY RIVER.—FRIENDLY PEOPLE OF IKENGO.—PROVISIONS IN ABUNDANCE.—ISLANDS IN THE RIVER.—DEATH OF AMINA.—A MOURNFUL SCENE.—THE LEVY HILLS.—HIPPOPOTAMUS CREEK.—BOLOBO.—THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.—A CRAFTY POTENTATE.—HIS DRESS, PIPE, WIVES, AND SONS.—INCONVENIENT COLLARS.—CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

IT was Frank's turn to read on the next day, and, promptly at the appointed hour, the reader and his audience were in their places. Without any preliminary remarks, the youth plunged at once into the midst of his subject.

"On the morning of the 10th of February natives from down river appeared to escort us, and our friends of Rubunga also despatched a canoe and five men to introduce us to Urangi. In about two hours we arrived at the very populous settlement of Urangi, consisting of several villages almost joining one another. I doubt whether the people of Urangi and Rubunga are cannibals, though we obtained proof sufficient that human life is not a subject of concern with them, and the necklaces of human teeth which they wore were by no means assuring—they provoked morbid ideas.

"We received a noisy and demonstrative welcome. In the afternoon the great chief of Urangi made his presence known by sounding his double iron gong. This gong consisted of two long, iron, bell-shaped instruments, connected above by an iron handle, which, when beaten with a short stick with a ball of india-rubber at the end, produced very agreeable musical sounds. He had a kindly reception, and though he manifested no desire or declared any intention of reciprocating our gift, he did not leave our camp dissatisfied with his present. He loudly proclaimed to the assembly in the

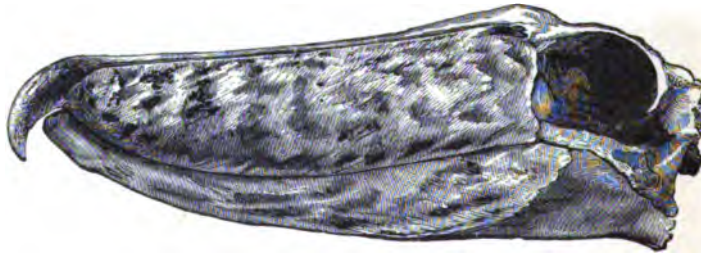


DOUBLE IRON BELLS OF URANGI.

river something to the effect that I was his brother; that peace and good-will should prevail, and that everybody should behave, and 'make plenty of trade.' But on his departure his people became roguish and like wild children. Scores of canoes flitted here and there, up and down, along the front of the camp, which gave us opportunities of observing that every person was tattooed in the most abominable manner; that the coiffeur's art was carried to perfection; that human teeth were popular ornaments for the neck; that their own teeth were filed; that brass wire to an astonishing quantity had been brought to them by the Bangala; as they had coils of it upon their arms and legs, and ruffs of it resting upon their shoulders; that while the men wore ample loin-coverings of grass-cloth, their women went naked; that ivory was to be purchased here to any amount, and that palm-wine had affected the heads of a great many. We also discovered that Urangi possessed about a dozen muskets.

"During the night we heard drumming and the report of muskets, but were not otherwise disturbed. As we departed down the river in the morning we were treacherously attacked by a fleet of canoes, and had a hard fight to beat them off. Hitherto, on the river, we had only the arrows and spears of the natives to fear, but now they were using muskets.

"There was an abundance of animal life along the river. On the islands we saw several elephants; the river was full of crocodiles and hippopotami, and along the islands and banks there were flocks of storks, cranes, ducks, egrets, flamingoes, spur-winged geese, and other aquatic birds. We saw many fine specimens of the *Balinœceps Rex*, identical with the one inhabiting the Upper Nile. He makes his home among the lotus-flowers and papyrus-plants, and is noticeable for his enormous beak.



BEAK OF THE BALINŒCEPS REX.

"During the forenoon of the 14th of February, while anxiously looking out lest we should be taken by some erratic channels in view of other villages, we arrived at the end of an island, which, after some hesitation, we followed along the right. Two islands were to the right of us, and prevented us from observing the mainland. But after descending two miles we came in full view of a small settlement on the right bank. Too late to return, we crept along down river, hugging the island as closely as possible, in order to arrive at a channel before the natives should sight us. But, alas! even in the midst of our prayers for deliverance, sharp, quick taps on a native kettle-drum sent our blood bounding to the heart, and we listened in agony for the response. Presently one drum after an-

THE BALINCEPS BEX.



other sounded the alarm, until the Titanic drums of war thundered the call to arms.

"In very despair I sprang to my feet, and, addressing my distressed and long-suffering followers, said, 'It is of no use, my friends, to hope to escape these blood-thirsty pagans. Those drums mean war. Yet it is very possible these are the Bangala, in which case, being traders, they will have heard of the men by the sea, and a little present may satisfy the chiefs. Now, while I take the sun you prepare your guns, your powder and bullets; see that every shield is ready to lift at once, as soon as you see or hear one gun-shot. It is only in that way I can save you, for every pagan now, from here to the sea, is armed with a gun, and they are black like you, and they have a hundred guns to your one. If we must die, we will die with guns in our hands, like men. While I am speaking, and trying to make friendship with them, let no one speak or move.'

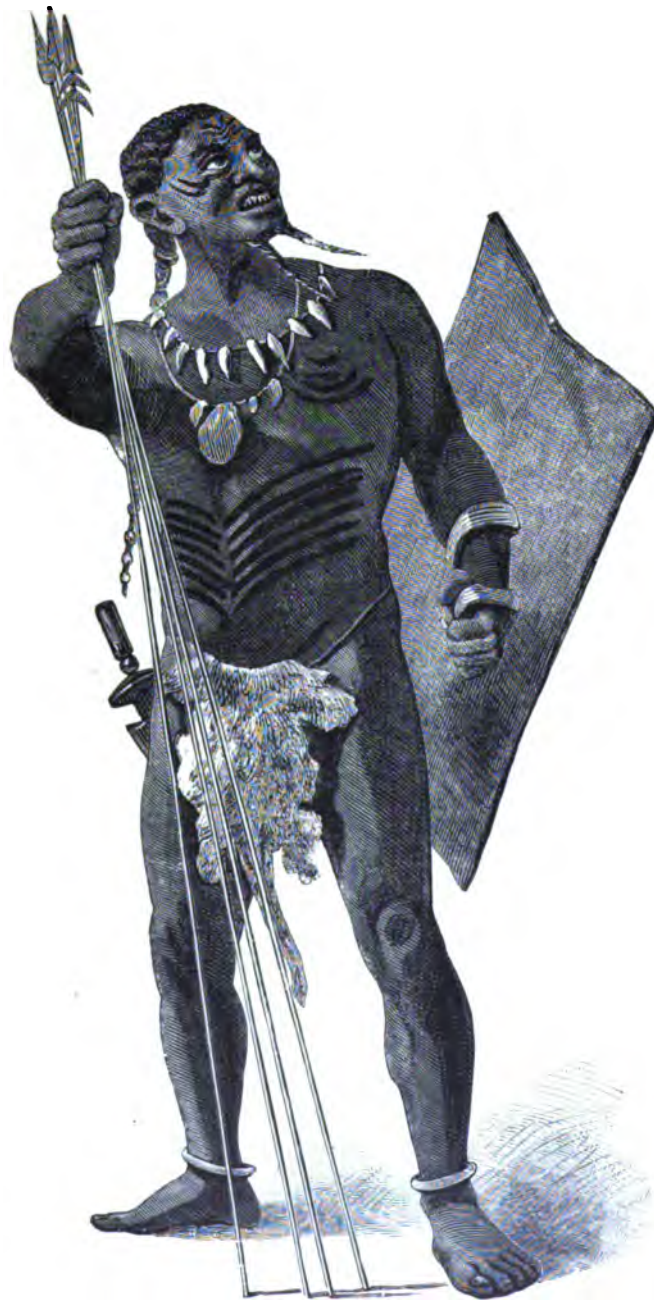
"We drew ashore at the little island, opposite the highest village, and at noon I obtained by observation north latitude $1^{\circ} 7' 0''$. Meanwhile savage madness was being heated by the thunder of drums, canoes were mustering, guns were being loaded, spears and broadswords were being sharpened, all against us, merely because we were strangers, and afloat on their waters. Yet we had the will and the means to purchase amity. We were ready to submit to any tax, imposition, or insolent demand for the privilege of a peaceful passage. Except life, or one drop of our blood, we would sacrifice anything.

"Slowly and silently we withdrew from the shelter of the island and began the descent of the stream. The boat took position in front, Frank's canoe, the *Ocean*, on the right, Manwa Sera's, *London Town*, to the left. Beyond Manwa Sera's canoe was the uninhabited island, the great length of which had ensnared us and hedged us in to the conflict. From our right the enemy would appear with muskets and spears and an unquenchable ferocity, unless we could mollify him.

"We had left Observation Island about half a mile behind us when the prows of many canoes were seen to emerge out of the creek. I stood up and edged towards them, holding a long piece of red cloth in one hand and a coil of brass wire in the other. We rested on our oars, and the men quietly placed their paddles in their canoes, and sat up, watchful, but ready for contingencies. As we floated down, numbers of canoes advanced.

"I hailed the natives, who were the most brilliantly decorated of any yet seen. At a distance they all appeared to wear something like English University caps, though of a white color. There was a great deal of glitter and flash of metal, shining brass, copper, and bright steel among them.

"The natives returned no answer to my hail; still I persisted, with the same artfulness of manner that had been so successful at Rubunga. I observed three or four canoes approaching Frank's vessel with a most suspicious air about them, and several of their canoes menacing him, at which Frank stood up and menaced them with his weapon. I thought the act premature, and ordered him to sit down and to look away from them. I again raised the crimson cloth and wire, and by pantomime offered to give it to those in front, whom I was previously addressing; but almost immediately those natives who had threatened Frank fired into my boat, wounding three of my young crew—Mambu, Murabo, and Jaffari—and two more natives fired into Frank's canoe, wounding two—Hatib and Muftah.



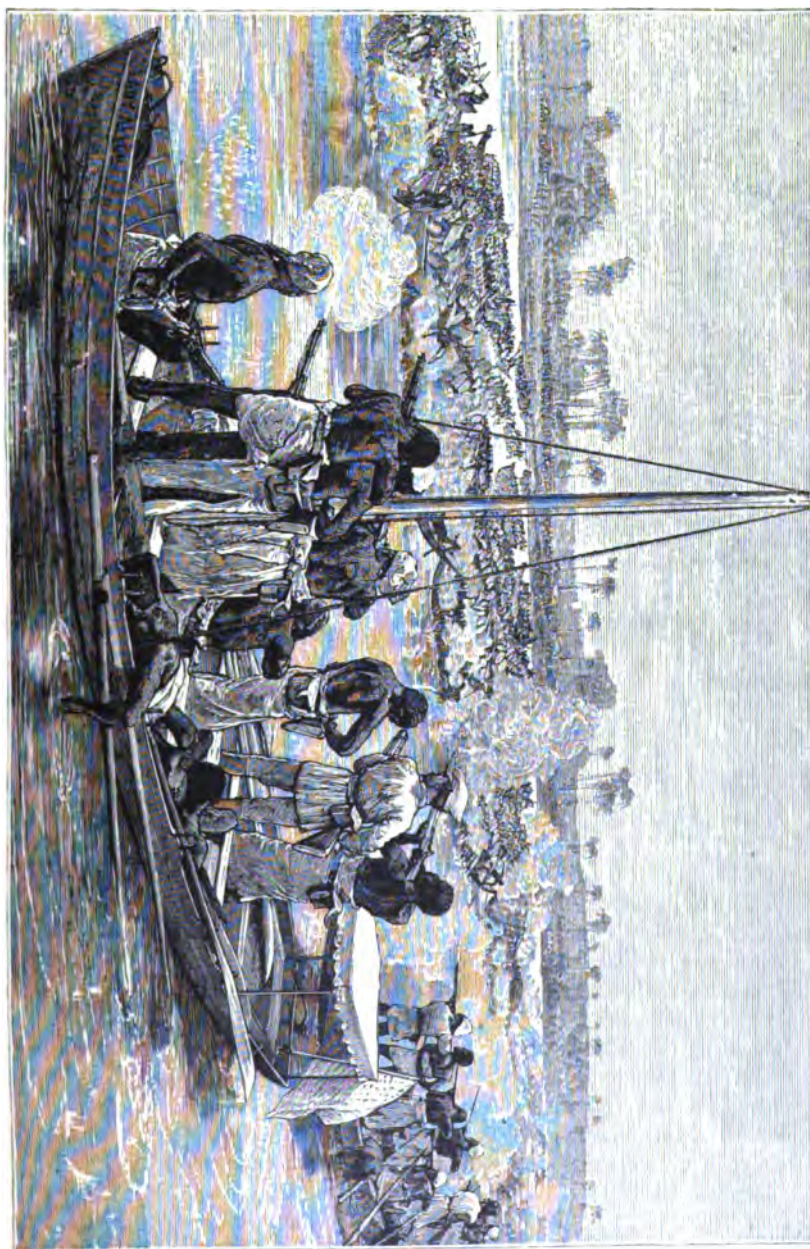
A CANNIBAL CHIEF.

The missiles fired into us were jagged pieces of iron and copper ore precisely similar to those which the Ashantees employed. After this murderous outrage there was no effort made to secure peace. The shields were lifted, and proved capital defences against the hail of slugs. Boat, shields, and canoes were pitted, but only a few shields were perforated.

"The conflict began in earnest, and lasted so long that ammunition had to be redistributed. We perceived that, as the conflict continued, every village sent out its quota. About two o'clock a canoe advanced with a swaggering air, its crew evidently intoxicated, and fired at us when within thirty yards. The boat instantly swept down to it and captured it, but the crew sprang into the river, and, being capital swimmers, were saved by a timely arrival of their friends. At three o'clock I counted sixty-three opposed to us. Some of the Bangala distinguished themselves by an audacity and courage that, for our own sakes, I was glad to see was not general. Especially one young chief, distinguished by his head-dress of white goat-skin and a short mantle of the same material, and wreaths of thick brass wire on neck, arms, and legs, sufficient, indeed, to have protected those parts from slugs, and proving him to be a man of consequence. His canoe-mates were ten in number; and his steersman, by his adroitness and dexterity, managed the canoe so well that, after he and his mates had fired their guns, he instantly presented its prow and only a thin line of upright figures to our aim. Each time he dashed up to deliver his fire all the canoes of his countrymen seemed stimulated by his example to emulate him. And, allowing five guns on an average to each of the sixty-three canoes, there were three hundred and fifteen muskets opposed to our forty-four. Their mistake was in supposing their slugs to have the same penetrative effect and long range as our missiles had. Only a few of the boldest approached, after they had experienced our fire, within a hundred yards. The young chief already mentioned frequently charged to within fifty yards, and delivered a smashing charge of missiles, almost all of which were either too low or too high. Finally Manwa Sera wounded him with a Snider bullet in the thigh. The brave fellow coolly, and in presence of us all, took a piece of cloth and deliberately banded it, and then calmly retreated towards shore. The action was so noble and graceful that orders were given to let him withdraw unmolested. After his departure the firing became desultory, and at 5.30 P.M. our antagonists retired, leaving us to attend to our wounded, and to give three hearty cheers at our success. This was our thirty-first fight on the terrible river—the last but one—and certainly the most determined conflict that we had endured.

"The Bangala may be said to be the Ashantees of the Livingstone River, though their country has comparatively but a small populated river front. Their villages cover—at intervals of a mile or half a mile—a line of ten miles. They trade with Ikengo and Irebu down the river all the ivory they have purchased from U'poto, Gunji, Mpisa, Ukeré, Rubunga, Urangi, Mpakiwana, and Marunja. I observed soon after the fight began that many canoes emerged out of a river coming from a northerly direction. For a long period the river of Bangala has appeared on West African maps as the Bancaro River. The word Bangala, which may be pronounced Bangara, Bankara, or Bankaro, signifies the people of Mangala or Mangara, Mankara or Mankaro. I have simply adopted the more popular term.

"We continued our journey on this eventful day until an hour after sunset,



THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.

when we proceeded to establish a camp at the head of a narrow, tortuous channel, which lost itself amid the clusters of small islets.

"On the 15th, at noon, we reached north latitude $0^{\circ} 58' 0''$. The strong winds which at this season blow daily up river impeded our journey greatly. They generally began at 8 A.M., and lasted until 3 P.M. When narrow channels were open

to us we were enabled to proceed without interruption, but when exposed to broad open streams the waves rose as high as two feet, and were a source of considerable danger. Indeed, from the regularity and increased force of the winds, I half suspected at the time that the Livingstone emptied into some vast lake such as the Victoria Nyanza. The mean temperature in the shade seldom exceeded 74° Fahrenheit, and the climate, though not dry, was far more agreeable than the clammy humidity characteristic of the east coast. The difference between the heat in this elevated region and that of the east coast was such that, while it was dangerous to travel in the sun without a sun-umbrella, near the sea on the east coast a light double-cotton cloth cap saved me from feeling any inconvenience when standing up in the boat under a bright glaring sun and cloudless sky. While sitting down in the boat, a few minutes was sufficient to convince me it was dangerous, without an umbrella, even here. While at work at the Stanley Falls the umbrella was not used. The nights were uncomfortable without a blanket, and sometimes even two were desirable.



POISONED ARROWS.

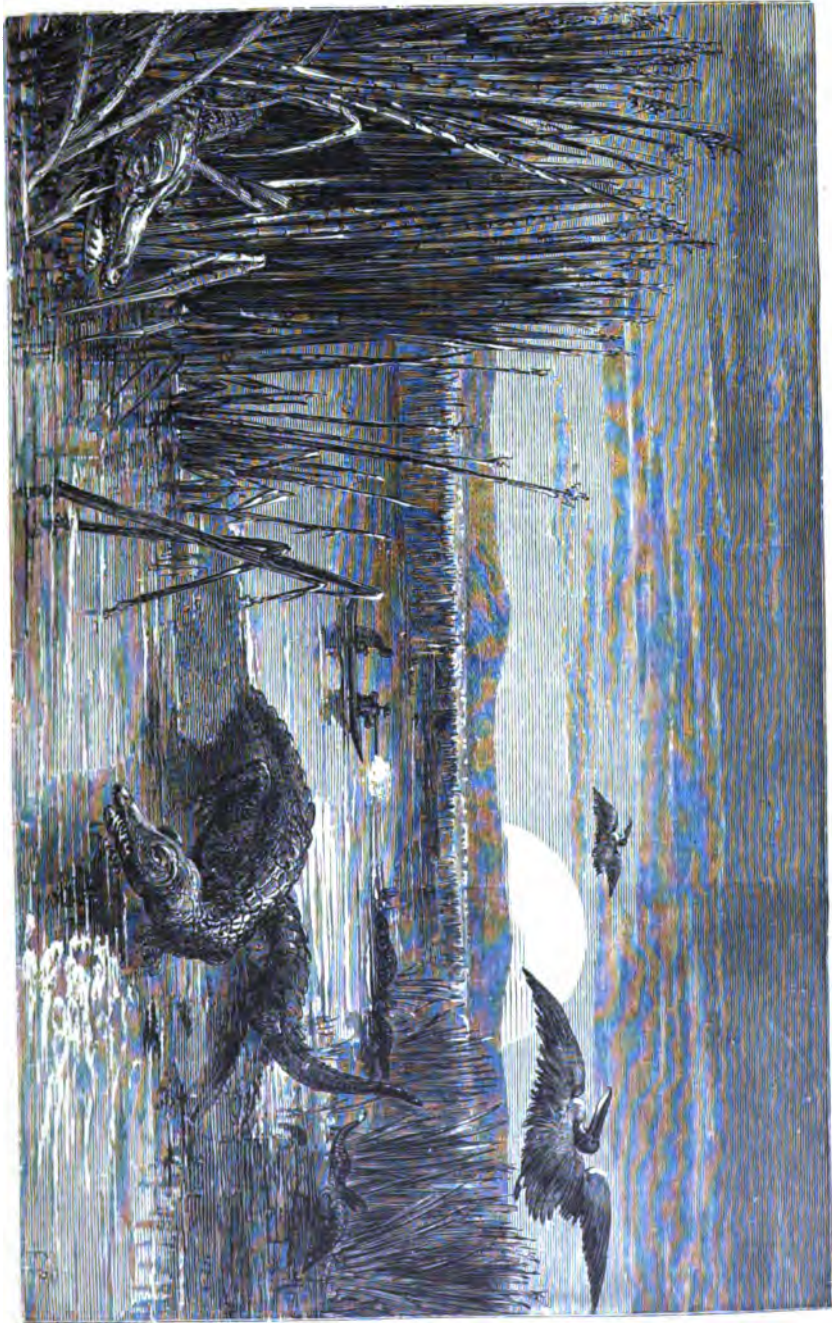
"The winds which prevail at this season of the year are from the southwest, or south, which means from the temperate latitude of the South Atlantic, and slightly chilled in their passage over the western ranges. In the early morning the thermometer was often as low as 64° . From 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. it ranged from 75° to 85° Fahrenheit in the shade; from 4 P.M. to sunset it ranged from 72° to 80° . From the 12th of January until the 5th of March we experienced no rain.

"One remarkable fact connected with our life in this region is, that though we endured more anxiety of mind and more strain on the body, were subject to constant peril, and fared harder (being compelled for weeks to subsist on green bananas, cassava, and sugarless tea, and those frequently in scanty quantities), we—Frank and I—enjoyed better health on the Livingstone than at any other period of the journey; but whether this unusual health might not be attributed to having become more acclimatized is a question.

"The mirage on the Livingstone was often ludicrously deceptive, playing on our fears at a most trying period, in a manner which plunged us from a temporary enjoyment of our immunity from attack into a state of suspicion and alarm, which probably, in nine cases out of ten, arose out of the exaggerated proportions given to a flock of pelicans or wild geese, which to our nerves, then in a high state of tension, appeared to be a very host of tall warriors. A young crocodile basking on a sandy spit appeared to be as large as a canoe, and an ancient and bleached tree a ship.

"At noon of the 17th we had reached north latitude $0^{\circ} 18' 41''$, our course dur-

A CROCODILE HUNT.



ing the 16th and 17th having been southwest, but a little before sunset the immense river was gradually deflecting to south.

"I quote the following from my note-book :

"*February 18, 1877.*—For three days we have been permitted, through the mercy of God, to descend this great river uninterrupted by savage clamor or ferocity. Winds during two days seriously impeded us, and were a cause for anxiety, but yesterday was fine and calm, and the river like a sheet of burnished glass ; we therefore made good progress. In the afternoon we encountered a native trading expedition from Ikengo in three canoes, one of which was manned by fifteen paddlers, clothed in robes of crimson blanket-cloth. We hailed them, but they refused to answer us. This sight makes me believe the river must be pretty free of cataraacts, and it may be that there are no more than the Sundi cataract, and the Falls of Yellalla reported by Tuckey in 1816, otherwise I cannot account for the ascent of three trading vessels, and such extensive possession of cloths and guns, so far up the river.

"Since the 10th of February we have been unable to purchase food, or indeed approach a settlement for any amicable purpose. The aborigines have been so hostile that even fishing-canoes have fired at us as though we were harmless game. God alone knows how we shall prosper below. But let come what may, I have purposed to attempt communicating with the natives to-morrow. A violent death will be preferable to death by starvation.

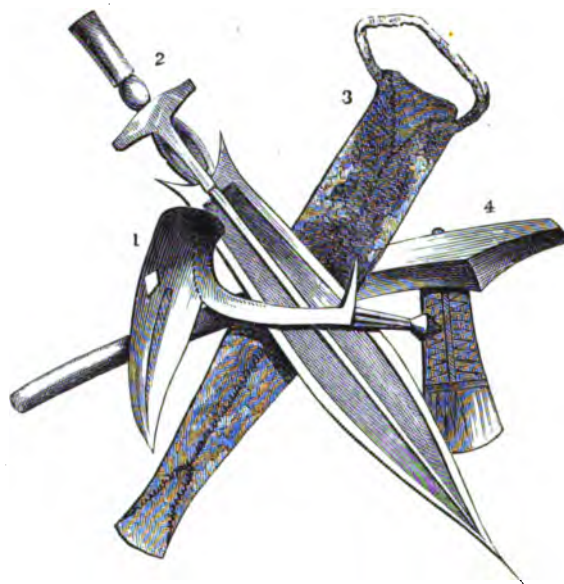
"*February 19, 1877.*—This morning we regarded each other as fated victims of protracted famine, or the rage of savages, like those of Mangala. But as we feared famine most, we resolved to confront the natives again. At 10 A.M., while we were descending the Livingstone along the left bank, we discovered an enormous river, considerably over a thousand yards wide, with a strong current, and deep, of the color of black tea. This is the largest influent yet discovered, and after joining the Livingstone it appeared to command the left half to itself—it strangely refuses to amalgamate with the Livingstone, and the divisional line between them is plainly marked by a zigzag ripple, as though the two great streams contended with one another for the mastery. Even the Aruwimi and the Lowwa united would not greatly exceed this giant influent. Its strong current and black water contrast very strongly with the whitey-brown Livingstone. On the upper side of the confluence is situate Ibonga, but the natives, though not openly hostile, replied to us with the peculiar war-cries "Yaha-ha-ha!"

"We continued our journey, though grievously hungry, past Bwena and Inguba, doing our utmost to induce the staring fishermen to communicate with us, without any success. They became at once officiously busy with guns, and dangerously active. We arrived at Ikengo, and as we were almost despairing we proceeded to a small island opposite this settlement and prepared to encamp. Soon a canoe with seven men came dashing across, and we prepared our moneys for exhibition. They unhesitatingly advanced, and ran their canoe alongside us. We were rapturously joyful, and returned them a most cordial welcome, as the act was a most auspicious sign of confidence. We were liberal, and the natives fearlessly accepted our presents, and from this giving of gifts we proceeded to seal this incipient friendship with our blood with all due ceremony.

"After an hour's stay with us they returned to communicate with their coun-

ELPHANT HUNTERS ON THE CONGO.



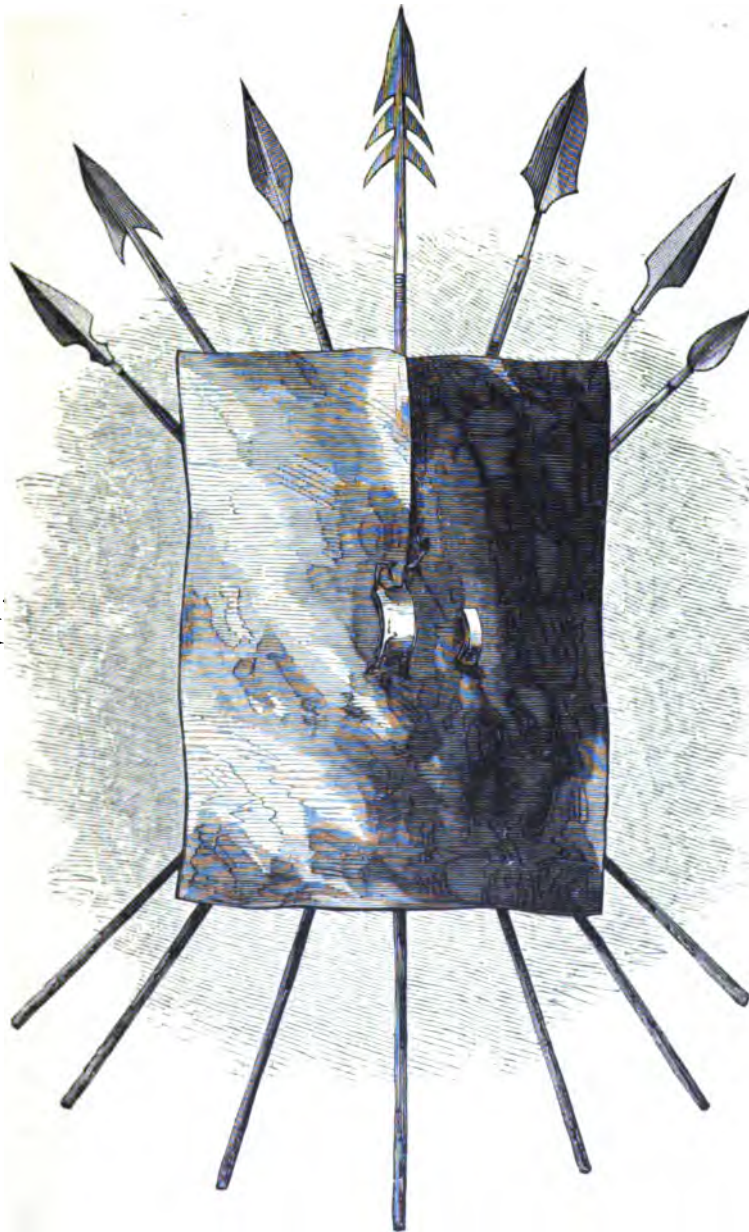


AFRICAN KNIFE AND AXES.

trymen, leaving one young fellow with us, which was another act of grace. Soon from a village below Ikengo two more canoes came up with two chiefs, who were extremely insolent and provoking, though after nearly two and a half years' experience of African manners we were not to be put out of temper because two drunken savages chose to be overbearing.

"By and by they cooled down. We got them to sit and talk, and we laughed together, and were apparently the best of friends. Of all the things which struck their fancy, my note-book, which they called "tara-tara," or looking-glass, appeared to them to be the most wonderful. They believed it possessed manifold virtues, and that it came from above. Would I, could I, sell it to them? It would have found a ready sale. But as it contained records of disaster by flood and fire, charts of rivers and creeks and islands, sketches of men and manners, notes upon a thousand objects, I could not part with it even for a tusk of ivory.

"They got angry and sulky again. It was like playing with and coaxing spoiled children. We amused them in various ways, and they finally became composed, and were conquered by good-nature. With a generous scorn of return gifts, they presented me with a gourdful of palm-wine. But I begged so earnestly for food that they sent their canoes back, and, while they sat down by my side, it devolved upon me until their return to fascinate and charm them with benignant gestures and broken talk. About 3 P.M. provisions came in basketfuls of cassava tubers, bananas, and long plantains, and the two chiefs made me rich by their liberality, while the people began also to thaw from that stupor into which impending famine had plunged them. At sunset our two friends, with whom I had labored with a zealot's enthusiasm, retired, each leaving with me a spear as a pledge that they would return to-morrow, and renew our friendly intercourse, with canoe-loads of provisions.



SPEARS, AND SHIELD OF ELEPHANT-HIDE.

“‘February 20, 1877.—My two friends brought most liberal supplies with them of cassava tubers, cassava loaves, flour, maize, plantains, and bananas, and two small goats, besides two large gourdfuls of palm-wine, and, what was better, they had induced their countrymen to respond to the demand for food. We held a market on Mwangangala Island, at which there was no scarcity of supplies; black pigs, goats, sheep, bananas, plantains, cassava bread, flour, maize, sweet potatoes, yams, and fish being the principal things brought for sale.

“‘The tall chief of Bwena and the chief of Inguba, influenced by the two chiefs of Ikengo, also thawed, and announced their coming by sounding those curious double bell-gongs, and blowing long horns of ivory, the notes of which distance made quite harmonious. During the whole of this day life was most enjoyable, intercourse unreservedly friendly, and though most of the people were armed with guns there was no manifestation of the least desire to be uncivil, rude, or hostile, which inspired us once more with a feeling of security to which we had been strangers since leaving Urangi.

“‘From my friends I learned that the name of the great river above Bwena is called Ikelemba. When I asked them which was the largest river, that which flowed by Mangala, or that which came from the southeast, they replied, that though Ikelemba River was very large, it was not equal to the “big river.” They said it would take me thirty days to reach the cataracts of the lower part of the river.

“‘Every weapon these natives possess is decorated with fine brass wire and brass tacks. Their knives are beautiful weapons, of a bill-hook pattern, the handles of which are also profusely decorated with an amount of brass-work and skill that places them very high among the clever tribes. These knives are carried in broad sheaths of red buffalo-hide, and are suspended by a belt of the same material. Besides an antique flint-lock musket, each warrior is armed with from four to five light and long assegais, with staves of the *Curtisia faginea*, and a bill-hook sword. They are a finely formed people, of a chocolate brown, very partial to camwood powder and palm-oil. Snuff is very freely taken, and their tobacco is most pungent.

“‘February 21.—This afternoon at 2 P.M. we continued our journey. Eight canoes accompanied us some distance, and then parted from us, with many demonstrations of friendship. The river flows from Ikengo southwesterly, the flood of the Ikelemba retaining its dark color, and spreading over a breadth of three thousand yards; the Livingstone’s pure, whitey-gray waters flow over a breadth of about five thousand yards, in many broad channels.’

“‘From the left bank we crossed to the right, on the morning of the 22d, and, clinging to the wooded shores of Ubangi, had reached at noon south latitude 0° 51’ 13”. Two hours later we came to where the great river contracted to a breadth of three thousand yards, flowing between two low, rocky points, both of which were populous, well cultivated, and rich with banana plantations. Below these points the river slowly widened again, and islands well wooded, like those farther up the river, rose into view, until by their number they formed once more intricate channels and winding creeks.

“‘Desirous of testing the character of the natives, we pulled across to the left bank, until, meeting with a small party of fishermen, we were again driven by their ferocity to seek the untravelled and unpopulated island wildernesses. It was rather amusing than otherwise to observe the readiness of the savages of Irebu to



SPECTATORS AMONG THE TREES.

fire their guns at us. They appeared to think that we were human waifs without parentage, guardianship, or means of protection, for their audacity was excessive. One canoe with only four men dashed down at us from behind an island close to the left bank, and fired point-blank from a distance of one hundred yards. Another party ran along a spit of sand and coolly waited our approach on their knees, and, though we sheered off to a distance of two hundred yards from them, they poured a harmless volley of slugs towards us, at which Baraka, the humorist, said that the pagans caused us to 'eat more iron than grain.'

"Such frantic creatures, however, could not tempt us to fight them. The river was wide enough, channels innumerable afforded us means of escaping from their mad ferocity, and if poor purblind nature was so excessively arrogant, Providence had kindly supplied us with crooked by-ways and unfrequented paths of water which we might pursue unmolested.

"At noon of the 23d we had reached $1^{\circ} 22' 15''$ south latitude. Strong gales met us during each day. The islands were innumerable, creeks and channels winding in and out among the silent scenes. But though their general appearance was much the same, almost uniform in outline and size, the islands never became commonplace. Was it from gratitude at the security they afforded us from the ruthless people of these regions? I do not know, but every bosky island into whose dark depths, shadowed by impervious roofs of foliage, we gazed had about it something kindly and prepossessing. Did we love them because, from being hunted by our kind, and ostracized from communities of men, we had come to regard them as our homes? I cannot tell, but I shall ever and forever remember them. Ah, had I but space, how I would revel in descriptions of their treasures and their delights! Even with their gad-flies and their tsetse, their mosquitoes and their ants, I love them. There was no treachery or guile in their honest depths; the lurking assassin feared their twilight gloom; the savage dared not penetrate their shades without a feeling of horror; but to us they were refuges in our distress, and their solitudes healed our woes. How true the words, 'Affliction cometh not out of the dust, nor doth trouble spring out of the ground.' Innocence and peace dwelt in the wilderness alone. Outside of these retreats glared the fierce-eyed savage, with malice and rage in his heart, and deadly weapons in his hand.

"To us, then, these untenanted islets, with their 'breadths of tropic shade, and palms in clusters,' seemed verily 'knots of paradise.' Like hunted beasts of the chase, we sought the gloom and solitudes of the wilds. Along the meandering and embowered creeks, hugging the shadows of the o'erarching woods, we sought for that safety which man refused us.

"The great river grew sealike in breadth below Irebu on the morning of the 24th; indeed, it might have been one hundred miles in breadth for aught we knew, deep-buried as we were among the islands. Yet there were broad and deep channels on every side of us, as well as narrow creeks between lengthy islands. The volume of water appeared exhaustless, though distributed over such an enormous width. There was water sufficient to float the most powerful steamers that float in the Mississippi. Here and there among the verdured isles gleamed broad humps of white sand, but on either side were streams several hundred yards wide, with as much as three fathoms' depth of water in the channels.

"At noon we reached south latitude $1^{\circ} 37' 22''$. The Mompurengi natives appeared on an island and expressed their feelings by discharging two guns at us, which we did not resent, but steadily held on our way. An hour afterwards faithful Amina, wife of Kachéché, breathed her last, making a most affecting end.

"Being told by Kachéché that his poor wife was dying, I drew my boat alongside of the canoe she was lying in. She was quite sensible, but very weak. 'Ah, master,' she said, 'I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have so wished to see the cocoanuts and the mangoes; but no; Amina is dying—dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been good to his children, and Amina remembers it. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master; do not forget poor little Amina!'

"While floating down we dressed Amina in her shroud, and laid her tenderly out, and at sunset consigned her body to the depths of the silent river.

"The morning of the 25th saw us once again on the broad stream floating down. We got a view of the mainland to the right, and discovered it to be very low. We hurried away into the island creeks, and floated down among many reedy, grassy islets, the haunt of bold hippopotami, one of which made a rush at a canoe with open mouth, but contented himself fortunately with a paddle, which he crunched into splinters.

"On the 26th the grassy islets became more frequent, inhabited by the flamingo, pelican, stork, whydahs, ibis, geese, ducks, etc. The salt-makers find a great source of wealth in the grasses, and the smoke of their fires floated over the country in clouds.

"At 10 A.M. the Levy Hills rose into view about two miles beyond the river, on the left bank, which as we neared Kutumpuku approached the river, and formed a ridge. Instantly the sight of the approaching hills suggested cataracts, and the memories of the terrible struggles we had undergone in passing the Stanley Falls were then brought vividly to our mind. What should we do with our sadly weakened force, were we to experience the same horrible scenes again?

"At noon I took an observation, and ascertained that we were in south latitude $2^{\circ} 23' 14''$. Edging off towards the right bank, we came to a creek, which, from the immense number of those amphibious animals, I have called 'Hippopotamus Creek.' Grass-covered islets, innumerable to us as we passed by them, were on either side. When about half-way through this creek we encountered seven canoes, loaded with men, about to proceed to their fishing haunts. Our sudden meeting occasioned a panic among the natives, and as man had hitherto been a dreaded object, it occasioned us also not a little uneasiness. Fortunately, however, they retreated in haste, uttering their fearful 'Yaha-ha-has,' and we steadily pursued our way down river, and about 3 P.M. emerged in view of the united stream, four thousand yards wide, contracted by the steep cultivated slopes of Bolobo on the left, and by a beautiful high upland—which had gradually been lifting from the level plains—on the right bank.

"For a moment, as we issued in view of the stream, with scores of native canoes passing backward and forward, either fishing or proceeding to the grassy islets to their fish-sheds and salt-making, we feared that we should have another conflict; but though they looked at us wonderingly, there was no demonstration of hostility. One man in a canoe, in answer to our question, replied that the bold

heights two hundred feet above the river, which swarmed with villages, was Bolobo. Being so near the border of the savage lands above, we thought it safer to wait yet one more day before attempting further intercourse with them.

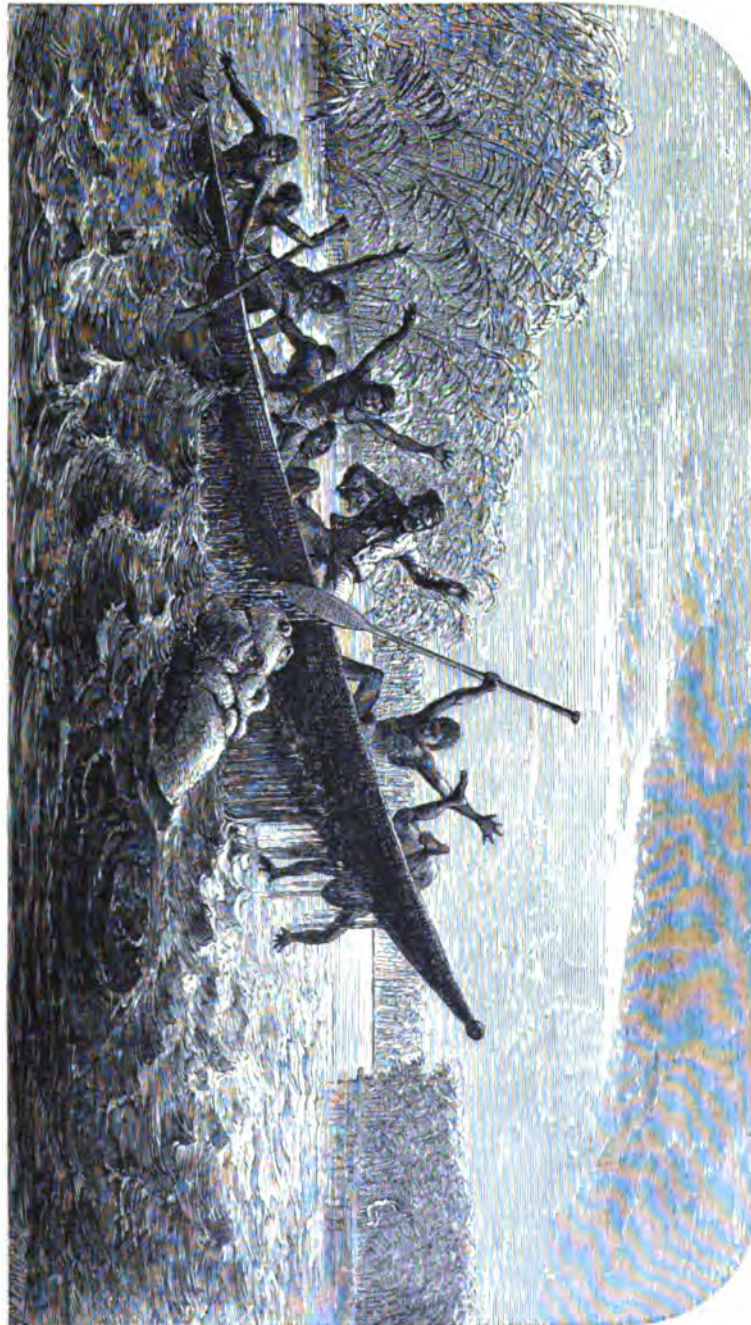
"On the 27th, during the morning, we were still among islets and waving branches, but towards the afternoon the islets had disappeared, and we were in view of a magnificent breadth of four miles of clear water. On our left the cultivated uplands of Bolobo had become elevated into a line of wooded hills, and on our right the wall of the brown, grassy upland rose high and steep, broken against the sky-line into cones.

"Gradually the shores contracted, until at 3 P.M. the right bank deflected to a southeast course, and finally shot out a long rocky point, which to us, accustomed to an enormous breadth of river, appeared as though it were the commencement of a cataract. We approached it with the utmost caution, but on arriving near it we discovered that the mirage had exaggerated its length and height, for between it and the left bank were at least two thousand five hundred yards of deep water.

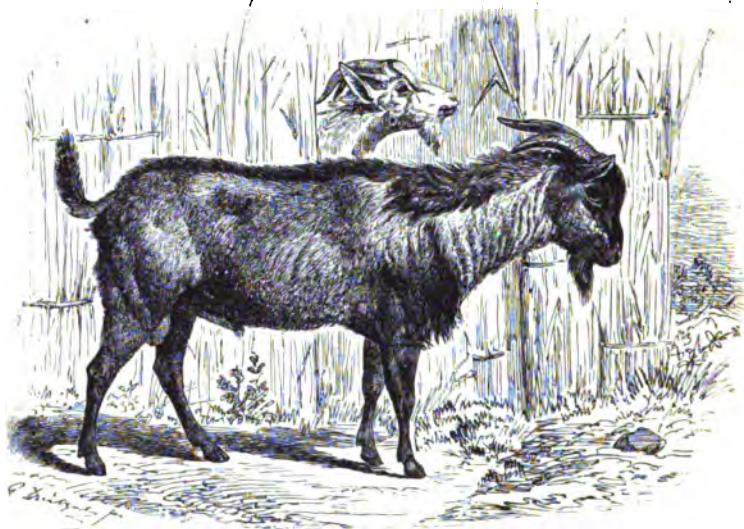
"The time had now come when we could no longer sneak among reedy islets, or wander in secret among wildernesses of water; we must once more confront man. The native, as we had ascertained opposite Bolobo, was not the destructive infuriate of Irebu or Mompurengi, or the frantic brute of Mangala and Marunja. He appeared to be toning down into the *MAN*, and to understand that others of his species inhabited this globe. At least, we hoped so. We wished to test the accuracy of this belief, and now eagerly searched for opportunities to exchange greetings, and to claim kindred with him. As we had industriously collected a copious vocabulary of African languages, we felt a certain confidence that we had been sufficiently initiated into the science of aboriginal language to be able to begin practising it.

"Behind the rocky point were three natives fishing for minnows with hand-nets. We lay to on our oars and accosted them. They replied to us clearly and calmly. There was none of that fierce fluster and bluster and wild excitement that we had come to recognize as the preliminary symptoms of a conflict. The word *ndu*—brother—was more frequent. To our overtures of friendship there was a visible inclination of assent; there was a manifest desire to accept our conciliatory sentiments; for we received conciliatory responses. Who could doubt a pacific conclusion to the negotiations? Our tact and diplomacy had been educated in a rough school of adversity. Once the attention of the natives had been arrested, and their confidence obtained, we had never failed to come to a friendly understanding.

"They showed us a camping-place at the base of the brown, grassy upland, in the midst of a thin grove of trees. They readily subscribed to all the requirements of friendship, blood-brotherhood, and an exchange of a few small gifts. Two of them then crossed the river to Chumbiri, whose green, wooded slopes and fields, and villages and landing-place, were visible, to tell the King of Chumbiri that peaceable strangers desired friendship with him. They appeared to have described us to him as most engaging people, and to have obtained his cordial co-operation and sympathy in a very short time, for soon three canoes appeared conveying about forty men, under three of his sons, who bore to us the royal spear, and several royal gifts, such as palm-wine, a goat, bananas, and a chicken for my-



ENCOUNTER WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.



A PRESENT FROM CHUMBIRI.

self, and a hearty welcome from the old king, their father, with the addition of a promise that he would call himself the next day.

"About 9 A.M. of the 28th, the king of Chumbiri appeared with *éclat*. Five canoes filled with musketeers escorted him.

"Though the sketch below is an admirable likeness of him, it may be well



THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.

also to append a verbal description. A small-eyed man of fifty years or thereabout, with a well-formed nose, but wide nostrils and thin lips, clean shaved—or rather clean-plucked—with a quiet yet sociable demeanor, ceremonious and mild-voiced, with the instincts of a greedy trader cropping out of him at all points, and cunning beyond measure. The type of his curious hat may be seen on the head of any Armenian priest. It was formed out of close-plaited hyphene-palm fibre, sufficiently durable to outlast his life though he might live a century. From his left shoulder, across his chest, was suspended the sword of the bill-hook pattern, already described in the passages about Ikengo. Above his shoulder stood upright the bristles of an elephant's tail. His hand was armed with a buffalo's tail, made into a fly-flapper, to whisk mos-

quitoes and gnats off the royal face. To his wrist were attached the odds and ends which the laws of superstition had enjoined upon him, such as charm-gourds, charm-powders in bits of red and black flannel, and a collection of wooden antiquities, besides a snuff-gourd and a parcel of tobacco-leaves.

"The king's people were apparently very loyal and devoted to him, and his sons showed remarkable submissiveness. The little snuff-gourd was in constant requisition, and he took immoderate quantities, inhaling a quarter of a teaspoonful at a time from the palm of his hand, to which he pressed his poor nose until it seemed to be forced into his forehead. Immediately after, one of his filially affectionate children would fill his long chibouque, which was six feet in length, decorated with brass tacks and tassels of braided cloth. The bowl was of iron, and large enough to contain half an ounce of tobacco. He would then take two



GREAT PIPE OF KING OF CHUMBIRI.

or three long-drawn whiffs, until his cheeks were distended like two hemispheres, and fumigate his charms thoroughly with the smoke. His sons then relieved him of the pipe—at which he snapped his fingers—and distended their cheeks into hemispherical protuberances in like manner, and also in the same way fumigated their little charms; and so the chibouque of peace and sociability went the round of the circle, as though it were a council of Sioux about to hold a pow-wow, and as the pipe passed round there was an interchange of finger-snaps in a decorous, grave, and ceremonious style.

"Our intercourse with the king was very friendly, and it was apparent that we were mutually pleased. The only fault that I, as a stranger, could find in him was an excessive cunning, which approached to the sublime. He had evidently cultivated fraud and duplicity as an art, yet he was suave and wheedling. Could I complain? Never were people so willing to be victimized. Had we been warned that he would victimize us, I do not think that we should have refused his friendship.

"An invitation was extended to us to make his own village our home. We were hungry; and no doubt we were approaching cataracts. It would be welcome knowledge to know what to expect below in that broad defile filled by the great river; what peoples, countries, tribes, villages, rivers we should see; if the tribes were amenable to reason in the unknown country; if white men had ever been heard of; if there were cataracts below, and if they were passable. We accepted the invitation, and crossed the river, drums and double bell-gongs sounding the peaceful advance of our flotilla upon Chumbiri.

"We were proud of our reception by the dames of Chumbiri. Loyal and submissive to their king, they exhibited kindly attentions to the strangers. We held a grand market, and won the natives' hearts by our liberality. Back rations for several days were due to our people, and, filled with an extravagant delight—even as Frank and I were—they expended their ration moneys with a recklessness of

consequences which only the novelty of the situation explained. We had arrived at port, and weather-beaten voyagers are generally free with their moneys upon such occasions.

"The dames of Chumbiri were worth seeing, even to us, who were sated with the thousand curious things we had met in our long travels. They were also pretty, of a rich brown color many of them, large-eyed, and finely formed, with a graceful curve of shoulder I had not often observed. But they were slaves of fashion. Six tenths of the females wore brass collars two inches in diameter; three tenths had them two and a half inches in diameter; one tenth were oppressed with collars three inches in diameter; which completely covered the neck, and nearly reached the shoulder ends. Fancy the weight of thirty pounds of brass, soldered permanently round the neck! Yet these oppressed women were the favorite wives of Chumbiri! And they rejoiced in their oppression!



ONE OF THE KING'S WIVES AT CHUMBIRI.

"I believe that Chumbiri—who, as I said, was a keen and enterprising trader, the first aboriginal African that might be compared to a Parsee—as soon as he obtained any brass wire, melted it and forged it into brass collars for his wives. That the collars were not larger may be attributed, perhaps, to his poverty. He boasted to me he possessed 'four tens' of wives, and each wife was collared permanently in thick brass. I made a rough calculation, and I estimated that his wives bore about their necks until death at least eight hundred pounds of brass; his daughters—he had six—one hundred and twenty pounds; his favorite female slaves about two hundred pounds.

Add six pounds of brass wire to each wife and daughter for arm and leg ornaments, and one is astonished to discover that Chumbiri possesses a portable store of one thousand three hundred and ninety-six pounds of brass.

"I asked of Chumbiri what he did with the brass on the neck of a dead wife. Chumbiri smiled. Cunning rogue; he regarded me benevolently, as though he loved me for the searching question. Significantly he drew his finger across his throat.

"The warriors and young men are distinguished for a characteristic style of hair-dressing, which belongs to Uyanzi alone. It is arranged into four separate plaits, two of which overhang the forehead like lovers' curls. Another special mark of Uyanzi are two tattooed lines over the forehead. In whatever part of the lower Livingstone these peculiarities of style may be seen, they are indubitably Wy-yanzi, or natives of Uyanzi.

"The country of Uyanzi embraces many small districts, and extends along the left bank of the great river, from Bolobo, in south latitude $2^{\circ} 23' 14''$, to the confluence of the Ibari Nkutu, or river of Nkutu, and the Livingstone, in $3^{\circ} 14'$ south latitude. The principal districts are Bolobo, Isangu, Chumbiri, Musevoka, Misongo, and Ibaka. Opposite is the country of the Bateké, a wilder tribe than the Wy-



A BOWMAN.

yanzi, some of the more eastern of whom are professed cannibals. To the north is the cannibal tribe of the Wanfuninga, of ferocious repute, and dreaded by the Wy-yanzi and Bateké.

"On the 7th of March we parted from the friendly king of Chumbiri, with an escort of forty-five men, in three canoes, under the leadership of his eldest son, who was instructed by his father to accompany us as far as the pool, now called Stanley Pool, because of an incident which will be described hereafter.

"For some reason we crossed the river, and camped on the right bank, two miles below Chumbiri. At midnight the Wy-yanzi awoke us all by the fervor with which they employed their fetishes to guide us safely from camp to camp, which they named. As they had been very successful in charming away the rain with which we had been threatened the evening before, our people were delighted to hear them pray for success, having implicit faith in them."

CHAPTER XIV.

TREACHERY OF THE KING'S SONS.—THE GREATEST RASCAL OF AFRICA.—A PYTHON IN CAMP.—STANLEY POOL.—DOVER CLIFFS.—MANKONEH.—FIRST SOUND OF THE FALLS.—BARGAINING FOR FOOD.—LOSS OF THE BIG GOAT.—EXCHANGING CHARMS.—FALL OF THE CONGO FROM NYANGWÉ TO STANLEY POOL.—GOING AROUND THE GREAT FALL.—DRAGGING THE BOATS OVERLAND.—GORDON-BEN-NET RIVER.—“THE CALDRON.”—LOSS OF THE *LONDON TOWN*.—POOR KALULU.—HIS DEATH IN THE RIVER.—LOSS OF MEN BY DROWNING.—SAD SCENES IN CAMP.

“THE sons of the King of Chumbiri,” said Frank, “proved treacherous. Soon after starting they lagged behind, and the explorers continued without them. Nothing of importance occurred during the day, and the camp was made for the night in a dense forest near the bank of the river. Hardly had the explorers landed before loud shrieks were heard from a boy who narrowly escaped being eaten by a python. Half an hour later the same python, or another, was found in another part of the camp

trying to throw his folds about one of the women. There was great excitement, and the snake was promptly killed. He measured thirteen feet six inches in length, and was fifteen inches around the thickest part of the body.

“The next morning, just as they were preparing breakfast, they were attacked by a party of savages who opened fire upon them with muskets. Fourteen of Mr. Stanley’s men were wounded before the assailants were put to flight; when the expedition continued on its journey it was found that their camping-place had been about two miles above the village to which their assailants belonged. All the warriors of the village came out to the bank of the river with their muskets and spears,



SON OF THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.



A PYTHON IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

but the travellers kept at a safe distance and were not harmed. The sons of the king came up with them shortly afterwards, but made such extraordinary demands for escorting the party to the falls that the explorer concluded to go along without them. He gives it as his opinion that this oily-tongued king is the greatest rascal in all Africa.

"And now," said Frank, "I will read to you about the approach to the famous falls of the lower Congo.

"About 11 A.M. of the 12th the river gradually expanded from fourteen hundred to twenty-five hundred yards, which admitted us in view of a mighty breadth of river, which the men at once, with happy appropriateness, termed 'a pool.' Sandy islands rose in front of us like a sea-beach, and on the right towered a long row of cliffs, white and glistening, so like the cliffs of Dover that Frank at once exclaimed that it was a bit of England. The grassy table-land above the cliffs appeared as green as a lawn, and so much reminded Frank of Kentish Downs that he exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I feel we are nearing home.'

"While I was taking an observation at noon of the position, Frank, with my glass in his hand, ascended the highest part of the large sandy dune that had been deposited by the mighty river, and took a survey of its strange and sudden expansion, and after he came back he said, 'Why, I declare, sir, this place is just like a pool; as broad as it is long. There are mountains all round it, and it appears to me almost circular.'*

"Well, if it is a pool, we must distinguish it by some name. Give me a suitable name for it, Frank.'

"Why not call it 'Stanley Pool,' and these cliffs Dover Cliffs? For no traveller who may come here again will fail to recognize the cliffs by that name.'



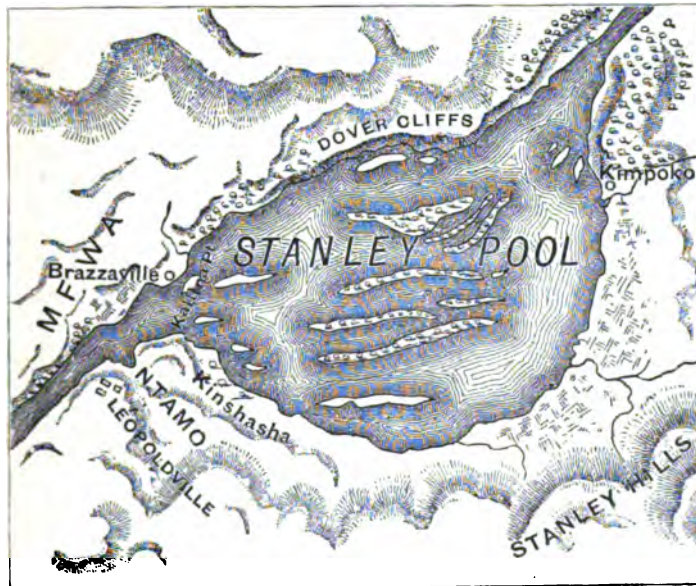
THE NORTHERN END OF STANLEY POOL.

"Subsequent events brought these words vividly to my recollection, and in accordance with Frank's suggestion I have named this lakelike expansion of the river

* "Frank described the crater of an extinct volcano, which is six miles in length and four miles wide, as set forth more in detail subsequently."

from Dover Cliffs to the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls—embracing about thirty square miles—the Stanley Pool. The latitude of the entrance from above to the pool was ascertained to be $4^{\circ} 3'$ south.

“The left shore is occupied by the populous settlements of Nshasa, Nkunda, and Ntamo. The right is inhabited by the wild Bateké, who are generally accused of being cannibals.



MAP OF STANLEY POOL.

“Soon after we began our descent of the pool, skirting the right shore, we observed a chalky mount, near which were two or three columns of the same material. From a cove just below emerged two or three Bateké canoes, the crews of which, after collecting their faculties, consented to show us the cataract, the noise of which, as they attempted to describe it, elicited roars of laughter from the members of the expedition. This outburst of loud merriment conquered all reluctance on the part of the Bateké to accompany us.

“After winding in and out of many creeks which were very shallow, we approached the village of Mankoneh, the chief of the Bateké. His people during the daytime are generally scattered over these sandy dunes of the Stanley Pool attending to their nets and fish-snares, and to protect themselves from the hot sun always take with them several large mats to form sheds. Mankoneh, to our great delight, was a bluff, hearty, genial soul, who expressed unbounded pleasure at seeing us; he also volunteered to guide us to the falls. He was curious to know how we proposed travelling after arriving near them, for it was impossible, he said, to descend the falls. By a ludicrous pantomime he led us to understand that they were something very fearful.

"A few hundred yards below his village the pool sharply contracted, and the shore of Ntamo—a projecting point from the crescent-shaped ridge beyond—appeared at a distance of two thousand yards. It was then that we heard for the first time the low and sullen thunder of the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls.

"Slowly Mankoneh, in his canoe, glided down towards it, and louder it grew on the ears, until when within one hundred yards of the first line of broken water, he pointed forward and warned us not to proceed farther. We made for the shore, and found ourselves on a narrow, ledgelike terrace bristling with great blocks of granite, amid a jungly tangle, which grew at the base of high hills. Here, after a short busy period with axe and machete, we constructed a rude camp. The only level spot was not six feet square.

"Mankoneh, the Bateké chief, pointed out to us the village of Itsi, the chief of Ntamo, which is situate on the left bank, in a line with the beginning of the first cataract, and spoke of Itsi with great respect, as though he were very powerful.

"About 5 P.M. a small canoe was observed to cross over to our side from the left bank, a mile above the falls. The canoe-men, through the representations of our hearty friend Mankoneh, were soon induced to land in our camp to converse with the white men, and before long we had succeeded in making them feel quite at home with us. As they were in a quiver of anxious desire to impart to the chief Itsi all the wonderful things they had witnessed with us, they departed about sunset, solemnly promising we should see the famous Itsi of Ntamo next morning.

"Lashing our canoes firmly lest an accident should happen during the night, we turned to our rude huts to sleep in peace.

We were all very hungry, as we had been able to purchase nothing from the natives since leaving Chumbiri five days before, and we had been more than usually improvident, having placed far too much reliance on the representations so profusely made to us by the mild-voiced but cunning king of Chumbiri. From very shame I refrain from publishing the stores of goods with which I purchased the glib promises of assistance from Chumbiri, not one of which was realized.

"Morning of the 13th of March found us, from the early hours of dawn, anxiously waiting the arrival of Itsi of Ntamo and the reappearance of Mankoneh. From our camp we might easily with a glass note any movement on the other bank. At 9 A.M.—Itsi evidently was not an early riser—a large canoe and two consorts, laden with men, were seen propelled up stream along the left bank, and, a mile above the landing-place, to



ONE OF THE KING'S WARRIORS.

cross the river at a furious pace. The rows of upright figures, with long paddles, bending their bodies forward in unison, and their voices rising in a swelling chorus to the sound of the steady beat of a large drum, formed a pretty and inspiring sight. Arriving at the right bank, with a perfect recklessness of the vicinity of the falls, they dashed down towards our camp at the rate of six knots an hour. The large war-canoe, though not quite equal to the monster of the Aruwimi in size, was a noble vessel, and Itsi, who was seated in state 'midship,' with several gray-headed eiders near him, was conscious, when he saw our admiration, that he had created a favorable impression. She measured eighty-five feet seven inches in length, four feet in width, and was three feet three inches deep. Her crew consisted of sixty paddlers and four steersmen, and she carried twenty-two passengers, close-packed, besides, making a total of eighty-six persons. The other two canoes carried ninety-two persons altogether.

"We cordially invited Itsi and his people to our camp, to which they willingly responded. Some grass, fresh cut, in anticipation of the visit of our honorable friends, had been strewn over a cleared space close to the stream, and, our best mats spread over it.



AFRICAN RECLINING-CHAIR.

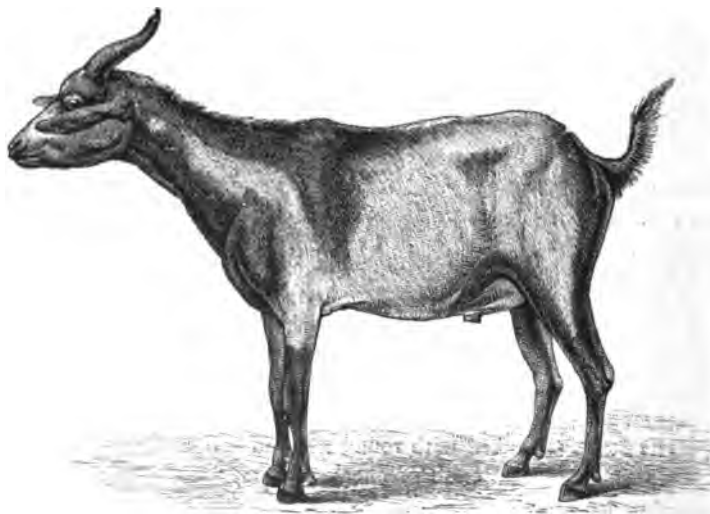
"There were four or five gray-headed elders present, one of whom was introduced as Itsi. He laughed heartily, and it was not long before we were on a familiar footing. They then broached the subject of blood-brotherhood. We were willing, but they wished to defer the ceremony until they had first shown their friendly feelings to us. Accordingly the old man handed over to me ten loaves of cassava bread, or cassava pudding, fifty tubers of cassava, three bunches of bananas, a dozen sweet potatoes, some sugar-cane, three fowls, and a diminutive goat. A young man of about twenty-six years made Frank's acquaintance by presenting to him double the quantity I received. This liberality drew my attention to him. His face was dotted with round spots of soot-and-oil mixture. From his shoulders depended a long cloth of check pattern, while over one shoulder was a belt, to which was attached a queer medley of small gourds containing snuff and various charms, which he called his Inkisi. In return for the bounteous store of

provisions given to Frank and myself, as they were cotton or grass-cloth-wearing people, we made up a bundle of cloths for each of the principals, which they refused, to our surprise. We then begged to know what they desired, that we might show our appreciation of their kindness, and seal the bond of brotherhood with our blood.

"The young man now declared himself to be Itsi, the King of Ntamo; the elder, who had previously been passed off for the king, being only an ancient councillor. It was a surprise, but not an unpleasant one, though there was nothing very regal or majestic about him, unless one may so call his munificent bounty to Frank as compared to the old man's to me. We finally prevailed upon Itsi to inform us what gift would be pleasing to him.

"He said, 'I want only that big goat; if you give me that, I shall want nothing more.'

"The 'big goat' which he so earnestly required was the last of six couples I had purchased in Uregga for the purpose of presentation to an eminent English lady, in accordance with a promise I had made to her four years previously. All the others had perished from heat apoplexy, sickness, and want of proper care, which the terrible life we had led had prevented us from supplying. This 'big goat' and a lionlike ram, gigantic specimens of the domestic animals of Manyema and Uregga, were all that survived. They had both become quite attached to us, and were valued companions of a most eventful journey of eleven hundred miles. I refused it, but offered to double the cloths. Whereupon Itsi sulked, and prepared to depart; not, however, before hinting that we should find it difficult to obtain food if he vetoed the sale of provisions. We coaxed him back again to his seat, and offered him one of the asses. The possession of such a 'gigantic' animal as an ass, which was to him of all domestic animals a veritable Titanosaurus, was a great temptation; but the shuddering women, who feared being eaten by it, caused him to decline the honor of the gift. He now offered three goats for what



A PRESENT FROM ITSİ.

appeared to him to be the 'largest' goat in Africa, and boasted of his goodness, and how his friendship would be serviceable to me; whereas, if he parted in anger, why, we should be entirely at his mercy. The goat was therefore transferred to his canoe, and Itsi departed for Ntamo, as though he were in possession of a new wonder.

"Our provisions were only sufficient to prove what appetites we possessed, and not to assuage them: all were consumed in a few minutes, and we were left with only hopes of obtaining a little more on the next day.

"On the 14th Itsi appeared with his war-canoe at 9 A.M., bringing three goats and twenty loaves of cassava bread and a few tubers, and an hour afterwards Nchuvira, King of Nkunda, Mankoneh, chief of the Bateké fishermen near the Stanley Pool, and the King of Nshasa, at the southeast end of the Stanley Pool, arrived at our camp with several canoe crews. Each of the petty sovereigns of the districts in our neighborhood contributed a little, but altogether we were only able to distribute to each person two pounds of eatable provisions. Every chief was eager for a present, with which he was gratified, and solemn covenants of peace were entered into between the whites and the blacks. The treaty with Itsi was exceedingly ceremonious, and involved the exchange of charms. Itsi transferred to me, for my protection through life, a small gourdful of a curious powder, which had rather a saline taste, and I delivered over to him, as the white man's charm against all evil, a half-ounce vial of magnesia; further, a small scratch in Frank's arm, and another in Itsi's arm, supplied blood sufficient to unite us in one and indivisible bond of fraternity. After this we were left alone.

"An observation by boiling-point, above the first cataract of Livingstone Falls, disclosed to us an altitude of 1147 feet above the ocean. At Nyangwé the river was 2077 feet. In twelve hundred and thirty-five miles, therefore, there had been only a reduction of 930 feet, divided as follows:

	Feet.	Distance in miles.	Fall per mile.
Nyangwé.....	2077	337	20 inches.
Four miles below seventh cataract, Stanley Falls...	1511		
	Feet, 566		
Four miles below seventh cataract, Stanley Falls....	1511	898	5 inches, nearly.
River at Ntamo, above first cataract, Livingstone Falls.....	1147		
	Feet, 364		
		River uninterrupted."	

Frank paused a few moments, and, at the request of one of his auditors, repeated the figures he had just given. Then he continued the narrative as follows:

"The wide wild land which, by means of the greatest river of Africa, we have pierced, is now about to be presented in a milder aspect than that which has filled the preceding pages with records of desperate conflicts and furious onslaughts of savage men. The people no longer resist our advance. Trade has tamed their natural ferocity, until they no longer resent our approach with the fury of beasts of prey.



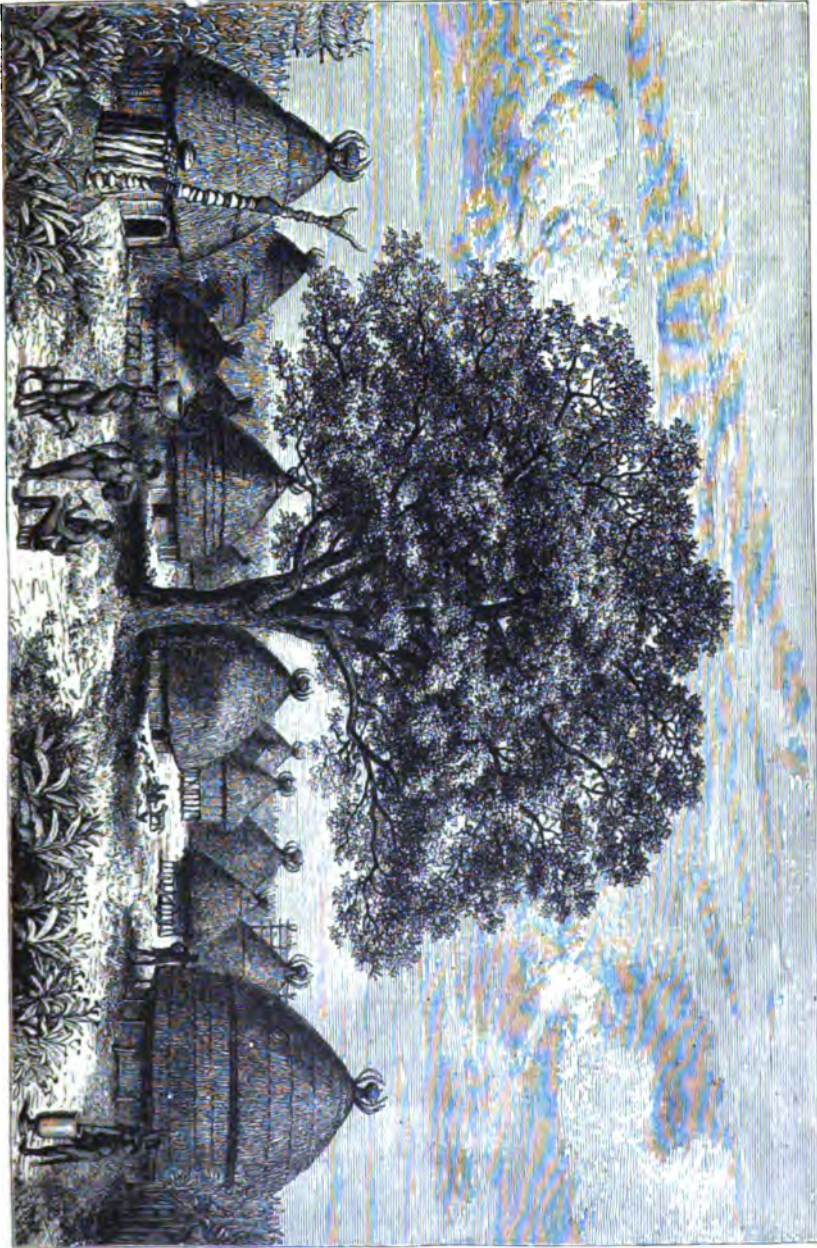
FLOATING ISLAND IN STANLEY POOL.

"It is the dread river itself of which we shall have now to complain. It is no longer the stately stream, whose mystic beauty, noble grandeur, and gentle, uninterrupted flow along a course of nearly nine hundred miles ever fascinated us, despite the savagery of its peopled shores, but a furious river, rushing down a steep bed obstructed by reefs of lava, projected barriers of rock, lines of immense boulders, winding in crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids. Our frequent contests with the savages culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river as it rushed and roared through the deep, yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Atlantic Ocean.

"Those voiceless and lone streams meandering between the thousand isles of the Livingstone; those calm and silent wildernesses of water over which we had poured our griefs and wailed in our sorrow; those woody solitudes where nightly we had sought to soothe our fevered brows, into whose depths we breathed our vows; that sealike amplitude of water which had proved our refuge in distress, weird in its stillness, and solemn in its mystery, are now exchanged for the cliff-lined gorge, through which with inconceivable fury the Livingstone sweeps with foaming billows into the broad Congo, which, at a distance of only one hundred and fifty-five geographical miles, is nearly eleven hundred feet below the summit of the first fall.

"On the 16th of March, having explored as far as the Gordon-Bennett River, and obtained a clear idea of our situation during the 15th, we began our labors with energy. Goods, asses, women, and children, with the guard under Frank, first moved overland to a temporary halting-place near the confluence. Then, manning the boat, I led the canoe-men from point to point along the right bank, over the first rapids. We had some skilful work to perform to avoid being swept away by the velocity of the current; but whenever we came to rocks we held the rattan hawsers in our hands, and, allowing the stream to take them beyond these dangerous points, brought them into the sheltered lee. Had a hawser parted nothing could have saved the canoe or the men in it, for at the confluence of the Gordon-Bennett with the great river the entire river leaps headlong into an abyss of

VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY OF THE CONGO.





NATIVE POTTERY.

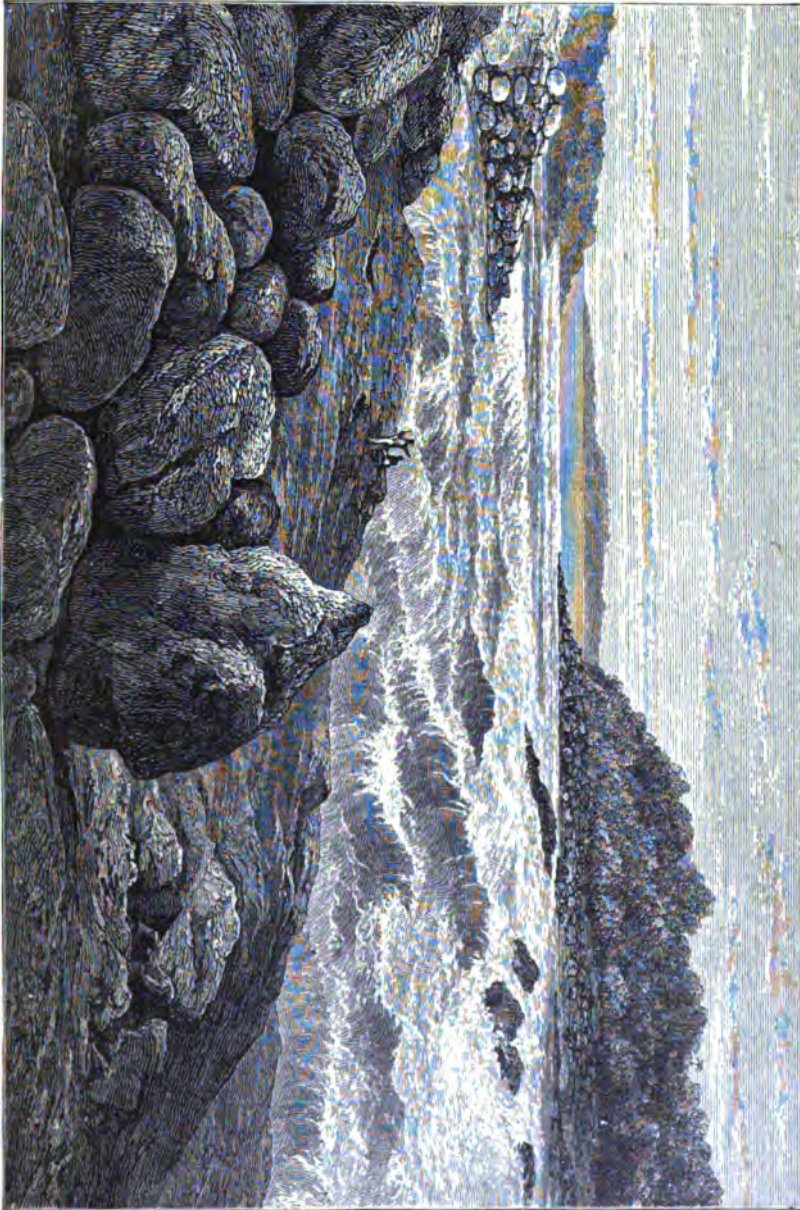
waves and foam. Arriving in the Gordon-Bennett, we transported the expedition across, and then our labors ended at 5 p.m. for the day.

"Itsi of Ntamo had informed us there were only three cataracts, which he called the 'Child,' the 'Mother,' and the 'Father.' The 'Child' was a two hundred yards' stretch of broken water; and the 'Mother,' consisting of half a mile of dangerous rapids, we had succeeded in passing, and had pushed beyond it by crossing the upper branch of the Gordon-Bennett, which was an impetuous stream, seventy-five yards wide, with big cataracts of its own higher up. But the 'Father' is the wildest stretch of river that I have ever seen. Take a strip of sea blown over by a hurricane, four miles in length and half a mile in breadth, and a pretty accurate conception of its leaping waves may be obtained. Some of the troughs were one hundred yards in length, and from one to the other the mad river plunged. There was first a rush down into the bottom of an immense trough, and then, by its sheer force, the enormous volume would lift itself upward steeply until, gathering itself into a ridge, it suddenly hurled itself twenty or thirty feet straight upward, before rolling down into another trough. If I looked up or down along this angry scene, every interval of fifty or one hundred yards of it was marked by wave-towers—their collapse into foam and spray, the mad clash of watery hills, bounding mounds, and heaving billows, while the base of either bank, consisting of a long line of piled boulders of massive size, was buried in the tempestuous surf. The roar was tremendous and deafening. I can only compare it to the thunder of an express train through a rock tunnel. To speak to my neighbor, I had to bawl in his ear.

"The most powerful ocean steamer, going at full speed on this portion of the river, would be as helpless as a cockle-boat. I attempted three times, by watching some tree floated down from above, to ascertain the rate of the wild current by observing the time it occupied in passing between two given points, from which I estimate it to be about thirty miles an hour!

"On the 17th, after cutting brushwood and laying it over a path of eight hundred yards in length, we crossed from the upper branch of the Gordon-Bennett to the lower branch, which was of equal breadth, but twenty feet below it. This enabled us the next day to float down to the confluence of the lower branch with the

VIEW OF THE RIGHT BRANCH, FIRST CATARACT, OF THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS, FROM FOUR MILES BELOW JUEBIA ISLAND.



Livingstone. We could do no more on this day; the people were fainting from lack of food.

"On the 18th, through the good-will of Mankoneh, the chief of the Bateké, we were enabled to trade with the aborigines, a wild and degraded tribe, subsisting principally on fish and cassava. A goat was not to be obtained at any price, and for a chicken they demanded a gun! Cassava, however, was abundant.

"From the confluence we formed another brush-covered road, and hauled the canoes over another eight hundred yards into a creek, which enabled us to reach, on the 20th, a wide sand-bar that blocked its passage into the great river. The sand-bar, in its turn, enabled us to reach the now moderated stream, below the influence of the roaring 'Father,' and to proceed by towing and punting half a mile below to an inlet in the rocky shore.

"Gampa, the young chief of this district, became very friendly, and visited us each day with small gifts of cassava bread, a few bananas, and a small gourd of palm-wine.

"On the 21st and the two days following we were engaged in hauling our vessels overland, a distance of three quarters of a mile, over a broad rocky point, into a baylike formation. Gampa and his people nerved us to prosecute our labors by declaring that there was only one small cataract below. Full of hope, we halted on the 24th to rest the wearied people, and in the meantime to trade for food.

"The 25th saw us at work at dawn in a bad piece of river, which is significantly styled the 'Caldron.' Our best canoe, seventy-five feet long, three feet wide, by twenty-one inches deep, the famous *London Town*, commanded by Manwa Sera, was torn from the hands of fifty men, and swept away in the early morning down to destruction. In the afternoon, the *Glasgow*, parting her cables, was swept away, drawn nearly into mid-river, returned up river half a mile, again drawn into the depths, ejected into a bay near where Frank was camped, and, to our great joy, finally recovered. Accidents were numerous; the glazed trap-rocks, washed by the ever-rising tidal-like waves, were very slippery, occasioning danger-



OVER ROCKY POINT CLOSE TO GAMPA'S.



AT WORK PASSING THE LOWER END OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS, NEAR ROCKY ISLAND.

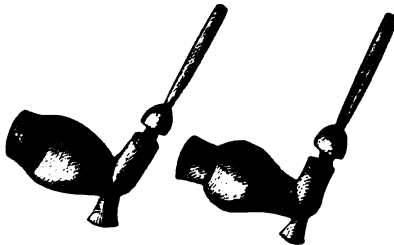
ous falls to the men. One man dislocated his shoulder, another was bruised on the hips, and another had a severe contusion of the head. Too careless of my safety in my eagerness and anxiety, I fell down, feet first, into a chasm thirty feet deep between two enormous boulders, but fortunately escaped with only a few rib bruises, though for a short time I was half stunned.

"On the 27th we happily succeeded in passing the fearful Caldron, but during our last efforts the *Crocodile*, eighty-five feet three inches long, was swept away into the centre of the Caldron, heaved upward, whirled round with quick gyrations, and finally shot into the bay north of Rocky Island, where it was at last secured. The next day we dropped down stream, and reached the western end of the bay above Rocky Island Falls.

"Leaving Frank Pocock as usual in charge of the camp and goods, I mustered ninety men—most of the others being stiff from wounds received in the fight at Mwana Ibaka and other places—and proceeded, by making a wooden tramway with sleepers and rollers, to pass Rocky Island Falls. Mpwapwa and Shumari, of the boat's crew, were sent to explore, meanwhile, for another inlet or recess in the right bank. By 2 P. M. we were below the falls, and my two young men had returned, reporting that a mile or so below there was a fine camp, with a broad strip of sand lining a bay. This animated us to improve the afternoon hours by attempting to reach it. The seventeen canoes now left to us were manned according to their capacity. As I was about to embark in my boat to lead the way, I turned to the people to give my last instructions—which were, to follow me, clinging to the right bank, and by no means to venture into mid-river into the current. While delivering my instructions, I observed Kalulu in the *Crocodile*, which was made out of the *Bassia Parkii* tree, a hard, heavy wood, but admirable for canoes. When I asked him what he wanted in the canoe, he replied, with a deprecating smile and an expostulating tone, 'I can pull, sir: see!' 'Ah, very well,' I answered.

"The boat-boys took their seats, and, skirting closely the cliffy shore, we rowed down stream, while I stood in the bow of the boat, guiding the coxswain, Uledi, with my hand. The river was not more than four hundred and fifty yards wide; but one cast of the sounding-lead close to the bank obtained a depth of one hundred and thirty-eight feet. The river was rapid, with certainly a seven-knot current, with a smooth, greasy surface, now and then an eddy, a gurgle, and gentle heave, but not dangerous to people in possession of their wits. In a very few moments we had descended the mile stretch, and before us, six hundred yards off, roared the furious falls since distinguished by the name 'Kalulu.'

"With a little effort we succeeded in rounding the point and entering the bay above the falls, and reaching a pretty camping-place on a sandy beach. The first, second, and third canoes arrived soon after me, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on having completed a good day's work, when to my horror I saw the *Crocodile* in mid-river far below the point which we had rounded, gliding with the speed of an arrow towards the falls over the treacherous calm water. Human strength availed



AFRICAN PIPES.

nothing now, and we watched in agony, for I had three favorites in her—Kalulu, Mauredi, and Ferajji; and of the others, two, Rehani Makua and Wadi Jumah, were also very good men. It soon reached the island which cleft the falls, and was swept down the left branch. We saw it whirled round three or four times, then plunged down into the depths, out of which the stern presently emerged pointed upward, and we knew then that Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more.

“Fast upon this terrible catastrophe, before we could begin to bewail their loss, another canoe with two men in it darted past the point, borne by irresistibly on the placid but swift current to apparent, nay, almost certain destruction. I despatched my boat’s crew up along the cliffs to warn the forgetful people that in mid-stream was certain death, and shouted out commands for the two men to strike for the left



DEATH OF KALULU.

shore. The steersman by a strange chance shot his canoe over the falls, and, dexterously edging it towards the left shore a mile below, he and his companion contrived to spring ashore and were saved. As we observed them clamber over the rocks to approach a point opposite us, and finally sit down regarding us in silence across the river, our pity and love gushed strong towards them, but we could utter nothing of it. The roar of the falls completely mocked and overpowered the feeble human voice.

“Before the boat’s crew could well reach the descending canoes, the boulders being very large and offering great obstacles to rapid progress, a third canoe—but a small and light one—with only one man, the brave lad Soudi, who escaped from the spears of the Wanyaturu assassins in 1875, darted by, and cried out, as he perceived himself to be drifting helplessly towards the falls, ‘La il Allah, il Allah’

—There is but one God—‘I am lost! Master!’ He was then seen to address himself to what fate had in store for him. We watched him for a few moments, and then saw him drop. Out of the shadow of the fall he presently emerged, dropping from terrace to terrace, precipitated down, then whirled round, caught by great heavy waves, which whisked him to right and left and struck madly at him, and yet his canoe did not sink, but he and it were swept behind the lower end of the island, and then darkness fell upon the day of horror. Nine men lost in one afternoon!

“This last accident, I was told, was caused by the faithlessness of the crew. One man, utterly unnerved by his fear of the river, ran away and hid in the bushes; the two others lost their hold of the tow-ropes, and thus their comrade was carried into the swift centre.”

Frank stopped at this incident, and said he would resume the story in the evening. His audience had listened with breathless interest to the sad story of the death of Kalulu and his companions, and when the party assembled for the evening session, all were eager to hear the continuation of the account of Stanley’s perilous descent of the Congo.



ONE OF GAMPA'S MEN.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FRIENDLY BATEKÉ.—GREAT SNAKES.—SOUDI'S STRANGE ADVENTURES.—CAPTURED BY HOSTILE NATIVES.—DESCENDING RAPIDS AND FALLS.—LOSS OF A CANOE.—"WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS."—THE *LADY ALICE* IN PERIL.—GAVUBU'S COVE.—"LADY ALICE" RAPIDS.—A PERILOUS DESCENT.—ALARM OF STANLEY'S PEOPLE.—TRIBUTARY STREAMS.—PANIC AMONG THE CANOE-MEN.—NATIVE VILLAGES.—INKISI FALLS.—TUCKEY'S CATARACT.—A ROAD OVER A MOUNTAIN.—AMONG THE BABWENDÉ.—AFRICAN MARKETS.—TRADING AMONG THE TRIBES.—SHOELESS TRAVELLERS.—EXPERIMENTS IN COOKING.—LIMITED STOCK OF PROVISIONS.—CENTRAL AFRICAN ANTS.—"JIGGAS."—DANGERS OF UNPROTECTED FEET.

PROMPTLY at the hour all were in their places. Frank was ready with the opened book, from which he read :

"On the 30th of March a messenger was despatched to Frank to superintend the transport of the goods overland to where I had arrived with the boat. The natives continued to be very amiable, and food was abundant and cheap. They visited our camp from morning to night, bringing their produce from a great distance. They are a very gentle and harmless tribe, the western Bateké, and distinguishable by four cicatrices down each cheek. They are also remarkable for their numerous bird-snares—bird-lime being furnished by the *Ficus sycamorus*—and traps. About sunset a wide-spreading flock of large birds like parrots passed northeast over our camp, occupying nearly half an hour in passing. They were at too great an altitude to be recognized. Lead-colored water-snakes were very numerous, the largest being about seven feet in length and two and one half inches in diameter.



VILLAGE IDOLS.

"Confined within the deep, narrow valley of the river, the hills rising to the height of about eight hundred feet above us, and exposed to the continued uproar of the river, we became almost stunned during our stay of the 31st.

"On the 1st of April we cleared the Kalulu Falls, and camped on the right

bank below them. Our two absentees on the left side had followed us, and were signalling frequently to us, but we were helpless. The next day we descended a mile and a half of rapids, and in the passage one more canoe was lost, which reduced our flotilla to thirteen vessels.

"About 2 P.M., to the general joy, appeared young Soudi and our two absentees who the day before had been signalling us from the opposite side of the river!

"Soudi's adventures had been very strange. He had been swept down over the upper and lower Kalulu Falls and the intermediate rapids, and had been whirled round so often that he became confused. 'But clinging to my canoe,' he said, 'the wild river carried me down and down and down, from place to place, sometimes near a rock, and sometimes near the middle of the stream, until an hour after dark, when I saw it was near a rock; I jumped out, and, catching my canoe, drew it on shore. I had scarcely finished when my arms were seized, and I was bound by two men, who hurried me up to the top of the mountain, and then for an hour over the high land, until we came to a village. They then pushed me into a house, where they lit a fire, and when it was bright they stripped me naked and examined me. Though I pretended not to understand them, I knew enough to know that they were proud of their prize. They spoke kindly to me, and gave me plenty to eat; and while one of them slept, the other watched sharp lest I should run away. In the morning it was rumored over the village that a handsome slave was captured from a strange tribe, and many people came to see me, one of whom had seen us at Ntamo, and recognized me. This man immediately charged the two men with having stolen one of the white man's men, and he drew such a picture of you, master, with large eyes of fire and long hair, who owned a gun that shot all day, that all the people became frightened, and compelled the two men to take me back to where they had found me. They at once returned me my clothes, and brought me to the place near where I had tied my canoe. They then released me, saying, 'Go to your king; here is food for you; and do not tell him what we have done to you; but tell him you met friends who saved you, and it shall be well with us.'"

"The other two men, seeking for means to cross the river, met Soudi sitting by his canoe. The three became so much encouraged at one another's presence that they resolved to cross the river rather than endure further anxiety in a strange land. Despair gave them courage, and though the river was rapid, they succeeded in crossing, a mile below the place they had started from, without accident.

"On the 3d of April we descended another mile and a half of dangerous rapids, during which several accidents occurred. One canoe was upset which contained fifty tusks of ivory and a sack of beads. Four men had narrow escapes from drowning, but Uledi, my coxswain, saved them. I myself tumbled headlong into a small basin, and saved myself with difficulty from being swept away by the receding tide.

"Our system of progress was to begin each day with Frank leading the expedition overland to a camp at the head of some inlet, cove, or recess, near rapids or falls, where, with the older men, women, and children, he constructed a camp; the working party, consisting of the younger men, returning to assist me with the



HILLY REGION BACK FROM THE RIVER.

canoes down to the new camp. Anxious for the safety of the people, I superintended the river work myself, and each day led the way in the boat. On approaching rapids I selected three or four of the boat's crew (and always Uledi, the coxswain), and clambered along the great rocks piled along the base of the steeply sloping hills, until I had examined the scene. If the rapids or fall were deemed impassable by water, I planned the shortest and safest route across the projecting points, and then, mustering the people, strewed a broad track with bushes, over which, as soon as completed, we set to work to haul our vessels beyond the dangerous water, when we lowered them into the river, and pursued our way to camp, where Frank would be ready to give me welcome, and such a meal as the country afforded.

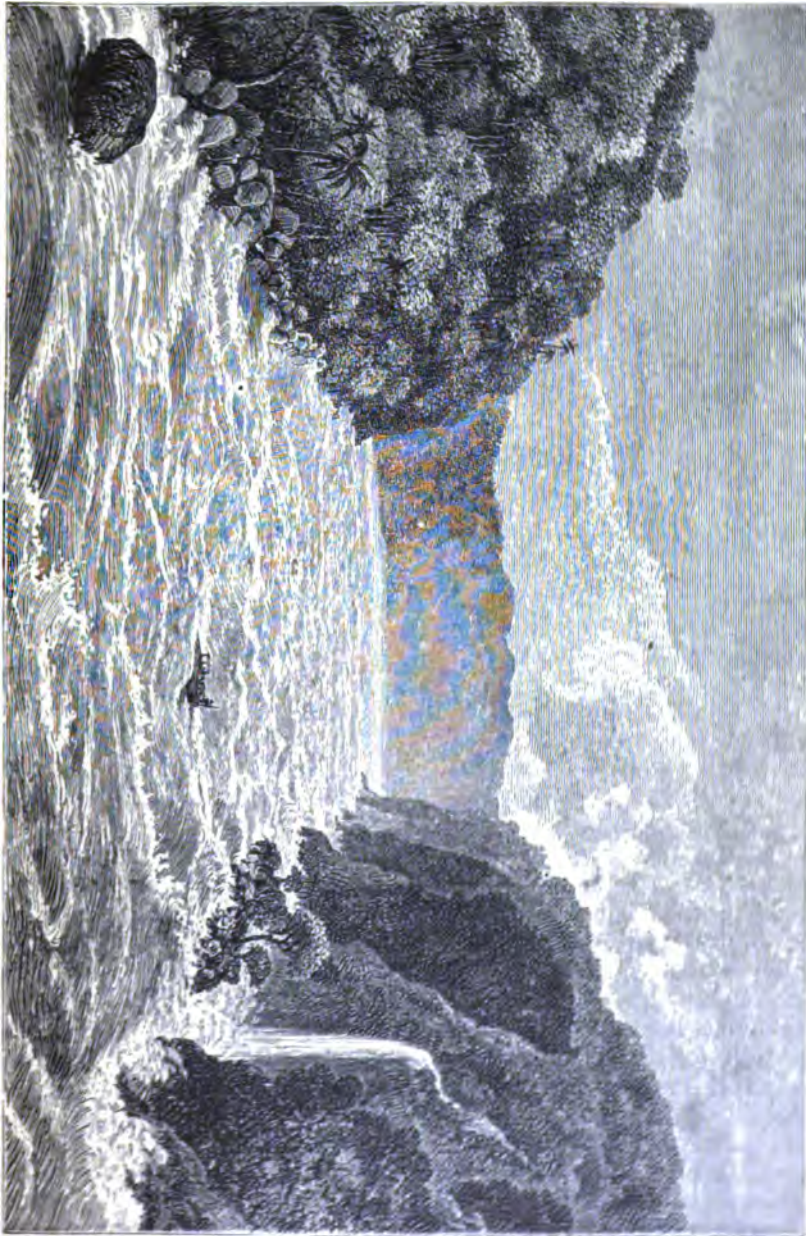
"At Gamfwé's the natives sold us abundance of bread, or rolls of pudding, of cassava flour, maize, cassava leaves, water-cresses, and the small *Strychnos* fruit, and, for the first time, lemons. Fowls were very dear, and a goat was too expensive a luxury in our now rapidly impoverishing state.

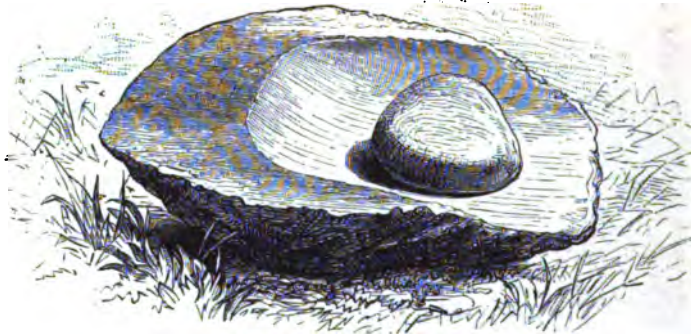
"On the 8th we descended from Gamfwé's to 'Whirlpool Narrows,' opposite Umvilingya. When near there we perceived that the eddy tides, which rushed up river along the bank, required very delicate and skilful manœuvring. I experimented on the boat first, and attempted to haul her by cables round a rocky point from the bay near Whirlpool Narrows. Twice they snapped ropes and cables, and the second time the boat flew up river, borne on the crests of brown waves, with only Uledi and two men in her. Presently she wheeled into the bay, following the course of the eddy, and Uledi brought her in-shore. The third time we tried the operation with six cables of twisted rattan, about two hundred feet in length, with five men to each cable. The rocks rose singly in precipitous masses fifty feet above the river, and this extreme height increased the difficulty and rendered footing precarious, for furious eddies of past ages had drilled deep circular pits, like ovens, in them, four, six, even ten feet deep. However, with the utmost patience we succeeded in rounding these enormous blocks, and hauling the boat against the uneasy eddy tide to where the river resumed its natural downward flow. Below this, as I learned, were some two miles of boisterous water; but mid-river, though foaming in places, was not what we considered dangerous. We therefore resolved to risk it in mid-stream, and the boat's crew, never backward when they knew what lay in front of them, manned the boat, and in fifteen minutes we had taken her into a small creek near Umvilingya's landing, which ran up river between a ridge of rocks and the right bank. This act instilled courage into the canoe-men, and the boat-boys having volunteered to act as steersmen, with Frank as leader, all manned the canoes next morning, and succeeded in reaching my camp in good time without accident, though one canoe was taken within two hundred yards of Round Island Falls, between Isameh's and Umvilingya's.

"At this place Frank and I treated ourselves to a pig, which we purchased from the chief Umvilingya for four cloths, we having been more than two weeks without meat.

"On the 10th, having, because of illness, intrusted the boat to Manwa Sera and Uledi, they managed to get her jammed between two rocks near the entrance to Gavubu's Cove, and, as the after-section was sunk for a time, it appeared that

"LADY ALICE" OVER THE FALLS.





NATIVE MILL FOR GRINDING CORN.

the faithful craft would be lost here after her long and wonderful journey. Springing from my bed upon hearing of the threatened calamity, I mustered twenty active men and hastened to the scene, and soon, by inspiring every man to do his best, we were able to lift her out of her dangerous position, and take her to camp apparently uninjured.

"The lower end of Gavubu's Cove was reached on the 11th, and the next day by noon the land party and canoes were taken safely to the lower end of Gamfwé's Bay. As our means were rapidly diminishing in this protracted struggle we maintained against the natural obstacles to our journey, we could only hope to reach the sea by resolute and continual industry during every hour of daylight. I accordingly instructed the canoe-men to be ready to follow me, as soon as they should be informed by a messenger that the boat had safely arrived in camp.

"The commencement of "Lady Alice" Rapids was marked by a broad fall, and an interruption to the rapidly rushing river by a narrow ridgy islet of great rocks, which caused the obstructed stream to toss its waters in lateral waves against the centre, where they met waves from the right bank, and overlapping formed a lengthy dyke of foaming water.

"Strong cane cables were lashed to the bow and stern, and three men were detailed to each, while five men assisted me in the boat. A month's experience of this kind of work had made us skilful and bold. But the rapids were more powerful, the river was much more contracted, and the impediments were greater than usual. On our right was an upright wall of massive boulders terminating in a narrow terrace three hundred feet high; behind the terrace, at a little distance, rose the rude hills to the height of twelve hundred feet above the river; above the hills rolled the table-land. On our left, four hundred yards from the bouldery wall, rose a lengthy and stupendous cliff line topped by a broad belt of forest, and at its base rose three rocky islets, one below another, against which the river dashed itself, disparting with a roaring surge.

"We had scarcely ventured near the top of the rapids when, by a careless slackening of the stern cable, the current swept the boat from the hands of that portion of her crew whose duty it was to lower her carefully and cautiously down the fall, to the narrow line of ebb-flood below the rocky projection. Away into the centre of the angry, foaming, billowy stream the boat darted, dragging one man



FALLS ON A TRIBUTARY STREAM.

into the maddened flood, to whom, despite our awful position, I was able to lend a hand and lift into the boat.

"Oars, my boys, and be steady! Uledi, to the helm!" were all the instructions I was able to shout, after which, standing at the bow of the boat, I guided the coxswain with my hand; for now, as we rode downward furiously on the crests of the proud waves, the human voice was weak against the overwhelming thunder of the angry river. Oars were only useful to assist the helm, for we were flying at a terrific speed past the series of boulders which strangled the river. Never did the rocks assume such hardness, such solemn grimness and bigness, never were they invested with such terrors and such grandeur of height, as while we were the cruel sport and prey of the brown-black waves, which whirled us round like a spinning-top, swung us aside, almost engulfed us in the rapidly subsiding troughs, and then hurled us upon the white, rageful crests of others. Ah! with what feelings we regarded this awful power which the great river had now developed! How we cringed under its imperious, compelling, and irresistible force! What lightning retrospects we cast upon our past lives! How impotent we felt before it!

Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries. A few, however, would not believe that within five or six days they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous, but at the same time they granted that the 'master' was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief.

"So we surmounted the table-land, but we could not bribe the wretched natives to guide us to the next village. 'Mirambo,' the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the table-land, but he also was too far exhausted through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame to struggle farther. We could only pat him on the neck and say, 'Good-bye, old boy; farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last.' The poor animal appeared to know that we were leaving him, for he neighed after us—a sickly, quavering neigh, that betrayed his excessive weakness. When we last turned to look at him he was lying on the path, but looking up the hill with pointed ears, as though he were wondering why he was left alone, and whither his human friends and companions by flood and field were wandering.

"After charging the chief of Mbinda to feed him with cassava leaves and good grass from his fields, I led the caravan over the serried levels of the lofty upland.

"At the end of this district, about a mile from Mwato Wandu, we appeared before a village whose inhabitants permitted us to pass on for a little distance, when they suddenly called out to us with expostulatory tones at an almost shrieking pitch. The old chief, followed by about fifty men, about forty of whom carried guns, hurried up to me and sat down in the road.

"In a composed and consequential tone he asked, 'Know you I am the king of this country?'

"I answered, mildly, 'I knew it not, my brother.'

"'I am the king, and how can you pass through my country without paying me?'

"'Speak, my friend; what is it the Mundelé can give you?'

"'Rum. I want a big bottle of rum, and then you can pass on.'

"'Rum?'

"'Yes, rum, for I am the king of this country!'

"'Rum!' I replied, wonderingly.

"'Rum; rum is good. I love rum,' he said, with a villainous leer.

"Uledi, coming forward, impetuously asked, 'What does this old man want, master?'

"'He wants rum, Uledi. Think of it!'

"'There's rum for him,' he said, irreverently slapping his majesty over the face, who, as the stool was not very firm, fell over prostrate. Naturally this was an affront, and I reproved Uledi for it. Yet it seemed that he had extricated us from a difficult position by his audacity, for the old chief and his people hurried off to their village, where there was great excitement and perturbation, but we could not stay to see the end.

"Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught a glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile. Then we descended

river and reached the sandy beach at the junction of the Nkenké with the Livingstone. Arriving on shore, I despatched Uledi and young Shumari to run to meet the despairing people above, who had long before this been alarmed by the boat-boys, whose carelessness had brought about this accident, and by the sympathizing natives who had seen us, as they reported, sink in the whirlpools. In about an hour a straggling line of anxious souls appeared; and all that love of life and living things, with the full sense of the worth of living, returned to my heart, as my faithful followers rushed up one after another with their exuberant welcome to life, which gushed out of them in gesture, feature, and voice. And Frank, my amiable and trusty Frank, was neither last nor least in his professions of love and sympathy, and gratitude to Him who had saved us from a watery grave.

"The land party then returned with Frank to remove the goods to our new camp, and by night my tent was pitched within a hundred yards of the cataract mouth of the Nkenké. We had four cataracts in view of us: the great river which emptied itself into the baylike expanse from the last line of the Lady Alice Rapids; two miles below, the river fell again, in a foamy line of waves; from the tall cliff south of us tumbled a river four hundred feet into the great river; and on our right, one hundred yards off, the Nkenké rushed down steeply like an enormous cascade from the height of one thousand feet.



THE NKENKÉ RIVER ENTERING THE LIVINGSTONE BELOW THE LADY ALICE RAPIDS.

"Very different was this scene of towering cliffs and lofty mountain walls, which daily discharged the falling streams from the vast uplands above and buried us within the deafening chasm, to that glassy flow of the Livingstone by the black, eerie forests of Usongora, Meno, and Kasera, and through the upper lands of the cannibal Wenya, where a single tremulous wave was a rarity. We now, surrounded by the daily terrors and hope-killing shocks of these apparently endless cataracts, and the loud boom of their baleful fury, remembered, with regretful hearts, the Sabbath stillness and dreamy serenity of those days. Beautiful was it then to glide among the lazy creeks of the spicy and palm-growing isles, where the broad-leaved *Amomum* vied in greenness with the drooping fronds of the *Phrynium*, where the myrrh and bdellium shrubs exhaled their fragrance side by side with the wild cassia, where the capsicum with its red-hot berries rose in embowering masses, and the *Ipomœa*'s purple buds gemmed with color the tall stem of some sturdy tree. Environed by most dismal prospects, forever dinned by terrific sound, at all points confronted by the most hopeless outlook, we think that an Eden which we have left behind, and this a watery hell wherein we now are.

"Though our involuntary descent of the Lady Alice Rapids from Gamfwé's Bay to Nkenké River Bay — a distance of three miles — occupied us but fifteen minutes, it was a work of four days to lower the canoes by cables. Experience of the vast force of the flood, and the brittleness of the rattan cables, had compelled us to fasten eight cables to each canoc, and to detail five men to each cable for the passage of the rapids. Yet, with all our precautions, almost each hour was marked with its special accident to man or canoe. One canoe, with a man named Nubi in it, was torn from the hands of forty men, swept down two miles, and sunk in the great whirlpool. Nubi clung to his vessel until taken down a second time, when he and the canoe were ejected fifty yards apart, but, being an expert swimmer, he regained it in the Nkenké basin, and astride of its keel was circling round with the strong ebb-tide, when he was saved by the dashing Uledi and his young brother Shumari.

"While returning to my labors along the bouldery heap which lined the narrow terrace opposite the islets, I observed another canoe, which contained the chief Waldi Rehani and two of my boat-bearers, Chiwonda and Muscati, drifting down helplessly near the verge of some slack water. The three men were confused, and benumbed with terror at the roar and hissing of the rapids. Being comparatively close to them, on the edge of a high crag, I suddenly shot out my voice with the full power of my lungs, in sharp, quick accents of command to paddle ashore, and the effect was wonderful. It awoke them like soldiers to the call of duty, and after five minutes' energetic use of their paddles they were saved. I have often been struck at the power of a quick, decisive tone. It appears to have an electric effect, riding rough-shod over all fears, indecision, and tremor, and, just as in this instance, I had frequently up river, when the people were inclined to get panic-stricken, or to despair, restored them to a sense of duty by affecting the sharp-cutting, steel-like, and imperious tone of voice, which seemed to be as much of a compelling power as powder to a bullet. But it should be remembered that a too frequent use of it spoils its effect.

"From the 18th to the 21st we were busy among rapids and whirlpools, which brought us into Babwendé territory, where we encamped. Nsangu, a village of the



MODE OF PASSING BOATS OVER THE FALLS.

Basessé, was opposite our camp, crowning with its palms and fields a hilly terrace projected from the mountain range, at whose richly wooded slopes or cliffy front, based with a long line of great boulders, we each day looked from the right bank of the river. The villagers sent a deputation to us with palm-wine and a small gift of cassava tubers. Upon asking them if there were any more cataracts, they replied that there was only one, and they exaggerated it so much that the very report struck terror and dismay into our people. They described it as falling from a height greater than the position on which their village was situated, which drew exclamations of despair from my followers. I, on the other hand, rather rejoiced at this, as I believed it might be 'Tuckey's Cataract,' which seemed to be eternally receding as we advanced. While the Bateké above had constantly held out flattering prospects of 'only one more' cataract, I had believed that one to be Tuckey's Cataract, because map-makers have laid down a great navigable reach of river between Tuckey's upper cataract and the Yellala Falls—hence our object in clinging to the river, despite all obstacles, until that ever-receding cataract was reached. The distance we had labored through from the 16th of March to the 21st of April inclusive, a period of thirty-seven days, was only thirty-four miles!

"On the 26th we reached the terrific fall described by the Basessé people. The falls are called Inkisi, or the 'Charm;' they have no clear drop, but the river, being forced through a chasm only five hundred yards wide, is flanked by curling waves of destructive fury, which meet in the centre, overlap, and strike each other, while below is an absolute chaos of mad waters, leaping waves, deep troughs, contending watery ridges, tumbling and tossing for a distance of two miles. The commencement of this gorge is a lengthy island which seems to have been a portion or slice of the table-land fallen flat, as it were, from a height of one thousand feet.

"The natives above Inkisi descended from their breezy homes on the table-land to visit the strangers. I asked if there was another cataract below. 'No,' said they, 'at least only a little one, which you can pass without trouble.'

"'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'this great cataract then must be Tuckey's Cataract, and the "little one," I suppose, was too contemptible an affair to be noticed, or perhaps it was covered over by high water, for map-makers have a clear, wide—three miles wide—stream to the Falls of Yellala. Good! I will haul my canoes up the mountain and pass over the table-land, as I must now cling to this river to the end, having followed it so long.'

"My resolution was soon communicated to my followers, who looked perfectly blank at the proposition. The natives heard me, and, seeing the silence and reluctance of the people, they asked the cause, and I told them it was because I intended to drag our vessels up the mountain.

"Having decided upon the project, it only remained to make a road and to begin, but in order to obtain the assistance of the aborigines, which I was anxious for, in order to relieve my people from much of the fatigue, the first day all hands were mustered for road-making. Our numerous axes, which we had purchased in Manyema and in Uregga, came into very efficient use now, for, by night, a bush-strewn path fifteen hundred yards in length had been constructed.

"By 8 A.M. of the 26th our exploring-boat and a small canoe were on the summit of the table-land at a new camp we had formed. As the feat was performed without ostentation, the native chiefs were in a state of agreeable wonder.

VILLAGE ON THE TABLE-LAND.



canoes down to the new camp. Anxious for the safety of the people, I superintended the river work myself, and each day led the way in the boat. On approaching rapids I selected three or four of the boat's crew (and always Uledi, the coxswain), and clambered along the great rocks piled along the base of the steeply sloping hills, until I had examined the scene. If the rapids or fall were deemed impassable by water, I planned the shortest and safest route across the projecting points, and then, mustering the people, strewed a broad track with bushes, over which, as soon as completed, we set to work to haul our vessels beyond the dangerous water, when we lowered them into the river, and pursued our way to camp, where Frank would be ready to give me welcome, and such a meal as the country afforded.

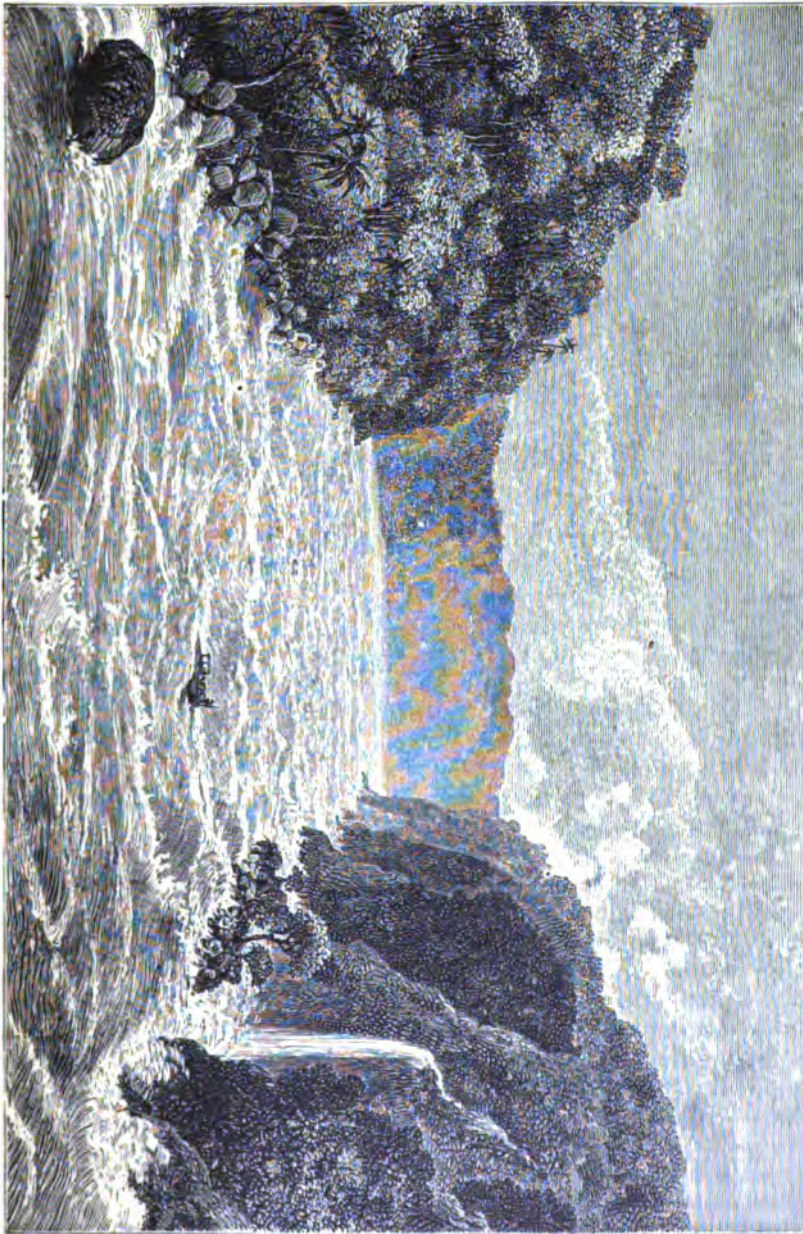
"At Gamfwé's the natives sold us abundance of bread, or rolls of pudding, of cassava flour, maize, cassava leaves, water-cresses, and the small *Strychnos* fruit, and, for the first time, lemons. Fowls were very dear, and a goat was too expensive a luxury in our now rapidly impoverishing state.

"On the 8th we descended from Gamfwé's to 'Whirlpool Narrows,' opposite Umvilingya. When near there we perceived that the eddy tides, which rushed up river along the bank, required very delicate and skilful manœuvring. I experimented on the boat first, and attempted to haul her by cables round a rocky point from the bay near Whirlpool Narrows. Twice they snapped ropes and cables, and the second time the boat flew up river, borne on the crests of brown waves, with only Uledi and two men in her. Presently she wheeled into the bay, following the course of the eddy, and Uledi brought her in-shore. The third time we tried the operation with six cables of twisted rattan, about two hundred feet in length, with five men to each cable. The rocks rose singly in precipitous masses fifty feet above the river, and this extreme height increased the difficulty and rendered footing precarious, for furious eddies of past ages had drilled deep circular pits, like ovens, in them, four, six, even ten feet deep. However, with the utmost patience we succeeded in rounding these enormous blocks, and hauling the boat against the uneasy eddy tide to where the river resumed its natural downward flow. Below this, as I learned, were some two miles of boisterous water; but mid-river, though foaming in places, was not what we considered dangerous. We therefore resolved to risk it in mid-stream, and the boat's crew, never backward when they knew what lay in front of them, manned the boat, and in fifteen minutes we had taken her into a small creek near Umvilingya's landing, which ran up river between a ridge of rocks and the right bank. This act instilled courage into the canoe-men, and the boat-boys having volunteered to act as steersmen, with Frank as leader, all manned the canoes next morning, and succeeded in reaching my camp in good time without accident, though one canoe was taken within two hundred yards of Round Island Falls, between Isameh's and Umvilingya's.

"At this place Frank and I treated ourselves to a pig, which we purchased from the chief Umvilingya for four cloths, we having been more than two weeks without meat.

"On the 10th, having, because of illness, intrusted the boat to Manwa Sera and Uledi, they managed to get her jammed between two rocks near the entrance to Gavubu's Cove, and, as the after-section was sunk for a time, it appeared that

"LADY ALICE" OVER THE FALLS.



stay where almost every day some of their number were drowned in the river. Thirty-one of the men packed up their property and left the camp. Mr. Stanley sent Kachéché, the detective, after them, and he also interested the chiefs of the tribes around Zinga to arrest the mutineers and bring them back to camp.

"Diplomacy and force combined secured the return of the rebellious men, and they were fully pardoned for their defection. Mr. Stanley pointed out to them the necessity of pushing forward, and on the morning after they came back everybody went at work with a will to pass the dreaded Zinga Fall.

"Assisted by one hundred and fifty Zinga natives whom Mr. Stanley had hired, three of the boats were drawn up to the level of the rocky point above Zinga Fall on the morning of June 23d. The fourth boat was the *Livingstone*, whose construction has been described; it weighed about three tons, and when only a short distance above the shore the cable snapped and the boat slid back into the river. The chief carpenter of the expedition clung to it, and in the excitement of the moment he sprang into it just as it left the shore. Being unable to swim, he could not save himself, and was carried over the fall. Neither the carpenter nor the boat were ever seen again. It is supposed that the boat was jammed and caught among the rocks at the bottom of the river, where it was driven by the terrible force of the cataract.



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA FALL.

THE MARASSA FALLS, AND THE ENTRANCE INTO POOKE BASIN, OR BOLOBOLO POOL.



"For another month and more the steadily diminishing band of explorers toiled among the rapids and cataracts of the Congo, and on the 30th of July drew their boats into a little cove about fifty yards above the Isangila cataract, the 'Second Sangalla' of Captain Tuckey. Here Mr. Stanley learned that Embomma, or Boma, was only five days away by land, and that there were three other cataracts, besides several rapids, before permanently smooth water could be reached. And here," said Fred, "I will turn to the book and read Mr. Stanley's account of how the explorers reached the sea."



CAMP AT KILOLO, ABOVE ISANGILA FALLS.

"There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that the Isangila cataract was the second Sangalla of Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith, and that the Sanga Yellala of Tuckey and the Sanga Jelalla of Smith was the Nsongo Yellala, though I could not induce the natives to pronounce the words as the members of the unfortunate Congo Expedition of 1816 spelled them.

"As the object of the journey had now been attained, and the great river of Livingstone had been connected with the Congo of Tuckey, I saw no reason to follow it farther, or to expend the little remaining vitality we possessed in toiling through the last four cataracts.

"I announced, therefore, to the gallant but wearied Wangwana that we should abandon the river and strike overland for Embomma. The delight of the people manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah! Quadruple ration-money was also distributed to each man, woman, and child; but, owing to the excessive poverty of the country, and the keen trading instincts and avari-

cious spirit of the aborigines, little benefit did the long-enduring, famine-stricken Wangwana derive from my liberality.

"Fancy knick-knacks, iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, were then distributed to them, and I emptied the medicine out of thirty vials, and my private clothes-bags, blankets, waterproofs, every available article of property that might be dispensed with, were also given away, without distinction of rank or merit, to invest in whatever eatables they could procure. The 31st of July was consequently a busy day, devoted to bartering, but few Wangwana were able to boast at evening that they had obtained a tithe of the value of the articles they had sold, and the character of the food actually purchased was altogether unfit for people in such poor condition of body.

"At sunset we lifted the brave boat, after her adventurous journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks about five hundred yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. Three years before, Messenger of Teddington had commenced her construction; two years previous to this date she was coasting the bluffs of Uzongora on Lake Victoria; twelve months later she was completing her last twenty miles of the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganika, and on the 31st of July, 1877, after a journey of nearly seven thousand miles up and down broad Africa, she was consigned to her resting-place above the Isangili cataract, to bleach and to rot to dust!

* * * * *

"A wayworn, feeble, and suffering column were we when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the table-land. Nearly forty men filled the sick-list with dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, and the victims of the latter disease were steadily increasing.



VIEW FROM THE TABLE-LAND.

Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries. A few, however, would not believe that within five or six days they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous, but at the same time they granted that the 'master' was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief.

"So we surmounted the table-land, but we could not bribe the wretched natives to guide us to the next village. 'Mirambo,' the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the table-land, but he also was too far exhausted through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame to struggle farther. We could only pat him on the neck and say, 'Good-bye, old boy; farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last.' The poor animal appeared to know that we were leaving him, for he neighed after us—a sickly, quavering neigh, that betrayed his excessive weakness. When we last turned to look at him he was lying on the path, but looking up the hill with pointed ears, as though he were wondering why he was left alone, and whither his human friends and companions by flood and field were wandering.

"After charging the chief of Mbinda to feed him with cassava leaves and good grass from his fields, I led the caravan over the serried levels of the lofty upland.

"At the end of this district, about a mile from Mwato Wandu, we appeared before a village whose inhabitants permitted us to pass on for a little distance, when they suddenly called out to us with expostulatory tones at an almost shrieking pitch. The old chief, followed by about fifty men, about forty of whom carried guns, hurried up to me and sat down in the road.

"In a composed and consequential tone he asked, 'Know you I am the king of this country?'

"I answered, mildly, 'I knew it not, my brother.'

"'I am the king, and how can you pass through my country without paying me?'

"'Speak, my friend; what is it the Mundelé can give you?'

"'Rum. I want a big bottle of rum, and then you can pass on.'

"'Rum?'

"'Yes, rum, for I am the king of this country!'

"'Rum!' I replied, wonderingly.

"'Rum; rum is good. I love rum,' he said, with a villainous leer.

"Uledi, coming forward, impetuously asked, 'What does this old man want, master?'

"'He wants rum, Uledi. Think of it!'

"'There's rum for him,' he said, irreverently slapping his majesty over the face, who, as the stool was not very firm, fell over prostrate. Naturally this was an affront, and I reproved Uledi for it. Yet it seemed that he had extricated us from a difficult position by his audacity, for the old chief and his people hurried off to their village, where there was great excitement and perturbation, but we could not stay to see the end.

"Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught a glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile. Then we descended



"I WANT RUM."

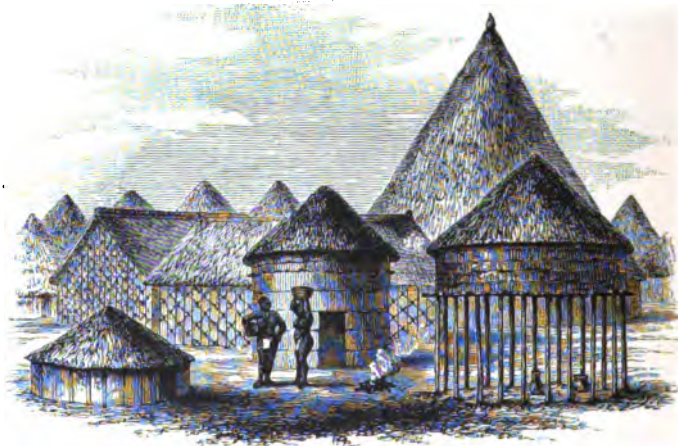
into a deep ravine, and presently, with uneasy, throbbing hearts, we breasted a steep slope rough with rock, and from its summit we looked abroad over a heaving, desolate, and ungrateful land. The grass was tall and ripe, and waved and rustled mournfully before the upland breezes. Soon the road declined into a valley, and we were hid in a deep fold, round which rose the upland, here to the west shagged with a thin forest, to the north with ghastly sere grass, out of which rose a few rocks, gray and sad. On our left was furze, with scrub. At the bottom of this, sad and desolate, ran a bright, crystal clear brook. Up again to the summit we strove to gain the crest of a ridge, and then, down once more the tedious road wound in crooked curves to the depth of another ravine, on the opposite side of which rose sharply and steeply, to the wearying height of twelve hundred feet, the range called Yangi-Yangi. At 11 A.M. we in the van had gained the lofty summit, and fifteen minutes afterwards we descried a settlement and its cluster of palms. An hour afterwards we were camped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Ndambi Mbongo.

"The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We asked for food for beads. 'Cannot.' 'For wire?' 'We don't want wire!' 'For cowries?' 'Are we bushmen?' 'For cloth?' 'You must wait three days for a market! If you have got rum you can have plenty!!' Rum! Heavens! Over two years and eight months ago we departed from the shores of the Eastern Ocean, and they ask us for rum!

"Yet they were not insolent, but unfeeling; they were not rude, but steely

selfish. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong, healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days! Only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

"The next day, when morning was graying, we lifted our weakened limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-colored quartz, which increased the fatigue and pain. The old men and the three mothers, with their young infants born at the cataracts of Masassa and Zinga, and another near the market-town of Manyanga, in the month of June, suffered greatly. Then might be seen that affection for one another which appealed to my sympathies, and endeared them to me still more. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old, and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders and tenderly led their wives along.



VILLAGE SCENE, WITH GRANARY IN FOREGROUND.

"Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor, hungry caravan. Bleached whiteness of ripest grass, gray rock-piles here and there, looming up solemn and sad in their grayness, a thin grove of trees now and then visible on the heights and in the hollows—such were the scenes that with every uplift of a ridge or rising crest of a hill met our hungry eyes. Eight miles our strength enabled us to make, and then we camped in the middle of an uninhabited valley, where we were supplied with water from the pools which we discovered in the course of a dried-up stream.

"Our march on the third day was a continuation of the scenes of the day preceding until about ten o'clock, when we arrived at the summit of a grassy and scrub-covered ridge, which we followed until three in the afternoon. The van then appeared before the miserable settlement of Nsanda, or, as it is sometimes called, Banza (town) N'sanda N'sanga. Marching through the one street of the first village in melancholy and silent procession, voiceless as sphinxes, we felt our way down into a deep gully, and crawled up again to the level of the village site, and camped about two hundred yards away. It was night before all had arrived.

"After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsanda appeared. He was kindly, sociable—laughed, giggled, and was amusing. Of course he knew Embomma, had frequently visited there, and carried thither large quantities of *Nguba*, ground-nuts, which he had sold for rum. We listened, as in duty bound, with a melancholy interest. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a *makanda*, or letter, to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. He was too great to proceed himself, but he would despatch two of his young men the next day. His consent I obtained only after four hours of earnest entreaty. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and the two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner—three fried



IN THE VALLEY.

bananas, twenty roasted ground-nuts, and a cup of muddy water, my usual fare now—by a lamp made out of a piece of rotten sheeting steeped in a little palm-butter I wrote the following letter :

“VILLAGE OF NSANDA, August 4, 1877.

“To any Gentleman who speaks English at Embomma :

“DEAR SIR,—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market-days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you ; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress ; but if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Em-

bomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief; and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

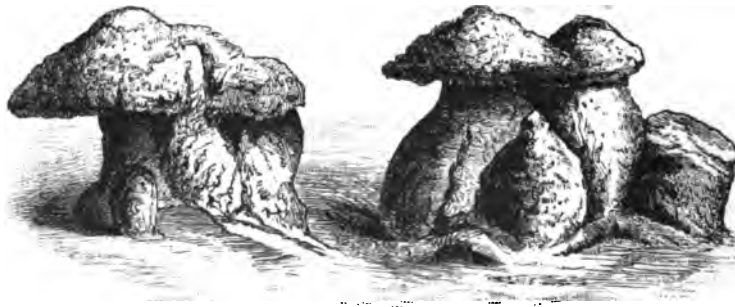
“Yours sincerely,

“H. M. STANLEY,

“*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.*

“*P.S.*—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S.’

“I also wrote a letter in French, and another in Spanish as a substitute for Portuguese, as I heard at Nsanda that there was one Englishman, one Frenchman, and three Portuguese at Embomma; but there were conflicting statements, some saying that there was no Englishman, but a Dutchman. However, I imagined I was sure to obtain provisions—for most European merchants understand either English, French, or Spanish.



ANT-HILLS ON THE ROAD TO BOMA.

“The chiefs and boat’s crew were called to my tent. I then told them that I had resolved to despatch four messengers to the white men at Embomma, with letters asking for food, and wished to know the names of those most likely to travel quickly and through anything that interposed to prevent them; for it might be possible that so small a number of men might be subjected to delays and interruptions, and that the guides might loiter on the way, and so protract the journey until relief would arrive too late.

"The response was not long coming, for Uledi sprang up and said, 'Oh, master, don't talk more; I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard.'

"'And I am one,' said Kachéché. 'Leave us alone, master. If there are white men at Embomma, we will find them out. We will walk, and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl.'

"'Leave off talking, men,' said Muini Pembé, 'and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men.'



ONE OF THE GUIDES.

"'I will go, too, sir,' said Robert.

"'Good. It is just as I should wish it; but, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy.'

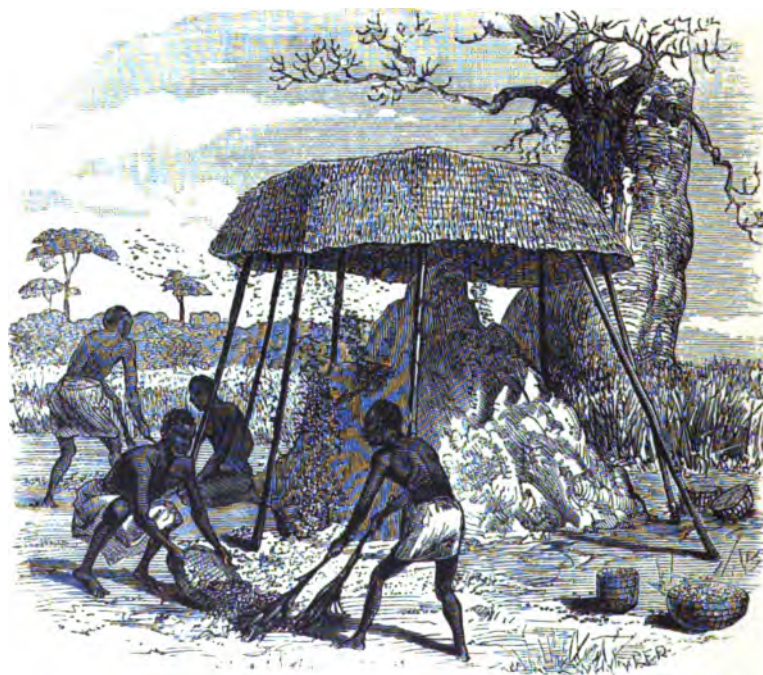
"'Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down,' said Uledi. 'Won't we Kachéché?'

"'Inshallah!' responded Kachéché, decisively. 'We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us.'

"Early the next day the two guides appeared, but the whole of the morning was wasted in endeavoring to induce them to set off. Uledi waxed impatient,

and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch him, and said, 'Give us the letters, master; we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start. Regard them, will you! They are sprawling about the camp without any life in them. Goe—Go—ee—Go—ee.' Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

"Meanwhile a bale of cloth and a sack of beads were distributed, and the strongest and youngest men despatched abroad in all directions to forage for food. Late in the afternoon they arrived in camp weakened and dispirited, having, despite all efforts, obtained but a few bundles of the miserable ground-nuts and sufficient sweet potatoes to give three small ones to each person, though they had given twenty times their value for each one. The heartless reply of the spoiled aborigines was, 'Wait for the zandu,' or market, which was to be held in two days at Nsanda; for, as among the Babwendé, each district has its respective days for marketing. Still what we had obtained was a respite from death; and, on the morning of the 5th, the people were prepared to drag their weary limbs nearer to the expected relief."



CATCHING ANTS FOR FOOD.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WEARY MARCH RESUMED.—RETURN OF THE MESSENGERS.—ARRIVAL OF RELIEF.—SCENE IN CAMP.—DISTRIBUTION OF PROVISIONS.—THE SONG OF JOY.—A WELCOME LETTER.—“ENOUGH NOW: FALL TO.”—PERSONAL LUXURIES FOR THE LEADER.—“PALE ALE! SHERRY! PORT WINE! CHAMPAGNE! TEA! COFFEE! WHITE SUGAR! WHEATEN BREAD!”—STANLEY’S REPLY TO THE GENEROUS STRANGERS.—SUMMARY PUNISHMENT FOR THEFT.—GREETING CIVILIZATION.—RECEPTION BY WHITE MEN.—THE FREEDOM OF BOMA.—LIFTED INTO THE HAMMOCK.—CHARACTERISTICS OF BOMA.—A BANQUET AND FAREWELL.—PONTA DA LENHA.—OUT ON THE OCEAN.—ADIEU TO THE CONGO.

AFTER a pause of a few minutes, Fred continued the story of the weary march of the next day, and the formation of the camp near Mbinda, close to a cemetery where the graves were decorated with the property of their occupants. Many pitchers, bowls, mugs, and other articles of European manufacture were displayed there, and indicated the free intercourse of the natives with the merchants of Embomma.



MBINDA CEMETERY.

“The natives,” said Fred, “continued indifferent to the sufferings of the starving travellers, and persistently refused to sell any food. Early on the morning of the 6th of August the party moved out, and after toiling painfully over the flinty path went into camp near Banza Mbuko about 9 A.M. In despair the people flung themselves on the ground, and

some of them appeared ready to welcome death as a relief from their misery. And now," continued the youth, "let us turn again to Mr. Stanley's narrative:

"Suddenly the shrill voice of a little boy was heard saying, 'Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!'

"'What! what! what!' broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from among the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"'Yes; it is true! it is true! La il Allah, il Allah! Yes; el hamd ul Illah! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!'



IN THE SUBURBS OF BOMA.

"Before many minutes, Uledi and Kachéché were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news I translated the following letter:

"'EMBOMMA,
" 'ENGLISH FACTORY.

" '6.30 A.M.,
" 'BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

" 'H. M. STANLEY, Esq.:

" 'DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 P.M. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you

such articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Em-bomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

“ Believe us to remain, your sincere friends,

(Signed)

“ HATTON & COOKSON.

“ A. DA MOTTA VIEIRA.

“ J. W. HARRISON.”

“ Uledi and Kacheché then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them half-way, when they became frightened by the menaces of some of the natives of Mbinda, and deserted them. The four Wangwana, however, undertook the journey alone, and, following a road for several hours, they appeared at Bibbi after dark. The next day (the 5th), being told by the natives that Boma (to which Embomma was now changed) was lower down river, and unable to obtain guides, the brave fellows resolved upon following the Congo along its banks. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march over many hills, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the ‘Ingresa’ (English), were shown to the factory of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, which was superintended by a



OUTBUILDINGS OF AN AFRICAN FACTORY

Portuguese gentleman, Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, and Mr. John W. Harrison, of Liverpool. Kachéché, who was a better narrator than Uledi, then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.



ESCORT OF THE CARAVAN.

“By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson’s factory had approached, and all eyes were directed at the pompous old ‘capitan’ and the relief caravan behind him. Several of the Wangwana officiously stepped forward to relieve the fatigued and perspiring men, and with an extraordinary vigor tossed the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles—on the ground, except the demijohn of rum, which they called pombé, and handled most carefully. The ‘capitan’ was anxious about my private stores, but the scene transpiring

about the provisions was so absorbingly interesting that I could pay no attention as yet to them. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Murabo, the boat boy, struck up a glorious, loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's license, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the 'hell of hunger.' And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus—

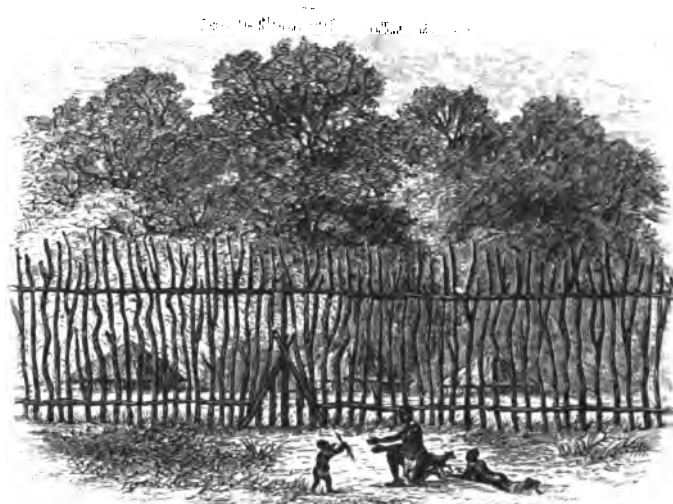
“ ‘Then sing, O friends, sing, the journey is ended,
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea.’ ”

“ ‘Enough now; fall to,’ said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where but half an hour previously all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw. But when the provisions had all been distributed, and the noggin of rum had been equitably poured into each man's cup, and the camp was in a state of genial excitement, and groups of dark figures discussed with animation the prospective food which the hospitable fires were fast preparing, then I turned to my tent, accompanied by Uledi, Kachéché, the capitan, and the tent-boys, who were, I suppose, eager to witness my transports of delight.

“ With profound tenderness Kachéché handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eyes as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. ‘Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread, wheaten bread, sufficient for a week! Two pots of butter! A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf-sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!’

“ The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! Only an hour before this we had been living on the recollections of the few peanuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before me and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

“ When we all felt refreshed, the cloth bales were opened, and soon, instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire, the people were re-clad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want, the bare ribs, the sharp, protruding bones were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow, sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze color which distinguishes the well-fed African.



OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE.

"My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union which we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter:

"*BANZA MBUKO, August 6, 1877.*

"*MESSRS. A. DA MOTTA VEIGA AND J. W. HARRISON, EMBOMMA, CONGO RIVER:*

"*GENTLEMEN,—I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me—wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye gods! just think of it—three bottles pale ale!) besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store—and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.*

"*For the next twenty-four hours we shall be too busy eating to think of anything else much; but I may say that the people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, "Verily, our master has found the sea, and his brothers, but we did not believe him until he showed us the rice and the pombé (rum). We did not believe there was any end to the great river; but, God be praised forever, we shall see white people to-morrow, and our wars and troubles will be over."*

"*Dear Sirs, though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor, faithful, and brave people cried out, "Master, we are saved!—food is coming!" The old and the young—the men, the*

women, the children—lifted their wearied and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honor of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my attempts at composure.

“Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

“Yours faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY,

“*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition*”

“At the same hour on the morning of the 7th that we resumed the march, Kachéché and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter. Then surmounting a ridge, we beheld a grassy country barred with seams of red clay in gullies, ravines, and slopes, the effects of rain, dipping into basins with frequently broad masses of plateau and great dykelike ridges between, and in the distance southwest of us a lofty, tree-clad hill-range, which we were told we should have to climb before descending to N'lamba N'lamba, where we proposed camping.



VIEW IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

“Half an hour's march brought us to a market-place, where a tragedy had been enacted a short time before the relief caravan had passed it the day previous. Two thieves had robbed a woman of salt, and, according to the local custom which ordains the severest penalties for theft in the public mart, the two felons had been immediately executed, and their bodies laid close to the path to deter others evilly disposed from committing like crimes.

“At noon we surmounted the lofty range which we had viewed near Banza Mbuko, and the aneroid indicated a height of fifteen hundred feet. A short distance from its base, on two grassy hills, is situate N'lamba N'lamba, a settlement comprising several villages, and as populous as Mbunda. The houses and streets were very clean and neat; but, as of old, the natives are devoted to idolatry, and their passion for carving wooden idols was illustrated in every street we passed through.

“On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safu, over a sterile, bare, and hilly country, but the highest ridge passed was not over eleven hundred feet above the sea. Uledi and Kacheche returned at this place with more cheer for us, and a note acknowledging my letter of thanks.

“In a postscript to this note, Mr. Motta Veiga prepared me for a reception which was to meet me on the road half-way between N'safu and Boma; it also contained the census of the European population, as follows:

"Perhaps you do not know that in Boma there are only eleven Portuguese, one Frenchman, one Dutchman, one gentleman from St. Helena, and ourselves (Messrs. Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison), Messrs. Hatton and Cookson being in Liverpool, and the two signatures above being names of those in charge of the English factory there.'

"On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization.

"From the bare rocky ridges of N'safu there is a perceptible decline to the Congo valley, and the country becomes, in appearance, more sterile—a sparse population dwelling in a mere skeleton village in the centre of bleakness. Shingly rocks strewed the path and the waste, and thin, sere grass waved mournfully on level and spine, on slope of ridge and crest of hill; in the hollows it was somewhat thicker; in the bottoms it had a slight tinge of green.

"We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills.

"A buzz of wonder ran along our column.

"Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—ay, truly white men!

"As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. Poor pagan Africans—Rwoma of Uzinja, and man-eating tribes of the Livingstone! The whole secret of their wonder and curiosity flashed upon me at once. What arrested the twanging bow and the deadly trigger of the cannibals? What but the weird pallor of myself and Frank! In the same manner the sight of the pale faces of the Embomma merchants gave me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale color, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburned, dark.

"Yet there was something very self-possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a little self-pride mixed with cordiality. I could not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa. They spoke well also; the words they uttered hit the sense pat; without gesture, they were perfectly intelligible. How strange! It was quite delightful to observe the slight nods of the head; the intelligent facial movements were admirably expressive. They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. Jaunty straw hats, colored neckties, patent-leather boots,



WOODEN IDOL.

THE WHITE-FRONTED WILD BEAR OF CENTRAL AFRICA



well-cut white clothes, virtuously clean! I looked from them to my people, and then I fear I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and that these finely dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself upon an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and gray eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly familiarity would beget greater confidence.

"They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congratulated me with great warmth of feeling, and offered to me the 'Freedom of Boma!' We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Embomma, where the 'king' was at hand to do the honors. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries. Hock and champagne appeared to be cheap enough where but a few hours previous a cup of palm-wine was as precious as nectar; rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts. Nor were the Wangwana forgotten, for plenty had also been prepared for them.

"My friends who thus welcomed me among the descendants of Japhet were Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, Senhores Luiz Pinto Maroo, João Chaves, Henrique Germano Faro, and Mr. J. F. Müller, of the Dutch factory. They had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well-fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate.



THE HAMMOCK ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



THE CHIEFS AND EXPLORERS OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA AND LAKE TANGANYIKA, AND EXPLORERS OF THE ALKALINE SALT AND LIVINGSTON (LIVINGSTON) RIVER.

some of them appeared ready to welcome death as a relief from their misery. And now," continued the youth, "let us turn again to Mr. Stanley's narrative :

"Suddenly the shrill voice of a little boy was heard saying, 'Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!'

"'What! what! what!' broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from among the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"'Yes; it is true! it is true! La il Allah, il Allah! Yes; el hamd ul Illah! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!'



IN THE SUBURBS OF BOMA.

"Before many minutes, Uledi and Kachéché were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news I translated the following letter :

"'EMBOMMA,
" 'ENGLISH FACTORY.

" 'H. M. STANLEY, Esq. :

" 'DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 P.M. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you

" '6.30 A.M.,
" 'BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

such articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Em-bomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

“ Believe us to remain, your sincere friends,

(Signed)

“ HATTON & COOKSON,

“ A. DA MOTTA VEIGA,

“ J. W. HARRISON.”

“ Uledi and Kachéché then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them half-way, when they became frightened by the menaces of some of the natives of Mbinda, and deserted them. The four Wangwana, however, undertook the journey alone, and, following a road for several hours, they appeared at Bibbi after dark. The next day (the 5th), being told by the natives that Boma (to which Em-bomma was now changed) was lower down river, and unable to obtain guides, the brave fellows resolved upon following the Congo along its banks. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march over many hills, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the ‘Ingreza’ (English), were shown to the factory of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, which was superintended by a



OUTBUILDINGS OF AN AFRICAN FACTORY

Portuguese gentleman, Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, and Mr. John W. Harrison, of Liverpool. Kachéché, who was a better narrator than Uledi, then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.



ESCORT OF THE CARAVAN.

“By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson’s factory had approached, and all eyes were directed at the pompous old ‘capitan’ and the relief caravan behind him. Several of the Wangwana officiously stepped forward to relieve the fatigued and perspiring men, and with an extraordinary vigor tossed the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles—on the ground, except the demi-john of rum, which they called pombé, and handled most carefully. The ‘capitan’ was anxious about my private stores, but the scene transpiring

about the provisions was so absorbingly interesting that I could pay no attention as yet to them. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Muribo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious, loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's license, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the 'hell of hunger.' And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus—

“ ‘Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended,
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea.’ ”

“ ‘Enough now; fall to,’ said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where but half an hour previously all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw. But when the provisions had all been distributed, and the noggin of rum had been equitably poured into each man's cup, and the camp was in a state of genial excitement, and groups of dark figures discussed with animation the prospective food which the hospitable fires were fast preparing, then I turned to my tent, accompanied by Uledi, Kachéché, the capitan, and the tent-boys, who were, I suppose, eager to witness my transports of delight.

“ With profound tenderness Kacheche handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eyes as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. ‘Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne!’ Several loaves of bread, wheaten bread, sufficient for a week! Two pots of butter! A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf-sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

“ ‘The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! Only an hour before this we had been living on the recollections of the few peanuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before me and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

“ ‘When we all felt refreshed, the cloth bales were opened, and soon, instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire, the people were re-lad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want, the bare ribs, the sharp, protruding bones were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow, sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze color which distinguishes the well-fed African.



OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE.

"My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union which we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter :

" 'BANZA MBUKO, August 6, 1877.

" 'MESSRS. A. DA MOTTA VEIGA AND J. W. HARRISON, EMBOMMA, CONGO RIVER :

" 'GENTLEMEN,—I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me—wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye gods! just think of it—three bottles pale ale!) besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store—and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

" 'For the next twenty-four hours we shall be too busy eating to think of anything else much; but I may say that the people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, "Verily, our master has found the sea, and his brothers, but we did not believe him until he showed us the rice and the pombé (rum). We did not believe there was any end to the great river; but, God be praised forever, we shall see white people to-morrow, and our wars and troubles will be over."

" 'Dear Sirs, though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor, faithful, and brave people cried out, "Master, we are saved!—food is coming!" The old and the young—the men, the

women, the children—lifted their wearied and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honor of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my attempts at composure.

“Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

“Yours faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY,

“*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition.*”

“At the same hour on the morning of the 7th that we resumed the march, Kacheché and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter. Then surmounting a ridge, we beheld a grassy country barred with seams of red clay in gullies, ravines, and slopes, the effects of rain, dipping into basins with frequently broad masses of plateau and great dykelike ridges between, and in the distance southwest of us a lofty, tree-clad hill-range, which we were told we should have to climb before descending to N'lamba N'lamba, where we proposed camping.



VIEW IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

“Half an hour's march brought us to a market-place, where a tragedy had been enacted a short time before the relief caravan had passed it the day previous. Two thieves had robbed a woman of salt, and, according to the local custom which ordains the severest penalties for theft in the public mart, the two felons had been immediately executed, and their bodies laid close to the path to deter others evilly disposed from committing like crimes.

“At noon we surmounted the lofty range which we had viewed near Banza Mbuko, and the aneroid indicated a height of fifteen hundred feet. A short distance from its base, on two grassy hills, is situate N'lamba N'lamba, a settlement comprising several villages, and as populous as Mbinda. The houses and streets were very clean and neat; but, as of old, the natives are devoted to idolatry, and their passion for carving wooden idols was illustrated in every street we passed through.

“On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safu, over a sterile, bare, and hilly country, but the highest ridge passed was not over eleven hundred feet above the sea. Uledi and Kacheche returned at this place with more cheer for us, and a note acknowledging my letter of thanks.

“In a postscript to this note, Mr. Motta Veiga prepared me for a reception which was to meet me on the road half-way between N'safu and Boma; it also contained the census of the European population, as follows:

"Perhaps you do not know that in Boma there are only eleven Portuguese, one Frenchman, one Dutchman, one gentleman from St. Helena, and ourselves (Messrs. Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison), Messrs. Hatton and Cookson being in Liverpool, and the two signatures above being names of those in charge of the English factory there."

"On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization."

"From the bare rocky ridges of N'safu there is a perceptible decline to the Congo valley, and the country becomes, in appearance, more sterile—a sparse population dwelling in a mere skeleton village in the centre of bleakness. Shingly rocks strewed the path and the waste, and thin, sere grass waved mournfully on level and spine, on slope of ridge and crest of hill; in the hollows it was somewhat thicker; in the bottoms it had a slight tinge of green."

"We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills."

"A buzz of wonder ran along our column."

"Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—ay, truly white men!"

"As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. Poor pagan Africans—Rwoma of Uzinja, and man-eating tribes of the Livingstone! The whole secret of their wonder and curiosity flashed upon me at once. What arrested the twanging bow and the deadly trigger of the cannibals? What but the weird pallor of myself and Frank! In the same manner the sight of the pale faces of the Embomma merchants gave me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale color, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburned, dark."

"Yet there was something very self-possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a little self-pride mixed with cordiality. I could not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa. They spoke well also; the words they uttered hit the sense pat; without gesture, they were perfectly intelligible. How strange! It was quite delightful to observe the slight nods of the head; the intelligent facial movements were admirably expressive. They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. Jaunty straw hats, colored neckties, patent-leather boots,



WOODEN IDOL.

mirably expressive. They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. Jaunty straw hats, colored neckties, patent-leather boots,



THE WHITE FRONTED WILD BOAR OF CENTRAL AFRICA

well-cut white clothes, virtuously clean! I looked from them to my people, and then I fear I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and that these finely dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself upon an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and gray eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly familiarity would beget greater confidence.

"They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congratulated me with great warmth of feeling, and offered to me the 'Freedom of Boma!' We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Embomma, where the 'king' was at hand to do the honors. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries. Hock and champagne appeared to be cheap enough where but a few hours previous a cup of palm-wine was as precious as nectar; rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts. Nor were the Wangwana forgotten, for plenty had also been prepared for them.

"My friends who thus welcomed me among the descendants of Japhet were Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, Senhores Luiz Pinto Maroo, João Chaves, Henrique Germano Faro, and Mr. J. F. Müller, of the Dutch factory. They had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well-fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate.



THE HAMMOCK ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



THE CHAGGA-WHANGAS OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA AND LAKE TANGANYIKA, AND EXPLORERS OF THE ALEXANDER NILE AND LIVINGSTONE (ZAMBESI) RIVER.

"It was a gradual slope through a valley, which soon opened into a low alluvial plain, seamed here and there with narrow gullies, and then over the heads of the tall grass as I lay in the hammock I caught a glimpse of the tall square box of a frame-house, with a steep roof, erected on rising ground. It brought back a host of old recollections; for everywhere on the frontiers of civilization in America one may see the like. It approached nearer and larger to the view, and presently the hammock was halted by whitewashed palings, above which the square two-storied box rose on piles with a strangeness that was almost weird. It was the residence of those in charge of the English factory.



NATIVE BELLES ON THE WEST COAST.

"Looking from the house, my eyes rested on the river. Ah! the hateful, murderous river, now so broad and proud and majestically calm, as though it had not bereft me of a friend, and of many faithful souls, and as though we had never heard it rage and whiten with fury, and mock the thunder. What a hypocritical river! But just below the landing a steamer was ascending—the *Kabinda*, John Petherbridge, master. How civilization was advancing on me! Not a moment even to lie down and rest! Full-blooded, eager, restless, and aggressive, it pressed on me, and claimed me for its own, without allowing me even the time to cast one retrospective glance at the horrors left behind. While still overwhelmed by the

thought, the people of the expedition appeared, pressing forward to admire and gaze wide-eyed at the strange 'big iron canoe,' driven by fire on *their* river; for there were several Wanyamwezi, Waganda, and east-coast men who would not believe that there was anything more wonderful than the *Lady Alice*.

"Our life at Boma, which lasted only from 11 A.M. of the 9th to noon of the 11th, passed too quickly away; but throughout it was intensest pleasure and gayety.

"There are some half-dozen factories at Boma, engaging the attention of about eighteen whites. The houses are all constructed of wooden boards, with, as a rule, corrugated zinc roofs. The residences line the river front; the Dutch, French, and Portuguese factories being west of an isolated high square-browed hill, which, by-the-bye, is a capital site for a fortlet; and the English factory being a few hun-



NATIVE BLACKSMITHS NEAR BOMA.

dred yards above it. Each factory requires an ample courtyard for its business, which consists in the barter of cotton fabrics, glass-ware, crockery, iron-ware, gin, rum, guns and gunpowder, for palm-oil, ground-nuts, and ivory. The merchants contrive to exist as comfortably as their means will allow. Some of them plant fruits and garden vegetables, and cultivate grape-vines. Pineapples, guavas, and limes may be obtained from the market, which is held on alternate days a short distance behind the European settlement.

"Though Boma is comparatively ancient, and Europeans have had commercial connections with this district and the people for over a century, yet Captain

Tuckey's description of the people, written in 1816—their ceremonies and modes of life, their suspicion of strangers and intolerance, their greed for rum and indolence, the scarcity of food—is as correct as though written to-day. The name 'Boma,' however, has usurped that of 'Lombee,' which Captain Tuckey knew; the *banza* of Embomma being a little distance inland. In his day it was a village of about one hundred huts, in which was held the market of the *banza*, or king's town.

"The view inland is dreary, bleak, and unpromising, consisting of grassy hills, and of a broken country, its only boast the sturdy baobab, which relieves the nakedness of the land. But, fresh from the hungry wilderness and the land of selfish men, from the storm and stress of the cataracts, the solemn rock defiles of the Livingstone, and the bleak table-land—I heeded it not. The glowing, warm life of Western civilization, the hospitable civilities and gracious kindnesses which the merchants of Boma showered on myself and people, were as dews of Paradise, grateful, soothing, and refreshing.

"On the 11th, at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid claspings of friendly hands, we embarked. An hour before sunset the 'big iron canoe,' after a descent of about thirty-five miles, hauled in-shore, on the right bank, and made fast to the pier of another of Hatton & Cookson's factories at Ponta da Lenha, or Wooded Point. Two or three other Portuguese factories are in close neighborhood to it, lightening the gloom of the background of black mangrove and forest.

"After a very agreeable night with our hospitable English host, the *Kabinda* was again under way.

"The puissant river below Boma reminded me of the scenes above Uyanzi; the color of the water, the numerous islands, and the enormous breadth recalled those days when we had sought the liquid wildernesses of the Livingstone, to avoid incessant conflicts with the human beasts of prey in the midst of primitive Africa, and at the sight my eyes filled with tears at the thought that I could not recall my lost friends, and bid them share the rapturous joy that now filled the hearts of all those who had endured and survived.

"A few hours later and we were gliding through the broad portal into the ocean, the blue domain of civilization!

"Turning to take a farewell glance at the mighty river on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I saw it approach, awed and humbled, the threshold of the watery immensity, to whose immeasurable volume and illimitable expanse, awful as had been its power, and terrible as had been its fury, its flood was but a drop. And I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRIVAL AT KABINDA.—WEST AFRICAN MERCHANTS —DEATH AMONG THE WANGWANA.—ILLNESS AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE EXPEDITION —STANLEY'S ANXIETY FOR HIS FOLLOWERS —THEIR FAILING HEALTH.—ENCOURAGING THEM WITH WORDS AND KIND TREATMENT.—THE BANE OF IDLENESS —LEAVING KABINDA.—SAN PAULO DE LOANDA —KINDNESS OF THE PORTUGUESE OFFICIALS —H. B. MAJESTY'S SHIP *INDUSTRY*.—CARRIED TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE —THE WANGWANA SEE A "FIRE-CARRIAGE"—TO NATAL AND ZANZIBAR —RECEPTION —DISBANDING THE EXPEDITION.—AFFECTING SCENES —STANLEY'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FOLLOWERS.

"AFTER steaming northward from the mouth of the Congo for a few hours, we entered the fine bay of Kabinda, on the southern shores of which the native town of that name in the country of Ngoyo is situate. On the southern point of the bay stands a third factory of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, under the immediate charge of their principal agent, Mr. John Phillips. A glance at the annexed photograph will sufficiently show the prosperous appearance of the establishment, and the comfortable houses that have been constructed. The expedition received a cordial welcome from Messrs. Phillips, Wills, Price, and Jones, and I was housed in a cottage surrounded by gardens and overlook-



AT REST. STANLEY'S QUARTERS AT KABINDA BY THE SEA.

ing the glorious sea, while the people were located in a large shed fronting the bay.

"The next morning when I proceeded to greet the people, I discovered that one of the Wangwana had died at sunrise; and when I examined the condition of the other sufferers it became apparent that there was to be yet no rest for me, and that, to save life, I should have to be assiduous and watchful. But for this, I should have surrendered myself to the joys of life, without a thought for myself or for others, and no doubt I should have suffered in the same degree as the Wangwana from the effects of the sudden relaxation from care, trouble, or necessity for further effort. There were also other claims on my energies: I had to write my despatches to the journals, and to re-establish those bonds of friendship and sympathetic communion that had been severed by the lapse of dark years and long months of silence. My poor people, however, had no such incentives to rouse themselves from the stupor of indifference, as fatal to them as the cold to a benighted man in a snowy wilderness. Housed together in a comfortable, barrack-like building, with every convenience provided for them, and supplied with



EXPEDITION AT KABINDA.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Phillips.)

food, raiment, fuel, water, and an excess of luxuries, nothing remained for them to do; and the consequence was, that the abrupt dead-stop to all action and movement overwhelmed them, and plunged them into a state of torpid brooding from which it was difficult to arouse them.

"The words of the poet—

'What's won is done : Joy's soul lies in the doing—'

or, as Longfellow has it—

'The reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize'—

recurred to me, as explaining why it was that the people abandoned themselves to the dangerous melancholy created by inactivity. I was charmed by it myself;



GROUP OF MR. STANLEY'S FOLLOWERS AT KABINA, WEST COAST OF AFRICA, JUST AFTER CROSSING THE "DARK CONTINENT."
[From a Photograph by Mr. Phillips, of Kabinda.]

well-cut white clothes, virtuously clean! I looked from them to my people, and then I fear I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and that these finely dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself upon an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and gray eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly familiarity would beget greater confidence.

"They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congratulated me with great warmth of feeling, and offered to me the 'Freedom of Boma!' We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Embomma, where the 'king' was at hand to do the honors. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries. Hock and champagne appeared to be cheap enough where but a few hours previous a cup of palm-wine was as precious as nectar; rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts. Nor were the Wangwana forgotten, for plenty had also been prepared for them.

"My friends who thus welcomed me among the descendants of Japhet were Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, Senhores Luiz Pinto Maroo, João Chaves, Henrique Germano Faro, and Mr. J. F. Müller, of the Dutch factory. They had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well-fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate.



THE HAMMOCK ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



THE CIRCUMNAVIGATORS OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA AND LAKE TANGANIK, AND EXPLORERS OF THE ALEXANDRA NILK AND LIVINGSTONE (CONGO) RIVER.

tor Lopez and his assistants daily visited the sick-ward of our residence, and a trained nurse was detailed to attend the suffering. Pure Samaritanism animated the enthusiastic Senhor Capello, and free, unselfish charity inspired my friend Avelino Fernandez to watch and tend the ailing, desponding, and exhausted travellers.

"Nor must the English officers of the Royal Navy be forgotten for their chivalrous kindness. When I was wondering whether I should be compelled to lead the Wangwana across the continent to their homes, they solved my doubts and anxieties by offering the expedition a passage to Cape Town in H.M.S. *Industry*. The offer of the Portuguese governor-general to convey me in a gunboat to Lisbon, and the regular arrivals of the Portuguese mail steamers, were very tempting, but the condition of my followers was such that I found it impossible to leave them.

"The cordial civilities that were accorded to us at Loanda were succeeded by equally courteous treatment on board the *Industry*. Her officers, Captain Dyer, Assistant-Surgeon William Brown, and Paymaster Edwin Sandys, assisted me to the utmost of their ability in alleviating the sufferings of the sick and reviving the vigor of the desponding. But the accomplished surgeon found his patients most difficult cases. The flame of life flickered and spluttered, and to fan it into brightness required in most of the cases patience and tact more than medicine. Yet there was a little improvement in them, though they were still heavy-eyed.

"Upon arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 21st of October, I was agreeably surprised by a most genial letter, signed by Commodore Francis William Sullivan, who invited me to the Admiralty House as his guest, and from whom during the entire period of our stay at the Cape we met with the most hearty courtesy and hospitality. He had also made preparations for transporting the expedition to Zanzibar, when a telegram from the Lords of the British Admiralty was received, authorizing him to provide for the transmission of my followers to their homes, an act of gracious kindness for which I have recorded elsewhere my most sincere thanks.

"Had we been able to accept all the invitations that were showered upon us by the kind-hearted colonists of South Africa, from Cape Town to Natal, it is possible we might still be enjoying our holiday at that remote end of Africa, but her Majesty's ship could not be delayed for our pleasure and gratification. But during the time she was refitting, the authorities of Cape Town and Stellenbosch, through the influence of Lady Frere, Commodore Sullivan, and Captain Mills, Colonial Secretary, exerted themselves so zealously to gratify and honor us, that I attribute a large share of the recovery in health of my followers to the cordial and unmistakable heartiness of the hospitalities they there enjoyed. Here the Wangwana saw for the first time the 'fire-carriage,' and, accompanied by Commodore Sullivan, the Dean of Cape Town, and several of the leading residents of the Cape, the expedition was whirled to Stellenbosch at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which, of all the wonders they had viewed, seemed to them the most signal example of the wonderful enterprise and superior intelligence of the European.

"I ought not to omit describing a little episode that occurred soon after our arrival in Simon's Bay. For the first three days after landing at Simon's Town, blustering gales prevented me from returning to the ship. The people thereupon

VIEW OF SAN PAULO DE LOANDA—THE PORT OF SAN NICOL. ON THE RIGHT.



some of them appeared ready to welcome death as a relief from their misery. And now," continued the youth, "let us turn again to Mr. Stanley's narrative :

"Suddenly the shrill voice of a little boy was heard saying, 'Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!'

"'What! what! what!' broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from among the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"'Yes; it is true! it is true! La il Allah, il Allah! Yes; el hamd ul Illah! Yes, it is food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!'



IN THE SUBURBS OF BOMA.

"Before many minutes, Uledi and Kachéché were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news I translated the following letter :

"'EMBOMMA,
" 'ENGLISH FACTORY.

" 'H. M. STANLEY, Esq. :

" '6.30 A.M.,
" 'BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

" 'DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 P.M. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you

such articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Em-bomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

“ ‘Believe us to remain, your sincere friends,

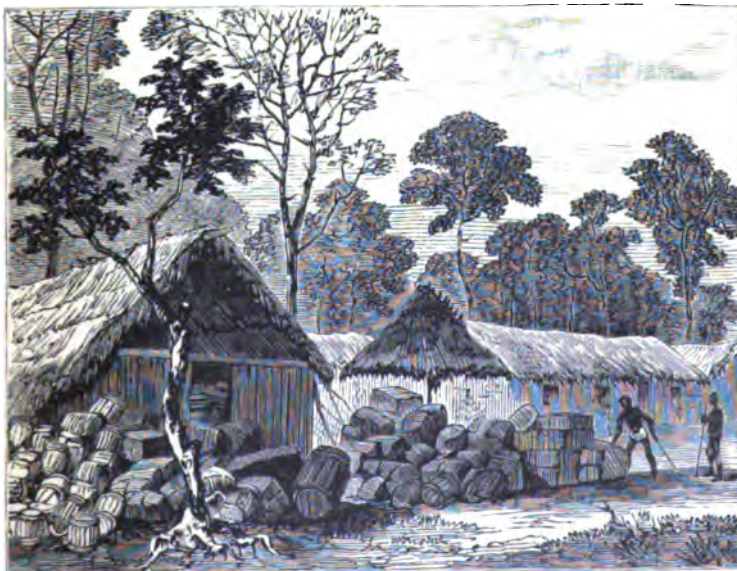
(Signed)

“ ‘HATTON & COOKSON.

“ ‘A. DA MOTTA VEIGA.

“ ‘J. W. HARRISON.’

“ Uledi and Kachéché then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them half-way, when they became frightened by the menaces of some of the natives of Mbinda, and deserted them. The four Wangwana, however, undertook the journey alone, and, following a road for several hours, they appeared at Bibbi after dark. The next day (the 5th), being told by the natives that Boma (to which Embomma was now changed) was lower down river, and unable to obtain guides, the brave fellows resolved upon following the Congo along its banks. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march over many hills, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the ‘Ingreza’ (English), were shown to the factory of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, which was superintended by a



OUTBUILDINGS OF AN AFRICAN FACTORY.

Portuguese gentleman, Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, and Mr. John W. Harrison, of Liverpool. Kachéché, who was a better narrator than Uledi, then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.



ESCORT OF THE CARAVAN.

“By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson’s factory had approached, and all eyes were directed at the pompous old ‘capitan’ and the relief caravan behind him. Several of the Wangwana officiously stepped forward to relieve the fatigued and perspiring men, and with an extraordinary vigor tossed the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles—on the ground, except the demijohn of rum, which they called pombé, and handled most carefully. The ‘capitan’ was anxious about my private stores, but the scene transpiring

about the provisions was so absorbingly interesting that I could pay no attention as yet to them. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious, loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's license, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the 'hell of hunger.' And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus—

“ ‘Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to this great sea.’

“ ‘Enough now; fall to,’ said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where but half an hour previously all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw. But when the provisions had all been distributed, and the noggin of rum had been equitably poured into each man's cup, and the camp was in a state of genial excitement, and groups of dark figures discussed with animation the prospective food which the hospitable fires were fast preparing, then I turned to my tent, accompanied by Uledi, Kachéché, the capitan, and the tent-boys, who were, I suppose, eager to witness my transports of delight.

“ With profound tenderness Kachéché handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eyes as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread, wheaten bread, sufficient for a week! Two pots of butter! A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf-sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

“ The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! Only an hour before this we had been living on the recollections of the few peanuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before me and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

“ When we all felt refreshed, the cloth bales were opened, and soon, instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire, the people were reclad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want, the bare ribs, the sharp, protruding bones were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow, sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze color which distinguishes the well-fed African.



OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE.

"My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union which we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter:

"BANZA MBUKO, *August 6, 1877.*

"MESSRS. A. DA MOTTA VEIGA AND J. W. HARRISON, EMBOMMA, CONGO RIVER:

"GENTLEMEN,—I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me—wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye gods! just think of it—three bottles pale ale!) besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store—and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

"For the next twenty-four hours we shall be too busy eating to think of anything else much; but I may say that the people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, "Verily, our master has found the sea, and his brothers, but we did not believe him until he showed us the rice and the pombé (rum). We did not believe there was any end to the great river; but, God be praised forever, we shall see white people to-morrow, and our wars and troubles will be over."

"Dear Sirs, though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor, faithful, and brave people cried out, "Master, we are saved!—food is coming!" The old and the young—the men, the

women, the children—lifted their wearied and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honor of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my attempts at composure.

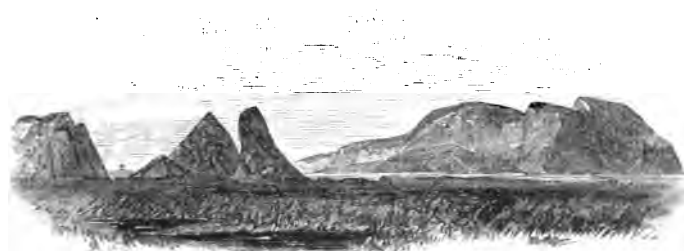
“ ‘Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

“ ‘Yours faithfully,

HENRY M. STANLEY,

“ ‘*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition.*’

“ At the same hour on the morning of the 7th that we resumed the march, Kachéché and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter. Then surmounting a ridge, we beheld a grassy country barred with seams of red clay in gullies, ravines, and slopes, the effects of rain, dipping into basins with frequently broad masses of plateau and great dykelike ridges between, and in the distance southwest of us a lofty, tree-clad hill-range, which we were told we should have to climb before descending to N'lamba N'lamba, where we proposed camping.



VIEW IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

“ Half an hour's march brought us to a market-place, where a tragedy had been enacted a short time before the relief caravan had passed it the day previous. Two thieves had robbed a woman of salt, and, according to the local custom which ordains the severest penalties for theft in the public mart, the two felons had been immediately executed, and their bodies laid close to the path to deter others evilly disposed from committing like crimes.

“ At noon we surmounted the lofty range which we had viewed near Banza Mbuko, and the aneroid indicated a height of fifteen hundred feet. A short distance from its base, on two grassy hills, is situate N'lamba N'lamba, a settlement comprising several villages, and as populous as Mbinda. The houses and streets were very clean and neat; but, as of old, the natives are devoted to idolatry, and their passion for carving wooden idols was illustrated in every street we passed through.

“ On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safu, over a sterile, bare, and hilly country, but the highest ridge passed was not over eleven hundred feet above the sea. Uledi and Kachéché returned at this place with more cheer for us, and a note acknowledging my letter of thanks.

“ In a postscript to this note, Mr. Motta Veiga prepared me for a reception which was to meet me on the road half-way between N'safu and Boma; it also contained the census of the European population, as follows:

"Perhaps you do not know that in Boma there are only eleven Portuguese, one Frenchman, one Dutchman, one gentleman from St. Helena, and ourselves (Messrs. Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison), Messrs. Hatton and Cookson being in Liverpool, and the two signatures above being names of those in charge of the English factory there.'

"On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization.

"From the bare rocky ridges of N'safu there is a perceptible decline to the Congo valley, and the country becomes, in appearance, more sterile—a sparse population dwelling in a mere skeleton village in the centre of bleakness. Shingly rocks strewn the path and the waste, and thin, sere grass waved mournfully on level and spine, on slope of ridge and crest of hill; in the hollows it was somewhat thicker; in the bottoms it had a slight tinge of green.

"We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills.

"A buzz of wonder ran along our column.

"Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—ay, truly white men!

"As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. Poor pagan Africans—Rwoma of Uzinja, and man-eating tribes of the Livingstone! The whole secret of their wonder and curiosity flashed upon me at once. What arrested the twanging bow and the deadly trigger of the cannibals? What but the weird pallor of myself and Frank! In the same manner the sight of the pale faces of the Embomma merchants gave me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale color, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburned, dark.

"Yet there was something very self-possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a little self-pride mixed with cordiality. I could not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa. They spoke well also; the words they uttered hit the sense pat; without gesture, they were perfectly intelligible. How strange! It was quite delightful to observe the slight nods of the head; the intelligent facial movements were admirably expressive. They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. Jaunty straw hats, colored neckties, patent-leather boots,



WOODEN IDOL.

mirably expressive. They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. Jaunty straw hats, colored neckties, patent-leather boots,

THE WHITE-FRONTED WILD BOG OF CENTRAL AFRICA.



well-cut white clothes, virtuously clean! I looked from them to my people, and then I fear I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and that these finely dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself upon an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and gray eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly familiarity would beget greater confidence.

"They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congratulated me with great warmth of feeling, and offered to me the 'Freedom of Boma!' We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Embomma, where the 'king' was at hand to do the honors. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries. Hock and champagne appeared to be cheap enough where but a few hours previous a cup of palm-wine was as precious as nectar; rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts. Nor were the Wangwana forgotten, for plenty had also been prepared for them.

"My friends who thus welcomed me among the descendants of Japhet were Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, Senhores Luiz Pinto Maroo, João Chaves, Henrique Germano Faro, and Mr. J. F. Müller, of the Dutch factory. They had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well-fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate.



THE HAMMOCK ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.



THE CIRCUMNAVIGATORS OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA AND LAKE TANGANIKI, AND EXPLORES OF THE ALEXANDRA NILK AND LIVINGSTONE (CONGO) RIVER.

"It was a gradual slope through a valley, which soon opened into a low alluvial plain, seamed here and there with narrow gullies, and then over the heads of the tall grass as I lay in the hammock I caught a glimpse of the tall square box of a frame-house, with a steep roof, erected on rising ground. It brought back a host of old recollections; for everywhere on the frontiers of civilization in America one may see the like. It approached nearer and larger to the view, and presently the hammock was halted by whitewashed palings, above which the square two-storied box rose on piles with a strangeness that was almost weird. It was the residence of those in charge of the English factory.



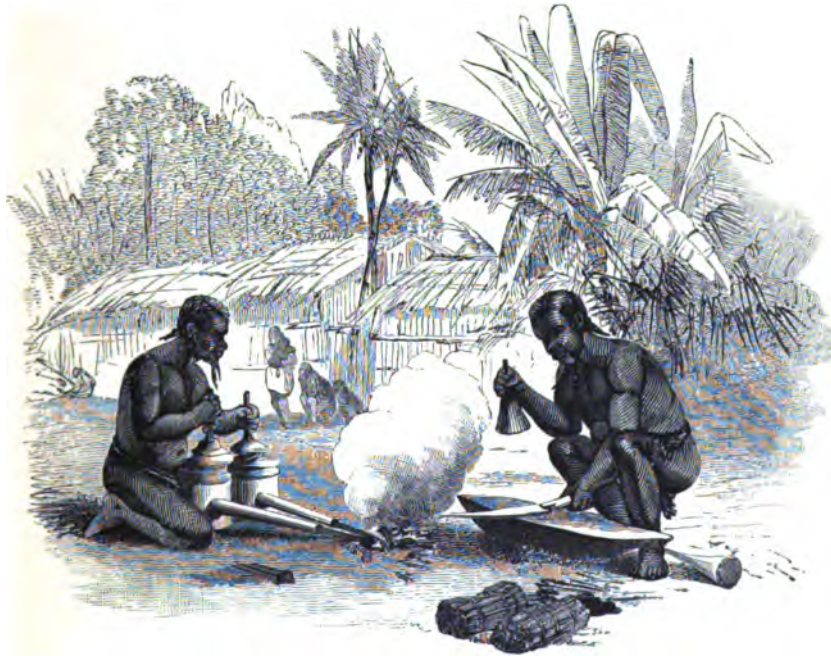
NATIVE BELLES ON THE WEST COAST.

"Looking from the house, my eyes rested on the river. Ah! the hateful, murderous river, now so broad and proud and majestically calm, as though it had not bereft me of a friend, and of many faithful souls, and as though we had never heard it rage and whiten with fury, and mock the thunder. What a hypocritical river! But just below the landing a steamer was ascending—the *Kabinda*, John Petherbridge, master. How civilization was advancing on me! Not a moment even to lie down and rest! Full-blooded, eager, restless, and aggressive, it pressed on me, and claimed me for its own, without allowing me even the time to cast one retrospective glance at the horrors left behind. While still overwhelmed by the

thought, the people of the expedition appeared, pressing forward to admire and gaze wide-eyed at the strange 'big iron canoe,' driven by fire on *their* river; for there were several Wanyamwezi, Waganda, and east-coast men who would not believe that there was anything more wonderful than the *Lady Alice*.

"Our life at Boma, which lasted only from 11 A.M. of the 9th to noon of the 11th, passed too quickly away; but throughout it was intensest pleasure and gayety.

"There are some half-dozen factories at Boma, engaging the attention of about eighteen whites. The houses are all constructed of wooden boards, with, as a rule, corrugated zinc roofs. The residences line the river front; the Dutch, French, and Portuguese factories being west of an isolated high square-browed hill, which, by-the-bye, is a capital site for a fortlet; and the English factory being a few hun-



NATIVE BLACKSMITHS NEAR BOMA.

dred yards above it. Each factory requires an ample courtyard for its business, which consists in the barter of cotton fabrics, glass-ware, crockery, iron-ware, gin, rum, guns and gunpowder, for palm-oil, ground-nuts, and ivory. The merchants contrive to exist as comfortably as their means will allow. Some of them plant fruits and garden vegetables, and cultivate grape-vines. Pineapples, guavas, and limes may be obtained from the market, which is held on alternate days a short distance behind the European settlement.

"Though Boma is comparatively ancient, and Europeans have had commercial connections with this district and the people for over a century, yet Captain

Tuckey's description of the people, written in 1816—their ceremonies and modes of life, their suspicion of strangers and intolerance, their greed for rum and indolence, the scarcity of food—is as correct as though written to-day. The name 'Boma,' however, has usurped that of 'Lombée,' which Captain Tuckey knew; the *banza* of Embomma being a little distance inland. In his day it was a village of about one hundred huts, in which was held the market of the *banza*, or king's town.

"The view inland is dreary, bleak, and unpromising, consisting of grassy hills, and of a broken country, its only boast the sturdy baobab, which relieves the nakedness of the land. But, fresh from the hungry wilderness and the land of selfish men, from the storm and stress of the cataracts, the solemn rock defiles of the Livingstone, and the bleak table-land—I heeded it not. The glowing, warm life of Western civilization, the hospitable civilities and gracious kindnesses which the merchants of Boma showered on myself and people, were as dews of Paradise, grateful, soothing, and refreshing.

"On the 11th, at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid claspings of friendly hands, we embarked. An hour before sunset the 'big iron canoe,' after a descent of about thirty-five miles, hauled in-shore, on the right bank, and made fast to the pier of another of Hatton & Cookson's factories at Ponta da Lenha, or Wooded Point. Two or three other Portuguese factories are in close neighborhood to it, lightening the gloom of the background of black mangrove and forest.

"After a very agreeable night with our hospitable English host, the *Kabinda* was again under way.

"The puissant river below Boma reminded me of the scenes above Uyanzi; the color of the water, the numerous islands, and the enormous breadth recalled those days when we had sought the liquid wildernesses of the Livingstone, to avoid incessant conflicts with the human beasts of prey in the midst of primitive Africa, and at the sight my eyes filled with tears at the thought that I could not recall my lost friends, and bid them share the rapturous joy that now filled the hearts of all those who had endured and survived.

"A few hours later and we were gliding through the broad portal into the ocean, the blue domain of civilization!

"Turning to take a farewell glance at the mighty river on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I saw it approach, awed and humbled, the threshold of the watery immensity, to whose immeasurable volume and illimitable expanse, awful as had been its power, and terrible as had been its fury, its flood was but a drop. And I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRIVAL AT KABINDA.—WEST AFRICAN MERCHANTS.—DEATH AMONG THE WANGWANA.—ILLNESS AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE EXPEDITION.—STANLEY'S ANXIETY FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.—THEIR FAILING HEALTH.—ENCOURAGING THEM WITH WORDS AND KIND TREATMENT.—THE BANE OF IDLENESS.—LEAVING KABINDA.—SAN PAULO DE LOANDA.—KINDNESS OF THE PORTUGUESE OFFICIALS.—H. B. MAJESTY'S SHIP *INDUSTRY*.—CARRIED TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—THE WANGWANA SEE A "FIRE-CARRIAGE."—TO NATAL AND ZANZIBAR.—RECEPTION.—DISBANDING THE EXPEDITION.—AFFECTING SCENES.—STANLEY'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FOLLOWERS.

"**A**FTER steaming northward from the mouth of the Congo for a few hours, we entered the fine bay of Kabinda, on the southern shores of which the native town of that name in the country of Ngoyo is situate. On the southern point of the bay stands a third factory of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, under the immediate charge of their principal agent, Mr. John Phillips. A glance at the annexed photograph will sufficiently show the prosperous appearance of the establishment, and the comfortable houses that have been constructed. The expedition received a cordial welcome from Messrs. Phillips, Wills, Price, and Jones, and I was housed in a cottage surrounded by gardens and overlook-



AT REST: STANLEY'S QUARTERS AT KABINDA BY THE SEA.

were not forgotten. Neither were the tiny infants—ushered into the world amid the dismal and tragic scenes of the cataract lands, and who, with their eyes wide open with wonder, now crowed and crooned at the gathering of happy men and elated women about them—omitted in this final account and reckoning.

“The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages due to the faithful dead. Poor faithful souls! With an ardor and a fidelity unexpected, and an immeasurable confidence, they had followed me to the very death. True, negro nature had often asserted itself, but it was after all but human nature. They had never boasted that they were heroes, but they exhibited truly heroic stuff while coping with the varied terrors of the hitherto untrodden and apparently endless wilds of broad Africa.

“The female relatives filed in. With each name of the dead, old griefs were remembered. The poignant sorrow I felt—as the fallen were named after each successive conflict in those dark days never to be forgotten by me—was revived. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw; as sad and subdued as my own feelings. With such sympathies between us we soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding. Each woman was paid without much explanation required—one witness was sufficient. There were men, however, who were put to great shifts. They appeared to have no identity. None of my own people would vouch for the relationship; no respectable man knew them. Several claimed money upon the ground that they were acquaintances; that they had been slaves under one master, and had become freemen together on their master's death. Parents and brothers were not difficult to identify. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

“On the 13th of December the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Pachumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden, on board which Mr. William Mackinnon had ordered a state-room for me. My followers through Africa had all left their homes early, that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness my departure. They were there now, every one of them arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. The fulness of the snowy dishdashah and the amplitude of the turban gave a certain dignity to their forms, and each sported a light cane. Upon inquiring I ascertained that several had already purchased handsome little properties—houses and gardens—with their wages, proving that the long journey had brought, with its pains and rough experience, a good deal of thrift and wisdom.

“When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads and carried me through the surf into the boat.

“We shook hands twenty times twenty, I think, and then at last the boat started.

“I saw them consult together, and presently saw them run down the beach and seize a great twenty-ton lighter, which they soon manned and rowed after me. They followed me thus to the steamer, and a deputation of them came on board, headed by the famous Uledi, the coxswain; Kachéché, the chief detective; Robert, my indispensable factotum; Zaidi, the chief, and Wadi Rehani, the storekeeper, to inform me that they still considered me as their master, and that they would not leave Zanzibar until they received a letter from me announcing my safe arrival in



GROUP OF MR. STANLEY'S FOLLOWERS AT KASINA, WEST COAST OF AFRICA, JUST AFTER CROSSING THE "DARK CONTINENT."
[From a Photograph by Mr. Phillips, of Kabiinda.]

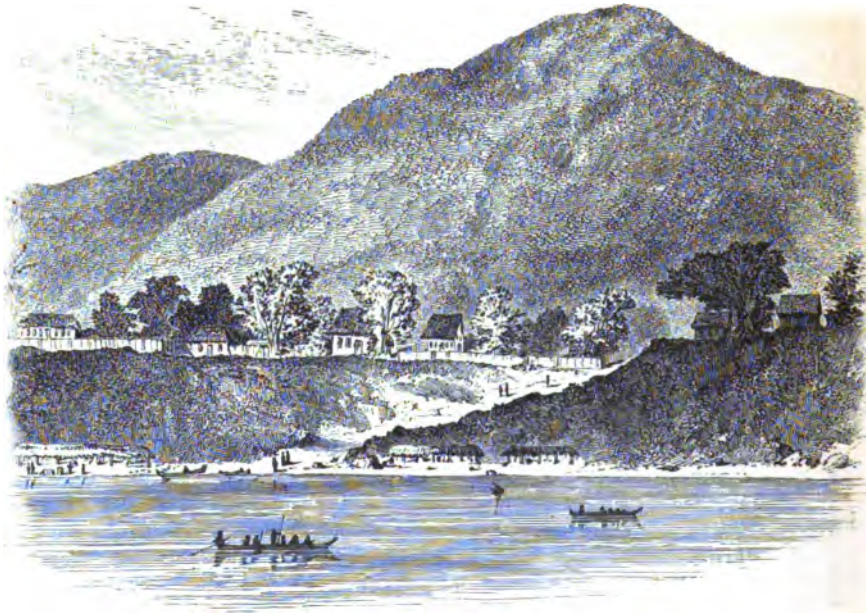
the senses were fast relapsing into a drowsy state, that appeared to be akin to the drowsiness of delirium. No novel or romance interested me, though Mr. Phillips's cottage possessed a complete library of fiction and light reading. Dickens seemed rubbish, and the finest poems flat. Frequently, even at meals, I found myself subsiding into sleep, though I struggled against it heroically; wine had no charm for me; conversation fatigued me. Yet the love of society, and what was due to my friendly hosts, acted as a wholesome restraint and a healthy stimulant; but what had the poor, untutored black strangers, whose homes were on the east side of the continent, to rouse them and to stimulate them into life?

"Do you wish to see Zanzibar, boys?" I asked.

"Ah, it is far. Nay, speak not, master. We shall never see it," they replied.

"But you will die if you go on in this way. Wake up—shake yourselves—show yourselves to be men."

"Can a man contend with God? Who fears death? Let us die undisturbed, and be at rest forever," they answered.



SCENERY ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

"Brave, faithful, loyal souls! They were, poor fellows, surrendering themselves to the benumbing influences of a listlessness and fatal indifference to life! Four of them died in consequence of this strange malady at Loanda, three more on board H.M.S. *Industry*, and one woman breathed her last the day after we arrived at Zanzibar. But in their sad death they had one consolation, in the words which they kept constantly repeating to themselves:

"We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white

brothers, La il Allah, il Allah! There is no God but God!' they said—and died.

"It is not without an overwhelming sense of grief, a choking in the throat, and swimming eyes, that I write of those days, for my memory is still busy with the worth and virtues of the dead. In a thousand fields of incident, adventure, and bitter trials they had proved their stanch heroism and their fortitude; they had lived and endured nobly. I remember the enthusiasm with which they responded to my appeals; I remember their bold bearing during the darkest days; I remember the Spartan pluck, the indomitable courage with which they suffered in the days of our adversity. Their voices again loyally answer me, and again I hear them address each other upon the necessity of standing by the 'master.' Their boat-song, which contained sentiments similar to the following—

'The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,
In cities afar, where his name is dear,
Your Arab truth and strength shall show;
He trusts in us, row, Arabs, row'—

despite all the sounds which now surround me, still charms my listening ear.

"The expedition, after a stay of eight days at Kabinda, was kindly taken on board the Portuguese gunboat *Tamêga*, Commander José Marquez, to San Paulo de Loanda. The Portuguese officers distinguished themselves by a superb banquet, and an exhibition of extraordinary courtesy towards myself, and great sympathy towards my followers. Two gentlemen, Major Serpa Pinto and Senhor José Avelino Fernandez, who were on board, extended their hospitalities so far as to persuade me to accompany them to their residence in the capital of Angola. To house the one hundred and fourteen Wangwana who accompanied me was a great task on the liberality of these gentlemen, but the Portuguese Governor-General of Angola nobly released them and myself from all obligations, and all the expenses incurred by us from the 21st of August to the 27th of September were borne by the colony. One of the first acts of Governor-General Albuquerque was to despatch his aide-de-camp with offers of assistance, money, and a gunboat to convey me to Lisbon, which received, as it deserved, my warmest thanks. The Portuguese commodore gave a banquet to the Portuguese explorers, Major Serpa Pinto, Commander Brito Capello, and Lieutenant Roberto Ivens, who were about setting out for the exploration of the Kunené or Noursé River, as far as Bihé, thence to Lake Nyassa and Mozambique, and upon the festive occasion they honored me. The Board of Works at Loanda also banqueted us royally; as also did Mr. Michael Tobin, the banker, while Mr. Robert Newton was unceasing in his hospitalities.

"The government hospital at Loanda was open to the sick strangers; Doc-



A DANDY OF SAN PAULO DE LOANDA.

tor Lopez and his assistants daily visited the sick-ward of our residence, and a trained nurse was detailed to attend the suffering. Pure Samaritanism animated the enthusiastic Senhor Capello, and free, unselfish charity inspired my friend Avelino Fernandez to watch and tend the ailing, desponding, and exhausted travellers.

"Nor must the English officers of the Royal Navy be forgotten for their chivalrous kindness. When I was wondering whether I should be compelled to lead the Wangwana across the continent to their homes, they solved my doubts and anxieties by offering the expedition a passage to Cape Town in H.M.S. *Industry*. The offer of the Portuguese governor-general to convey me in a gun-boat to Lisbon, and the regular arrivals of the Portuguese mail steamers, were very tempting, but the condition of my followers was such that I found it impossible to leave them.

"The cordial civilities that were accorded to us at Loanda were succeeded by equally courteous treatment on board the *Industry*. Her officers, Captain Dyer, Assistant-Surgeon William Brown, and Paymaster Edwin Sandys, assisted me to the utmost of their ability in alleviating the sufferings of the sick and reviving the vigor of the desponding. But the accomplished surgeon found his patients most difficult cases. The flame of life flickered and spluttered, and to fan it into brightness required in most of the cases patience and tact more than medicine. Yet there was a little improvement in them, though they were still heavy-eyed.

"Upon arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 21st of October, I was agreeably surprised by a most genial letter, signed by Commodore Francis William Sullivan, who invited me to the Admiralty House as his guest, and from whom during the entire period of our stay at the Cape we met with the most hearty courtesy and hospitality. He had also made preparations for transporting the expedition to Zanzibar, when a telegram from the Lords of the British Admiralty was received, authorizing him to provide for the transmission of my followers to their homes, an act of gracious kindness for which I have recorded elsewhere my most sincere thanks.

"Had we been able to accept all the invitations that were showered upon us by the kind-hearted colonists of South Africa, from Cape Town to Natal, it is possible we might still be enjoying our holiday at that remote end of Africa, but her Majesty's ship could not be delayed for our pleasure and gratification. But during the time she was refitting, the authorities of Cape Town and Stellenbosch, through the influence of Lady Frere, Commodore Sullivan, and Captain Mills, Colonial Secretary, exerted themselves so zealously to gratify and honor us, that I attribute a large share of the recovery in health of my followers to the cordial and unmistakable heartiness of the hospitalities they there enjoyed. Here the Wangwana saw for the first time the 'fire-carriage,' and, accompanied by Commodore Sullivan, the Dean of Cape Town, and several of the leading residents of the Cape, the expedition was whirled to Stellenbosch at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which, of all the wonders they had viewed, seemed to them the most signal example of the wonderful enterprise and superior intelligence of the European.

"I ought not to omit describing a little episode that occurred soon after our arrival in Simon's Bay. For the first three days after landing at Simon's Town, blustering gales prevented me from returning to the ship. The people thereupon

VIEW OF SAN PAULO DE LOANDA—THE PORT OF SAN MIGUEL ON THE RIGHT.



became anxious, and wondered whether this distant port was to terminate my connection with them. On returning to the ship, therefore, I found them even more melancholy than when I had left them. I asked the reason.

“‘You will return to Ulyah’ (Europe), ‘of course, now.’”

“‘Why?’”

“‘Oh, do we not see that you have met your friends, and all these days we have felt that you will shortly leave us?’”

“‘Who told you so?’ I asked, smiling at the bitterness visible in their faces.

“‘Our hearts; and they are very heavy.’”

“‘Ah! and would it please you if I accompanied you to Zanzibar?’”

“‘Why should you ask, master? Are you not our father?’”

“‘Well, it takes a long time to teach you to rely upon the promise of your father. I have told you, over and over again, that nothing shall cause me to break my promise to you that I would take you home. You have been true to me, and I shall be true to you. If we can get no ship to take us, I will walk the entire distance with you until I can show you to your friends at Zanzibar.’”

“‘Now we are grateful, master.’”



DHOWS IN THE HARBOR OF ZANZIBAR.

THE RECOVERED AND RECALD EXPEDITION AS IT APPEARED AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMON'S TOWN, AFTER OUR ARRIVAL ON H.M.S. "INDUSTRY."



"I observed no sad faces after this day, and Captain Dyer and his officers noticed how they visibly improved and brightened up from this time.

"On the 6th of November H.M.S. *Industry* was equipped and ready for her voyage to Zanzibar. On the twelfth of the month she dropped anchor in the harbor of Natal to coal, and fourteen days after her departure from Natal the palmy island of Zanzibar rose into sight, and in the afternoon we were bearing straight for port.

"As I looked on the Wangwana, and saw the pleasure which now filled every soul, I felt myself amply rewarded for sacrificing several months to see them home. The sick had, all but one, recovered, and they had improved so much in appearance that few, ignorant of what they had been, could have supposed that these were the living skeletons that had reeled from sheer weakness through Boma.

"The only patient who had baffled our endeavors to restore her to health was the woman Muscati, unfortunate Safeni's wife. Singular to relate, she lived to be embraced by her father, and the next morning died in his arms, surrounded by her relatives and friends. But all the others were blessed with redundant health—robust, bright, and happy.

"And now the well-known bays and inlets, and spicy shores and red-tinted bluffs of Mbweni enraptured them. Again they saw what they had often despaired of seeing: the rising ridge of Wilezu, at the foot of which they knew were their homes and their tiny gardens; the well-known features of Shangani and Melindi; the tall square mass of the sultan's palace. Each outline, each house, from the Sandy Point to their own Ngambu, each well-remembered bold swell of land, with its glories of palm and mango-tree, was to them replete with associations of bygone times.

"The captain did not detain them on board. The boats were all lowered at once, and they crowded the gangway and ladder. I watched the first boat-load.

"To those on the beach it was a surprise to see so many white-shirted, turbaned men making for shore from an English man-of-war. Were they slaves—or what? No; slaves they could not be, for they were too well dressed. Yet what could they be?

"The boat-keel kissed the beach, and the impatient fellows leaped out and upward, and danced in ecstasy on the sands of their island; they then kneeled down, bowed their faces to the dear soil, and cried out, with emotion, their thanks to Allah! To the full they now taste the sweetness of the return home. The glad tidings ring out along the beach, 'It is Bwana Stanley's expedition that has returned.'

"Then came bounding towards them their friends, acquaintances, countrymen, asking ever so many questions, all burning to know all about it. Where had they been? How came they to be on board the man-of-war? What had they seen? Who was dead? Where is So-and-so? You have gone beyond Nyangwé to the other sea? Mashallah!

"The boats come and go.

"More of the returned braves land, jump and frisk about, shake hands, embrace firmly and closely; they literally *leap* into each other's arms, and there are many wet eyes there, for some terrible tales are told of death, disaster, and woe by the most voluble of the narrators, who seem to think it incumbent on them to tell all

the news at once. The minor details, which are a thousand and a thousand, shall be told to-morrow and the next day, and the next, and for days and years to come.

"The ship was soon emptied of her strange passengers. Captain Sullivan, of the *London*, came on board, and congratulated me on my safe arrival, and then I went on shore to my friend Mr. Augustus Sparhawk's house. We will pass over whatever may have transpired among the reunited friends, relatives, acquaintances, etc., but I will give substantially what Mabruki, a stout, bright-eyed lad, the Nestor of the youths during the expedition, related of his experiences the next day.

"Well, Mabruki, tell me, did you see your mother? Mabruki, knowing I have a lively curiosity to know all about the meeting, because he had been sometimes inclined to despair of seeing poor old 'mamma' again, relaxes the severe tightness of his face, and out of his eyes there gushes such a flood of light as shows him to be brimful of happiness, and he hastens to answer, with a slight bob of the head,

"Yes, master."

"Is she quite well? How does she look? What did she say when she saw her son such a great strong lad? Come, tell me all about it."

"I will tell you—but ah! she is old now. She did not know me at first, because I burst open the door of our house, and I was one of the foremost to land, and I ran all the way from the boat to the house. She was sitting talking with a friend. When the door opened she cried out, 'Who?'"

"Mi-mi, ma-ma. It is I, mother. It is I—Mabruki, mother. It is I, returned from the continent."

"What! Mabruki, my son!"

"Verily it is I, mother."

"She could scarcely believe I had returned, for she had heard no news. But soon all the women round about gathered together near the door, while the house was full to hear the news; and they were all crying and laughing and talking so fast, which they kept up far into the night. She is very proud of me, master. When the dinner was ready over twenty sat down to share with us. 'Oh!' they all said, 'you are a man indeed, now that you have been farther than any Arab has ever been.'"

"Four days of grace I permitted myself to procure the thousands of rupees required to pay off the people for their services. Messages had also been sent to the relatives of the dead, requesting them to appear at Mr. Sparhawk's, prepared to make their claims good by the mouths of three witnesses.

"On the fifth morning the people—men, women, and children—of the Anglo-American Expedition, attended by hundreds of friends, who crowded the street and the capacious rooms of the Bertram Agency, began to receive their well-earned dues.

"The women, thirteen in number, who had borne the fatigues of the long, long journey, who had transformed the stern camp in the depths of the wilds into something resembling a village in their own island, who had encouraged their husbands to continue in their fidelity despite all adversity, were all rewarded.

"The children of the chiefs who had accompanied us from Zanzibar to the Atlantic, and who, by their childish, careless prattle, had often soothed me in mid-Africa, and had often caused me to forget my responsibilities for the time,

were not forgotten. Neither were the tiny infants—ushered into the world amid the dismal and tragic scenes of the cataract lands, and who, with their eyes wide open with wonder, now crowed and crooned at the gathering of happy men and elated women about them—omitted in this final account and reckoning.

“The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages due to the faithful dead. Poor faithful souls! With an ardor and a fidelity unexpected, and an immeasurable confidence, they had followed me to the very death. True, negro nature had often asserted itself, but it was after all but human nature. They had never boasted that they were heroes, but they exhibited truly heroic stuff while coping with the varied terrors of the hitherto untrodden and apparently endless wilds of broad Africa.

“The female relatives filed in. With each name of the dead, old griefs were remembered. The poignant sorrow I felt—as the fallen were named after each successive conflict in those dark days never to be forgotten by me—was revived. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw; as sad and subdued as my own feelings. With such sympathies between us we soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding. Each woman was paid without much explanation required—one witness was sufficient. There were men, however, who were put to great shifts. They appeared to have no identity. None of my own people would vouch for the relationship; no respectable man knew them. Several claimed money upon the ground that they were acquaintances; that they had been slaves under one master, and had become freemen together on their master's death. Parents and brothers were not difficult to identify. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

“On the 13th of December the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Pachumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden, on board which Mr. William Mackinnon had ordered a state-room for me. My followers through Africa had all left their homes early, that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness my departure. They were there now, every one of them arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. The fulness of the snowy dishdashah and the amplitude of the turban gave a certain dignity to their forms, and each sported a light cane. Upon inquiring I ascertained that several had already purchased handsome little properties—houses and gardens—with their wages, proving that the long journey had brought, with its pains and rough experience, a good deal of thrift and wisdom.

“When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads and carried me through the surf into the boat.

“We shook hands twenty times twenty, I think, and then at last the boat started.

“I saw them consult together, and presently saw them run down the beach and seize a great twenty-ton lighter, which they soon manned and rowed after me. They followed me thus to the steamer, and a deputation of them came on board, headed by the famous Uledi, the coxswain; Kachéché, the chief detective; Robert, my indispensable factotum; Zaidi, the chief, and Wadi Rehani, the storekeeper, to inform me that they still considered me as their master, and that they would not leave Zanzibar until they received a letter from me announcing my safe arrival in



1. Wife of Murbo.
2. " " Robert.
3. " " Main Koko.

4. Half-sister of Ganbhargara, whom
Wadi Rahani married.
5. Zaidi's wife.
6. Wife of Wadi Baraka.

7. Wife of Manwa Bera.
8. " " Chwopeteh.
9. " " Mutul Fendo.

10. Wife of Muecani.
11. " " Chwonda.
12. " " Mutla.

THE WOMEN OF THE EXPEDITION.



STANLEY, AS HE LEFT ENGLAND FOR AFRICA IN 1874.

my own country. I had, they said, taken them round all Africa to bring them back to their homes, and they must know that I had reached my own land before they would go to seek new adventures on the continent, and — simple, generous souls! — that if I wanted their help to reach my country they would help me!

“They were sweet and sad moments, those of parting. What a long, long and true friendship was here sundered! Through what strange vicissitudes of life had they not followed me! What wild and varied scenes had we not seen together! What a noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited! The chiefs were those who had followed me to Ujiji in 1871; they had been witnesses of the joy of Livingstone at the sight of me; they were the men to whom I intrusted the safeguard of Livingstone on his last and fatal journey, who had mourned by his corpse at Mulala, and borne the illustrious dead to the Indian Ocean.



STANLEY, AS HE REACHED ZANZIBAR IN 1877.

"And in a flood of sudden recollection, all the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind; the whole panorama of danger and tempest through which these gallant fellows had so stanchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. Rapidly, as in some apocalyptic vision, every scene of strife with man and nature through which these poor men and women had borne me company, and solaced me by the simple sympathy of common suffering, came hurrying across my memory; for each face before me was associated with some adventure or some peril, reminded me of some triumph or of some loss. What a wild, weird retrospect it was, that mind's flash over the troubled past! So like a troublous dream!

"And for years and years to come, in many homes in Zanzibar, will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their kith

and kin. For me, too, they are heroes, these poor, ignorant children of Africa; for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru to the last staggering rush into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by their loyal hearts, the expedition had been successful, and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's geography had been fairly solved."

Fred paused and closed the book. The young gentleman's voice was husky; in fact it had been so at several points in his reading, and there were tears in his eyes as a natural accompaniment of the huskiness. He had been compelled to stop two or three times while reading Mr. Stanley's letter appealing "to any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma" to send relief to his starving companions, and also when he read the account of the arrival of the caravan with provisions for the suffering, dying people. Fred's auditors were equally affected by this touching narrative, and not one of them ventured to utter a word for fear he should break down before completing a single sentence. For two or three minutes no one moved or spoke. Finally Doctor Bronson made a remark that "broke the ice," and the formalities of the occasion came to an end.

"That story of the suffering and relief in the last days of the journey through the Dark Continent always brings tears to my eyes," said the Doctor, as the party separated. "In Paris, in 1878, I was at a dinner party at which Stanley was the principal guest. He was then fresh from Africa, and when pressed to tell us something of his experience there he gave the story which you have just heard. When he repeated the contents of his letter, which he did from memory, and told of the prompt and generous response to his appeal, every cheek at that table was wet, and every one of the twenty or more men that composed the party pronounced it the most affecting story he had ever heard."

And with this little incident the members of the *Eider* Geographical Society adjourned to the open air.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST MEETING ON BOARD THE *EIDER*.—FOUNDING THE FREE STATE OF CONGO.—MR. STANLEY'S LATER WORK ON THE GREAT RIVER.—BUILDING ROADS AND ESTABLISHING STATIONS.—MAKING PEACE WITH THE NATIVES.—BULA MATARI.—RESOURCES OF THE CONGO VALLEY.—STANLEY'S LATEST BOOK.—STEAMERS ON THE RIVER.—THE CONGO RAILWAY.—STANLEY'S PRESENT MISSION IN AFRICA.—EMIN PASHA AND HIS WORK.—HOW STANLEY PROPOSES TO RELIEVE HIM.—DR. SCHNITZLER.—BEY OR PASHA?—MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA.—HIS HOSTILITY TO WHITE MEN.—KILLING BISHOP HANNINGTON.—THE EGYPTIAN EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.—LETTER FROM STANLEY.—HIS PLANS FOR THE RELIEF EXPEDITION.—TIPPU-TIB AND HIS MEN.—FROM ZANZIBAR TO THE CONGO.

ON the next day there was another meeting of the geographical society, at which votes of thanks were given to Frank and Fred for their successful effort to interest and amuse their fellow-voyagers. One of the latter suggested that it would be a good plan to ask the author of the "Boy Traveller Series" to make a book for young people by condensing the two volumes of "Through the Dark Continent" into one, just as Frank and Fred had condensed them for the readings they had given on board the steamer. The suggestion was unanimously approved, and in compliance with it this book has been prepared.

Doctor Bronson said they would be pleased to know that "Through the Dark Continent" was simultaneously issued in nine languages, an honor never before shown to a book on its first publication. One of the youths said he believed Mr. Stanley had published another book about the Congo country; he wished to know its title so that he could get a copy, as he was sure it would be interesting.

"I'll tell you about that book," said the Doctor, "and why it was written. While Mr. Stanley was making his journey which is described in "Through the Dark Continent," an association was formed in Belgium for the purpose of developing trade and pushing civilization in Africa. It was under the patronage of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and soon after Mr. Stanley returned to Europe King Leopold engaged him to go to Africa and manage the affairs of the International African Asso-

ciation, as the new enterprise was called. He went to the Congo valley in 1879 and remained there nearly six years. He made two or three trips to Europe during the period of his engagement, and one trip to Zanzibar; with the exception of the time spent on these journeys, he was occupied with personally supervising the work of developing trade and civilization on the Congo."



NGAHMA, A CONGO CHIEF.

"How did he do it?" was the very natural interrogatory that followed.

"He employed a large number of natives from the coast, Zanzibaris and others, and established stations at various points along the river. His first station is at the foot of the last cataracts on the Congo, and is called Vivi; steamboats and ships of light draft can land at its wharves and deliver or receive merchandise without difficulty. From Vivi he built a wagon-road among the hills and across the plains on the north bank of the Congo to the Isangila cataract, where he established Isangila station. Along the road he carried steamboats which had been so built that they could be readily taken apart, and put together again when

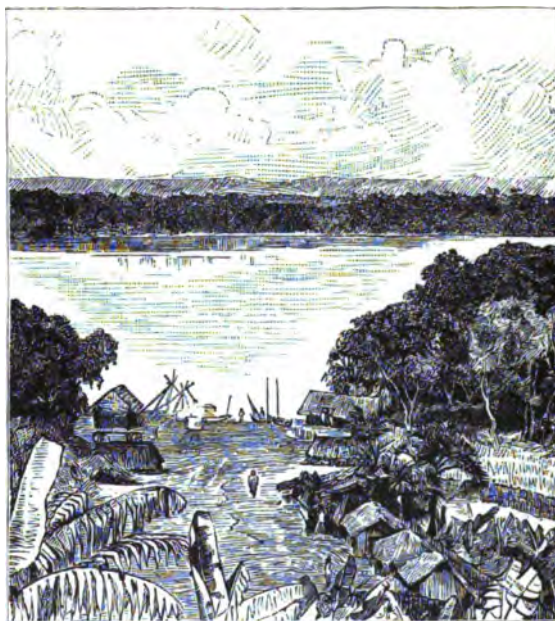
navigable water was reached. Above Isangila there is a distance of ninety miles where the Congo is navigable, and here the steamboats were used for purposes of transportation until falls were reached again. Then another station (Manyanga) was established, more road was built, and so on step by step Mr. Stanley reached Stanley Pool, at the head of the group of cataracts that obstruct the navigation of the Lower Congo. Here he established a station and started the town of Leopoldville, the name being given in honor of the illustrious patron of the enterprise.



VIEW OF VIVI, FROM THE ISANGILA ROAD.

"It was slow work building roads, transporting material, goods, and provisions, establishing stations, negotiating with the local chiefs, and in other ways performing the work of permanent colonization along the great river. The expedition landed at Vivi in September, 1879; it was not until June, 1881, that it reached Stanley Pool, above the highest of the cataracts. To say that the Africans were astonished at the enterprise is to state the case very feebly. They gave Stanley the name of Bula Matari (Rock Breaker), in consequence of his cutting through the rocks in his work of road-making. Such a thing had never before been known in Africa, and as Bula Matari he is known there to this day and will long be remembered.

"From Stanley Pool the Congo is navigable to Stanley Falls, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. As soon as the steamers could be put together and affairs at Leopoldville were in a tranquil condition, Mr. Stanley proceeded up the river and established stations at various points. Then he explored some of the tributaries of the great river, discovered a lake which he named Leopold II., established peaceable relations with the native tribes, opened trade wherever trade was possible, and learned as much as he could about the country and its re-



PORT OF LEOPOLDVILLE.

sources. On his first expedition, described in 'Through the Dark Continent,' he learned enough to convince him that the resources of the Congo were very great; what he ascertained during his later explorations confirmed in every way his earlier impressions and made him an enthusiastic advocate of the settlement and development of the Congo basin.

"I haven't time to give you more than a bare outline of the work he performed there. The story is told in his later book, 'The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State,' a work in two volumes, which, like the 'Dark Continent,' has been published in several languages. Mr. Stanley returned from Africa in season to take part in the Congress or Confer-

ence of nations at Berlin in the latter part of 1884, where the affairs of the Congo State were discussed and an international treaty was made establishing the relations of the new state with the rest of the world. The country was opened to the commerce of all nations on the principle of free trade; a large territory on the north of the Congo State was given to France, while the right of Portugal to a large area on the south was established. Previous to the Conference there was a threat of trouble with both France and Portugal, but all was made smooth when the plenipotentiaries met and talked matters over.

"The progress of civilization on the Congo has been very rapid," Doctor Bronson continued. "Before Mr. Stanley's adventurous journey in 1877 no white man had looked upon the Congo between Nyangwé and the lower cataracts; now there are permanent stations and trading posts all the way along the great stream from its mouth to Stanley Falls, and several stations have been established on the tributaries of the Congo wherever there is a promise of commerce. The route to Nyangwé is as safe as any part of Africa, and from thence to Tanganika Lake and Zanzibar there are no obstacles to traffic and travel. Recently a young officer of the Swedish navy crossed the African continent by way of the Congo, Nyangwé, and Lake Tanganika, and thence by the usual route to Zanzibar. He made the entire journey in seven months, or in two months less time than was taken by Stanley for his descent of the Congo from Nyangwé to Boma."

One of the youths asked how many steamboats are now on the Congo and its tributaries.

"Mr. Stanley told me this morning," replied the Doctor, "that there are eight steamers running above Leopoldville and Stanley Pool, and two on the ninety-mile strip of navigable water between the Isangila

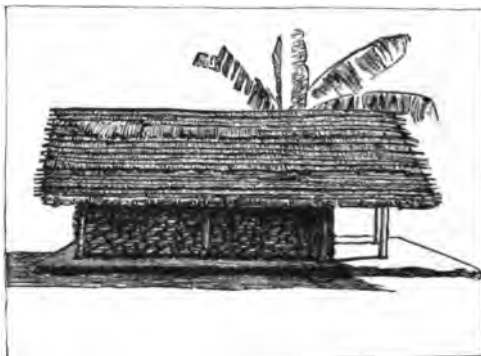


A PHOTOGRAPH.

Fall and Manyanga. Several new steamers will be placed on the Congo during 1887, some by the Congo State, others by an American trading company, and others by the missionaries. By the end of 1887 it is probable that not fewer than twenty steamers will be established on the Congo, at least fifteen of them above the lower series of falls. It is in contemplation to place steamers above Stanley Falls, so that navigation can be continued to Nyangwé and thus shorten the time of transit from the lower Congo to Lake Tanganika. The whole valley of the Congo is open to the commerce of the world only ten years after Mr. Stanley's famous journey 'Through the Dark Continent.'

The Doctor paused a moment to glance at a slip which had been cut from a newspaper, and then continued :

"At its mouth the Congo River is of enormous depth, but only one



A CONGO HOUSE.

hundred miles or so above Stanley Pool, Captain Braconnier said, a year or two ago, that 'steam-launches drawing barely two and a half feet of water have to be dragged along by our men.' H. H. Johnston mentions the same fact in his description of the Congo. 'Our boat is constantly running aground on sand-banks,' he wrote. 'It has an extraordinary effect to see men walking half-way over a great branch of the river, with water only up to their ankles, tracing the course of some hidden sand-bank.' Stanley, Johnston, and others attributed the remarkable shallowness of the river to its great breadth in this part of its course ; but none of them knew how wide the river really is above the Kassai River.

"We now have some new light on this question, which is a very interesting one, because the Congo is next to the greatest river in the world, and new discoveries with regard to it are apt to be on a large scale. Captain Rouvier has been surveying this part of the river, and



THE EFFECT OF CIVILIZATION.

he finds that for a distance of about fifty miles the Congo is much wider than was supposed. Its width, in fact, is from fifteen to twenty miles, a circumstance that has not been discovered before on account of many long islands, some of which have always been taken for one shore of the river. It follows, therefore, that there is an expanse on the upper Congo similar to and very much larger than Stanley Pool. Steamboats have passed each other in this enlargement of the river without knowing of each other's proximity.

"It is easy to understand, therefore, how it happens that the Congo is in this place so very shallow, while in narrow portions of the lower river no plummet-line has ever yet touched bottom. Navigation in this part of the Congo would be almost impossible were it not that here and there soundings are revealing channels deep and wide enough for all the requirements of steamboat traffic.

"The great explorer has planned a railway from Vivi to Leopoldville, so that the lower series of falls on the river will no longer be a



A NATIVE OF THE LOWER CONGO.

hinderance to commerce. This railway will be about two hundred and thirty-five miles long, and Mr. Stanley estimates its cost and equipment at something less than five millions of dollars, or one million pounds sterling. He estimates its annual revenue from freight alone at one and a half million dollars, while the passenger business would not be an unimportant item. The up-freights would consist of cotton cloth, beads, wire, muskets, gunpowder, cutlery, china-ware, iron, and other African 'trade-goods,' while the down-freights would include ivory, palm-oil, ground-nuts, hippopotamus teeth and hides, rubber, beeswax, gum copal, monkey and

other skins, and several kinds of fine woods used in cabinet-making. Doubtless other products of Central Africa would come into market which are now unknown in consequence of the high cost of transportation.

"Mr. Stanley says the navigable waters of the Congo basin that would have their outlet through the Congo railway are more than five thousand miles in length, draining a country of more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The free State of Congo, as defined by the Berlin Conference, includes a territory of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles, with a population estimated at forty-two million six hundred and eight thousand. North of the Congo State is the French possession of sixty-two thousand square miles and two million one hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred inhabitants, and on the south is the Portuguese territory of thirty thousand seven hundred square miles and three hundred thousand inhabitants. So you see the Congo State, which our friend has created, is one third the area of the United States and more than one half its population.

"And here," said the Doctor, "is a speech made by Mr. Stanley at a dinner which was given to him by the Lotos Club of New York, in November, 1886. I will read an extract from it, with your permission."

Everybody signified a desire to hear it, whereupon Doctor Bronson read as follows:

"I set out to Africa intending to complete Livingstone's explorations, also to settle the Nile problem as to where the head-waters of the Nile were, as to whether Lake Victoria consisted of one lake, one body of water, or a number of shallow lakes; to throw some light on Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, and also to discover the outlet of Lake Tanganika, and then to find out what strange, mysterious river this was which Livingstone saw at Nyangwe—whether it were the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. Edwin Arnold, the author of 'The Light of Asia,' said, 'Do you think you can do all this?' 'Don't ask me such a conundrum as that. Put down the funds and tell me to go. That's all.' And he induced Lawson, the proprietor, to consent. The funds were had, and I went.

"First of all we settled the problem of the Victoria; that it was one body of water; that instead of being a cluster of shallow lakes or marshes, it was one body of water, twenty-one thousand five hundred square miles in extent. While endeavoring to throw light upon Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, we discovered a new lake, a much superior lake to the Albert Nyanza—the Dead Locust Lake—and at the same time Gordon Pasha sent his lieutenant to discover and circumnavigate the Albert Nyanza, and he found it to be only a miserable one hundred and forty miles, because Baker, in a fit of enthusiasm, had stood on the brow of a high plateau and, looking down on the dark blue waters of Albert Nyanza, cried, romantically: 'I see it extending indefinitely towards the southwest.' 'Indefinitely' is not a geographical expression, gentlemen.

"We found that there was no outlet to the Tanganika, although it was a sweet-water lake. After settling that problem, day after day, as we glided down the strange river that had lured and bewildered Livingstone, we were in as much doubt as Livingstone had been when he wrote his last letter and said: 'I will never be made black man's meat for anything less than the classic Nile.' After travelling four hundred miles we came to the Stanley Falls, and beyond them we saw the river deflect from its Nileward course towards the northwest. Then it turned west, and visions of towers and towns and strange tribes and strange nations broke upon our imagination, and we wondered what we were going to see, when the river suddenly took a decided turn towards the southwest, and our dreams were terminated. We saw then that it was aiming directly for the Congo, and when we had propitiated some natives whom we encountered by showing them crimson beads and polished wire that had been polished for the occasion, we said: 'This for your answer. What river is this?' 'Why, it is *the* river, of course.' That was not an answer, and it required some persuasion before the chief, bit by bit, digging into his brain, managed to roll out sonorously the words: 'It is the Ko-to-yah Congo.'—It is the river of Congoland.'

"Alas for our classic dreams! Alas for Crophi and Mophi, the fabled fountains of Herodotus! Alas for the banks of the river where Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh! This is the parvenu Congo! Then we glided on and on, past strange nations and cannibals—not past those nations which have their heads under their arms—for eleven hundred miles, until we arrived at a circular extension of the river, and my last remaining white companion called it the Stanley Pool, and then, five months after that, our journey ended.

"After that I had a very good mind to come back to America and say, 'Like the Queen of Uganda, 'There, what did I tell you?' But you know the fates would

not permit me to come over in 1878. The very day I landed in Europe, the King of Italy gave me an express train to convey me to France, and the very moment I descended from it at Marseilles, there were three ambassadors from the King of the Belgians, asking me to go back to Africa.

"What! Back to Africa? Never! I have come for civilization. I have come for enjoyment. I have come for love, for life, for pleasure. Not I. Go and ask some of those people you know who have never yet been to Africa. I have had enough of it.' 'Well, perhaps, by and by—' 'Ah, I don't know what will happen by and by, but just now, never, never! Not for Rothschild's wealth!'

"I was received by the Paris Geographical Society, and it was then I began to feel, 'Well, after all, I have done something, haven't I?' I felt superb. But you know I have always considered myself a republican. I have those bullet-riddled flags and those arrow-torn flags, the Stars and Stripes, that I carried in Africa for the discovery of Livingstone, and that crossed Africa, and I venerate those old flags. I have them in London, now jealously guarded in the secret recesses of my cabinet. I allow only my best friends to look at them, and if any of you gentlemen ever happen in at my quarters, I will show them to you.

"After I had written my book, 'Through the Dark Continent,' I began to lecture, using these words: 'I have passed through a land watered by the largest river of the African continent, and that land knows no owner. A word to the wise is sufficient. You have cloths and hardware and glassware and gunpowder, and those millions of natives have ivory and gums and rubber and dyestuffs, and in barter there is good profit.

"The King of the Belgians commissioned me to go to that country. My expedition when we started from the coast numbered three hundred colored people and fourteen Europeans. We returned with three thousand trained black men and three hundred Europeans. The first sum allowed to me was \$50,000 per year, but it has ended at something like \$700,000 a year. Thus you see the progress of civilization. We found the Congo having only canoes. To-day there are eight steamers. It was said at first that King Leopold was a dreamer. He dreamed he could unite the barbarians of Africa into a confederacy and call it a free state; but on February 25, 1885, the powers of Europe, and America also, ratified an act recognizing the territories acquired by us to be the free and independent State of the Congo.'

"Perhaps when the members of the Lotos Club have reflected a little more upon the value of what Livingstone and Leopold have been doing, they will also agree that these men have done their duty in this world, and in the age that they live, and that their labor has not been in vain, on account of the great sacrifices they have made, to the benighted millions of dark Africa."

Here the Doctor paused to enable his listeners to ponder a few moments on the magnitude of the work which their hero had accomplished, and also to wait for any question which might be asked. The first interrogatory referred to Mr. Stanley's present mission to Africa, for which he had abandoned his lecturing tour in America.

"What is he going to Africa for now?" said one of the youths. "I have read that it is to relieve somebody who is shut up in the middle of the country and can't get out."

"You are quite right," was the reply, "but in order to have you comprehend the situation I must give you a little explanation."

"Most of you know," the Doctor continued, "about the rebellion in the Soudan country several years ago by which Egypt lost her possessions in Central Africa, and her power was completely overthrown in a region that she had held for more than sixty years, or had conquered since that time. Khartoum was captured, General Gordon was killed, and the provinces of the Soudan became independent of the khedive. Many of the white men in the country were forced to enter the service of the rebels in order to save their lives, as escape was next to impossible.



EMIN PASHA.

"This was the case in the northern part of the Soudan, and it was generally supposed that the same state of affairs prevailed farther south. The equatorial province of the Egyptian Soudan was entirely cut off from communication with the outer world, and the belief was general that its governor, Emin Bey, had been killed by the rebels. But in the latter part of 1886 news came that he was still alive, and had maintained his position in a hostile country through the fidelity of the Egyptian troops that remained with him. He was short of ammunition and destitute of many other things necessary for the support of his people, his soldiers were in rags, and he feared that he would not be able to hold out much longer unless relief was sent to him."



BLACKSMITH'S FORGE AND BELLOWS.

One of the youths asked how the news was brought from Emin's province so that the rest of the world could get it.

"It was brought," was the reply, "by Dr. Junker, a Russian scientist, who was with Emin at the time of the insurrection. You remember King Mtesa of Uganda, whom Mr. Stanley converted to Christianity and who asked that missionaries should be sent to instruct his people? Well, the missionaries went there and were well received, but before they had accomplished anything of consequence Mtesa died and was succeeded by his son Mwanga. The son was opposed to the new religion, and very soon after he was raised to the throne he imprisoned the missionaries and ordered all of his people who had embraced Christianity to be put to death. Bishop Hannington, who had gone from England



SOME OF EMIN PASHA'S IRREGULAR TROOPS

to take charge of the mission work in Central Africa, was killed by orders of Mwanga, and all white men were forbidden to set foot in the country. Dr. Junker came through Uganda on his way to the sea coast, but he was brought ostensibly as a slave by an Arab trader. Mwanga heard that there was a white man in the Arab merchant's caravan, but when the merchant told him that it was a slave he had bought, and exhibited the captive tied with the rest of the slaves, the king made no objection. He was, no doubt, so greatly rejoiced to see the white man in captivity and disgrace that he did not wish to disturb him." *

* Since the above was written a telegram has been received from Zanzibar, April 15th, which says: "A Somali trader from the Ugandan country has arrived here bearing advices from Emin Bey. He was established, when the trader left at Wadgai, north of the Albert Nyanza. He had two small steamers plying on the White Nile and on the lake. In November, which was four months later than the advices brought by Dr. Junker, Emin Bey visited the King of Unyoro, who was a six days' journey from Uganda. Emin Bey was accompanied on this journey by Dr. Vita Hassan, ten Egyptian officers, three Greeks, and four negroes. Subsequently he asked Mwanga, the King of Uganda, to receive him. The



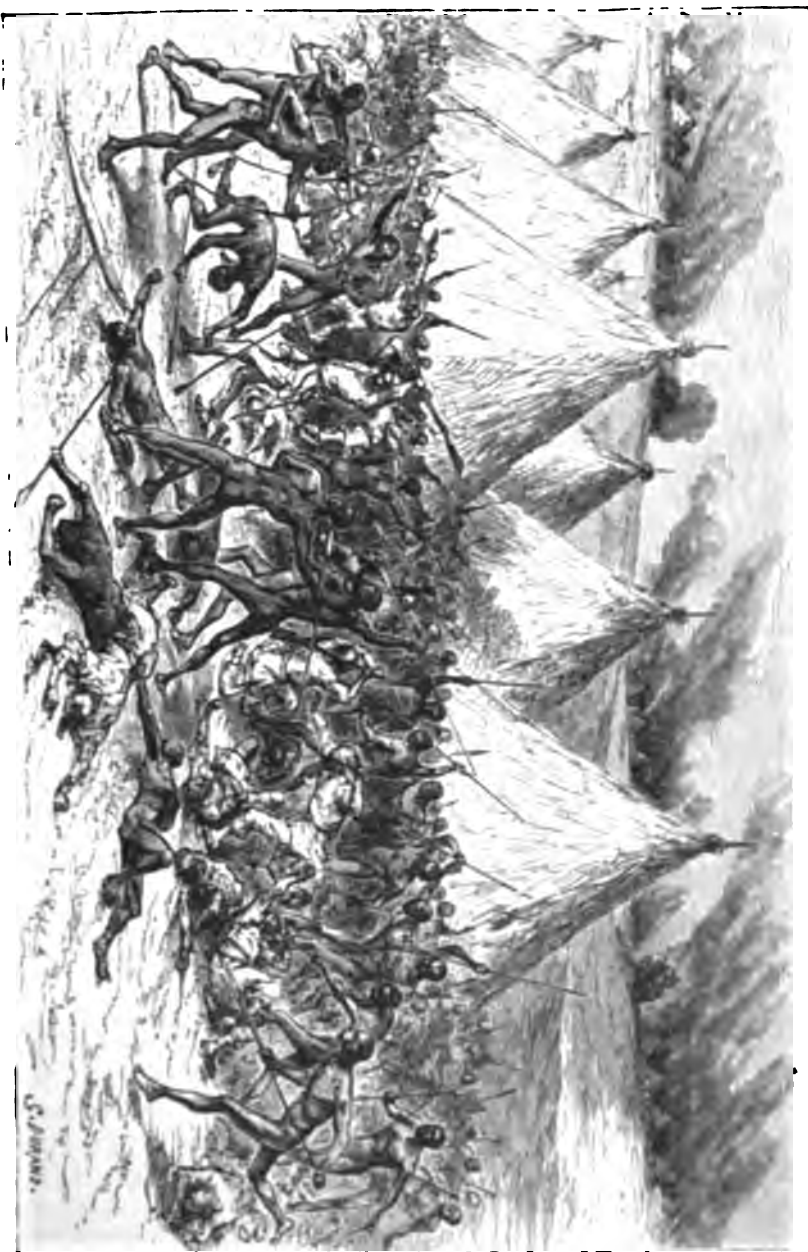
IVORY-EATING SQUIRREL, CENTRAL AFRICA.

"What is the nationality of Emin?" queried Fred; "and why is he sometimes called Emin Bey and sometimes Emin Pasha?"

"Emin is his Egyptian name," answered Doctor Bronson, "but the gentleman is of Austrian birth and his real name is Dr. Schnitzler. He was an Austrian physician at the Turkish court at one time; afterwards he went to Egypt, and in 1877 was appointed to the command of the equatorial province of Egypt. He is about forty-two years old, tall and thin, very near-sighted, and a most accomplished linguist; he speaks German,

king said he would willingly receive him if he came without followers. Emin Bey thereupon went to King Mwanga, accompanied by Dr. Vita and three Greeks. He and his companions remained with the king seventeen days. Emin asked the king for permission to pass through his territory towards Zanzibar. The king, upon hearing this request, ordered the visitors to return the way they came, and declared he would have nothing more to do with Europeans. King Mwanga is a youth only eighteen years of age. He has a thousand wives. Sometimes he wears a Turkish and at other times an Arab costume, and often reverts to the native simplicity in the matter of dress. Emin Bey, when the king ordered him to return the way he came, went back to Wadelai, and was glad to escape from Mwanga's country. The Somali states that the messengers despatched from Zanzibar to carry information to Emin Bey that Mr. Stanley had gone with an expedition by way of the Congo River to effect his rescue were detained in Unyanyembe by the king, who was indisposed to allow them to proceed."

BATTLE BETWEEN NATIV WARRIORS AND EGYPTIAN TROOPS.



French, English, Italian, Arabic, Turkish, and several African languages, is a great scientist and a prudent and careful commander of his people. At last accounts he had with him ten white Egyptian officers, fifteen black non-commissioned officers, twenty Coptish clerks, and three hundred Egyptian soldiers with their families.

"The rank of bey in the Turkish and Egyptian service corresponds

to that of colonel in our language, while pasha or pacha is the equivalent of general. Since he was appointed to the command of the province Emin has been promoted; he was then Emin Bey and is now Emin Pasha. It is the Oriental custom to put the title after the name instead of before it; just as we might say Smith General, or Brown Major."

"And can't Emin Pasha get away from where he is?" one of the youths asked.

"Certainly, if he came with a small body of picked men and with reliable guides," was the reply. "But he could not get away with all his people and their families, and he absolutely refuses to desert them. They have been faithful to



NATIVE WARRIOR IN EMIN PASHA'S PROVINCE.

him, and he believes in rewarding fidelity with fidelity.

"He cannot come away through Uganda," Doctor Bronson explained, "because the new king, Mwanga, would not let him pass. He cannot go through Unyoro because the king of that country is leagued with Mwanga to keep out all white men, and kill them if they persist in entering his territory. There is a route through Masai land, north of Lake Victoria, but it would be unsafe, as the King of Uganda would be sure to hear of an expedition there and take measures to stop it. He might travel westward to the Congo or one of its tributaries without much danger of interference, but he has no provisions and too little ammunition to defend himself and his people in case of hostility."

"And I suppose Mr. Stanley is going to carry ammunition, trade goods, and money to Emin Pasha," said one of the young auditors.

"He has been engaged for that object," replied the Doctor. "The cost of the expedition is to be paid partly by the Egyptian government and partly by liberal gentlemen in Great Britain. Mr. William Mackinnon, a wealthy Scotchman, has contributed one hundred thousand dollars for the enterprise, and other gentlemen have given freely to the good work.



THE KING OF USYORO AND HIS GREAT CHIEFS.

"I call it good work," he continued, "because, according to all accounts, Emin Pasha has created a model government in the middle of Africa, and greatly benefited the people under his charge. He has suppressed slavery and slave-trading, taught many useful employments to the natives, developed agriculture, the raising of cattle and other industries, and almost entirely put an end to crime of all sorts. The province is divided into districts, each of which has a military station in its centre, where the taxes in grain and cattle are paid. Lado, the capital, is a well-built town, with a fortification for its defence, and the sanitary ar-



A NATIVE OF THE LOWER CONGO.

hinderance to commerce. This railway will be about two hundred and thirty-five miles long, and Mr. Stanley estimates its cost and equipment at something less than five millions of dollars, or one million pounds sterling. He estimates its annual revenue from freight alone at one and a half million dollars, while the passenger business would not be an unimportant item. The up-freights would consist of cotton cloth, beads, wire, muskets, gunpowder, cutlery, china-ware, iron, and other African 'trade-goods,' while the down-freights would include ivory, palm-oil, ground-nuts, hippopotamus teeth and hides, rubber, beeswax, gum copal, monkey and

other skins, and several kinds of fine woods used in cabinet-making. Doubtless other products of Central Africa would come into market which are now unknown in consequence of the high cost of transportation.

"Mr. Stanley says the navigable waters of the Congo basin that would have their outlet through the Congo railway are more than five thousand miles in length, draining a country of more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The free State of Congo, as defined by the Berlin Conference, includes a territory of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles, with a population estimated at forty-two million six hundred and eight thousand. North of the Congo State is the French possession of sixty-two thousand square miles and two million one hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred inhabitants, and on the south is the Portuguese territory of thirty thousand seven hundred square miles and three hundred thousand inhabitants. So you see the Congo State, which our friend has created, is one third the area of the United States and more than one half its population.

"And here," said the Doctor, "is a speech made by Mr. Stanley at a dinner which was given to him by the Lotos Club of New York, in November, 1886. I will read an extract from it, with your permission."

Everybody signified a desire to hear it, whereupon Doctor Bronson read as follows :

"I set out to Africa intending to complete Livingstone's explorations, also to settle the Nile problem as to where the head-waters of the Nile were, as to whether Lake Victoria consisted of one lake, one body of water, or a number of shallow lakes; to throw some light on Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, and also to discover the outlet of Lake Tanganika, and then to find out what strange, mysterious river this was which Livingstone saw at Nyangwé—whether it were the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. Edwin Arnold, the author of 'The Light of Asia,' said, 'Do you think you can do all this?' 'Don't ask me such a conundrum as that. Put down the funds and tell me to go. That's all.' And he induced Lawson, the proprietor, to consent. The funds were had, and I went.

"First of all we settled the problem of the Victoria; that it was one body of water; that instead of being a cluster of shallow lakes or marshes, it was one body of water, twenty-one thousand five hundred square miles in extent. While endeavoring to throw light upon Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, we discovered a new lake, a much superior lake to the Albert Nyanza—the Dead Locust Lake—and at the same time Gordon Pasha sent his lieutenant to discover and circumnavigate the Albert Nyanza, and he found it to be only a miserable one hundred and forty miles, because Baker, in a fit of enthusiasm, had stood on the brow of a high plateau and, looking down on the dark-blue waters of Albert Nyanza, cried, romantically: 'I see it extending indefinitely towards the southwest!' 'Indefinitely' is not a geographical expression, gentlemen.

"We found that there was no outlet to the Tanganika, although it was a sweet-water lake. After settling that problem, day after day, as we glided down the strange river that had lured and bewildered Livingstone, we were in as much doubt as Livingstone had been when he wrote his last letter and said: 'I will never be made black man's meat for anything less than the classic Nile.' After travelling four hundred miles we came to the Stanley Falls, and beyond them we saw the river deflect from its Nileward course towards the northwest. Then it turned west, and visions of towers and towns and strange tribes and strange nations broke upon our imagination, and we wondered what we were going to see, when the river suddenly took a decided turn towards the southwest, and our dreams were terminated. We saw then that it was aiming directly for the Congo, and when we had propitiated some natives whom we encountered by showing them crimson beads and polished wire that had been polished for the occasion, we said: 'This for your answer. What river is this?' 'Why, it is *the* river, of course.' That was not an answer, and it required some persuasion before the chief, bit by bit, digging into his brain, managed to roll out sonorously the words: 'It is the Ko-to-yah Congo'—'It is the river of Congoland.'

"Alas for our classic dreams! Alas for Crophi and Mophi, the fabled fountains of Herodotus! Alas for the banks of the river where Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh! This is the parvenu Congo! Then we glided on and on, past strange nations and cannibals—not past those nations which have their heads under their arms—for eleven hundred miles, until we arrived at a circular extension of the river, and my last remaining white companion called it the Stanley Pool, and then, five months after that, our journey ended.

"After that I had a very good mind to come back to America and say, like the Queen of Uganda, 'There, what did I tell you?' But you know the fates would

not permit me to come over in 1878. The very day I landed in Europe, the King of Italy gave me an express train to convey me to France, and the very moment I descended from it at Marseilles, there were three ambassadors from the King of the Belgians, asking me to go back to Africa.

“‘What! Back to Africa? Never! I have come for civilization. I have come for enjoyment. I have come for love, for life, for pleasure. Not I. Go and ask some of those people you know who have never yet been to Africa. I have had enough of it.’ ‘Well, perhaps, by and by—’ ‘Ah, I don’t know what will happen by and by, but just now, never, never! Not for Rothschild’s wealth!’

“I was received by the Paris Geographical Society, and it was then I began to feel, ‘Well, after all, I have done something, haven’t I?’ I felt superb. But you know I have always considered myself a republican. I have those bullet-riddled flags and those arrow-torn flags, the Stars and Stripes, that I carried in Africa for the discovery of Livingstone, and that crossed Africa, and I venerate those old flags. I have them in London, now jealously guarded in the secret recesses of my cabinet. I allow only my best friends to look at them, and if any of you gentlemen ever happen in at my quarters, I will show them to you.

“After I had written my book, ‘Through the Dark Continent,’ I began to lecture, using these words: ‘I have passed through a land watered by the largest river of the African continent, and that land knows no owner. A word to the wise is sufficient. You have cloths and hardware and glassware and gunpowder, and those millions of natives have ivory and gums and rubber and dyestuffs, and in barter there is good profit.

“‘The King of the Belgians commissioned me to go to that country. My expedition when we started from the coast numbered three hundred colored people and fourteen Europeans. We returned with three thousand trained black men and three hundred Europeans. The first sum allowed to me was \$50,000 per year, but it has ended at something like \$700,000 a year. Thus you see the progress of civilization. We found the Congo having only canoes. To-day there are eight steamers. It was said at first that King Leopold was a dreamer. He dreamed he could unite the barbarians of Africa into a confederacy and call it a free state; but on February 25, 1885, the powers of Europe, and America also, ratified an act recognizing the territories acquired by us to be the free and independent State of the Congo.’

“Perhaps when the members of the Lotos Club have reflected a little more upon the value of what Livingstone and Leopold have been doing, they will also agree that these men have done their duty in this world, and in the age that they live, and that their labor has not been in vain, on account of the great sacrifices they have made, to the benighted millions of dark Africa.”

Here the Doctor paused to enable his listeners to ponder a few moments on the magnitude of the work which their hero had accomplished, and also to wait for any question which might be asked. The first interrogatory referred to Mr. Stanley’s present mission to Africa, for which he had abandoned his lecturing tour in America.

"What is he going to Africa for now?" said one of the youths. "I have read that it is to relieve somebody who is shut up in the middle of the country and can't get out."

"You are quite right," was the reply, "but in order to have you comprehend the situation I must give you a little explanation."

"Most of you know," the Doctor continued, "about the rebellion in the Soudan country several years ago by which Egypt lost her possessions in Central Africa, and her power was completely overthrown in a region that she had held for more than sixty years, or had conquered since that time. Khartoum was captured, General Gordon was killed, and the provinces of the Soudan became independent of the khedive. Many of the white men in the country were forced to enter the service of the rebels in order to save their lives, as escape was next to impossible."



EMIN PASHA.

"This was the case in the northern part of the Soudan, and it was generally supposed that the same state of affairs prevailed farther south. The equatorial province of the Egyptian Soudan was entirely cut off from communication with the outer world, and the belief was general that its governor, Emin Bey, had been killed by the rebels. But in the latter part of 1886 news came that he was still alive, and had maintained his position in a hostile country through the fidelity of the Egyptian troops that remained with him. He was short of ammunition and destitute of many other things necessary for the support of his people, his soldiers were in rags, and he feared that he would not be able to hold out much longer unless relief was sent to him."



BLACKSMITH'S FORGE AND BELLWS.

One of the youths asked how the news was brought from Emin's province so that the rest of the world could get it.

"It was brought," was the reply, "by Dr. Junker, a Russian scientist, who was with Emin at the time of the insurrection. You remember King Mtesa of Uganda, whom Mr. Stanley converted to Christianity and who asked that missionaries should be sent to instruct his people? Well, the missionaries went there and were well received, but before they had accomplished anything of consequence Mtesa died and was succeeded by his son Mwanga. The son was opposed to the new religion, and very soon after he was raised to the throne he imprisoned the missionaries and ordered all of his people who had embraced Christianity to be put to death. Bishop Hannington, who had gone from England



SOME OF EMIN PASHA'S IRREGULAR TROOPS.

to take charge of the mission work in Central Africa, was killed by orders of Mwanga, and all white men were forbidden to set foot in the country. Dr. Junker came through Uganda on his way to the sea-coast, but he was brought ostensibly as a slave by an Arab trader. Mwanga heard that there was a white man in the Arab merchant's caravan, but when the merchant told him that it was a slave he had bought, and exhibited the captive tied with the rest of the slaves, the king made no objection. He was, no doubt, so greatly rejoiced to see the white man in captivity and disgrace that he did not wish to disturb him." *

* Since the above was written a telegram has been received from Zanzibar, April 15th, which says : " A Somali trader from the Uganda country has arrived here bearing advices from Emin Bey. He was established, when the trader left, at Wadelai, north of the Albert Nyanza. He had two small steamers plying on the White Nile and on the lake. In November, which was four months later than the advices brought by Dr. Junker, Emin Bey visited the King of Unyoro, who was a six days' journey from Uganda. Emin Bey was accompanied on this journey by Dr. Vita Hassan, ten Egyptian officers, three Greeks, and four negroes. Subsequently he asked Mwanga, the King of Uganda, to receive him. The



IVORY-EATING SQUIRREL, CENTRAL AFRICA.

"What is the nationality of Emin?" queried Fred; "and why is he sometimes called Emin Bey and sometimes Emin Pasha?"

"Emin is his Egyptian name," answered Doctor Bronson, "but the gentleman is of Austrian birth and his real name is Dr. Schnitzler. He was an Austrian physician at the Turkish court at one time; afterwards he went to Egypt, and in 1877 was appointed to the command of the equatorial province of Egypt. He is about forty-two years old, tall and thin, very near-sighted, and a most accomplished linguist; he speaks German,

king said he would willingly receive him if he came without followers. Emin Bey thereupon went to King Mwanga, accompanied by Dr. Vita and three Greeks. He and his companions remained with the king seventeen days. Emin asked the king for permission to pass through his territory towards Zanzibar. The king, upon hearing this request, ordered the visitors to return the way they came, and declared he would have nothing more to do with Europeans. King Mwanga is a youth only eighteen years of age. He has a thousand wives. Sometimes he wears a Turkish and at other times an Arab costume, and often reverts to the native simplicity in the matter of dress. Emin Bey, when the king ordered him to return the way he came, went back to Wadelai, and was glad to escape from Mwanga's country. The Somali states that the messengers despatched from Zanzibar to carry information to Emin Bey that Mr. Stanley had gone with an expedition by way of the Congo River to effect his rescue were detained in Unyanyembe by the king, who was indisposed to allow them to proceed."

BATTLE BETWEEN NATIV WARRIORS AND EGYPTIAN TROOPS.



Before leaving Cairo, where he had an interview with Dr. Junker, Mr. Stanley wrote to the chairman of the relief committee in London, in which he explained the objects of the expedition as follows :

"The expedition is non-military—that is to say, its purpose is not to fight, destroy, or waste: its purpose is to save, to relieve distress, and to carry comfort. Emin Pasha may be a good man, a brave officer, and a gallant fellow, deserving of a strong effort of relief; but I decline to believe, and I have not been able to gather from any one in England an impression that his life, or the lives of the few hundreds under him, would overbalance the lives of thousands of natives, and the devastation of immense tracts of country which an expedition strictly military would naturally cause. The expedition is a mere powerful caravan, armed with rifles for the purpose of insuring the safe conduct of the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and for the more certain protection of this people during the retreat home. But it also has means of purchasing the friendship of tribes and chiefs, of buying food, and paying its way liberally."

The point where he expects to meet Emin Pasha is purposely kept secret, but it will probably be at the southern end of Lake Albert, unless King Mwanga threatens trouble, in which case the march may be directed to Wadelay, on the White Nile. Stanley's fighting force, in case he is opposed by hostile natives, will consist of sixty Soudanese soldiers, in addition to the Zanzibaris, Somalis, and other east and west coast natives, enlisted in his expedition. When he went to Cairo he specially requested that a small force of Soudanese should be placed at his command. Volunteers were called for, and out of a large number who offered their services sixty picked men were chosen. These men are fine specimens of the soldiers who composed the larger part of the force with which Egypt held her Central African provinces. It was of such soldiers as these that Emin Pasha wrote these words last year :

"Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without any pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. If ever I had any doubts of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is in valor and courage inferior to no other, while in devotion and self-denial it is superior to many. Without any orders from capable officers, these men performed miracles, and it will be very difficult for the Egyptian government worthily to show its gratitude to my soldiers and officers."

On the long march between Stanley Falls and Lake Albert, or Wadelay, these soldiers will perform guard and police duty for the expedition, and will defend it if attacked. Stanley also carries a machine-gun of the Maxim pattern, which was specially constructed so as to be carried

"And I suppose Mr. Stanley is going to carry ammunition, trade goods, and money to Emin Pasha," said one of the young auditors.

"He has been engaged for that object," replied the Doctor. "The cost of the expedition is to be paid partly by the Egyptian government and partly by liberal gentlemen in Great Britain. Mr. William Mackinnon, a wealthy Scotchman, has contributed one hundred thousand dollars for the enterprise, and other gentlemen have given freely to the good work.



THE KING OF UNYORO AND HIS GREAT CHIEFS.

"I call it good work," he continued, "because, according to all accounts, Emin Pasha has created a model government in the middle of Africa, and greatly benefited the people under his charge. He has suppressed slavery and slave-trading, taught many useful employments to the natives, developed agriculture, the raising of cattle and other industries, and almost entirely put an end to crime of all sorts. The province is divided into districts, each of which has a military station in its centre, where the taxes in grain and cattle are paid. Lado, the capital, is a well-built town, with a fortification for its defence, and the sanitary ar-

rangements are of the most perfect character. Everything at Lado is under the personal supervision of Emin Pasha, and his subjects have learned to love him for the good he has done them.

"If Emin Pasha should be forced to flee or surrender, the country would speedily fall into its old ways, and all the horrors of the slave-trade would be renewed; consequently Mr. Stanley's mission is in the nature of a missionary enterprise, and we should all hope for its complete success. We shall know more about it after we have been awhile in England, as Mr. Stanley is naturally reticent about his plans, and, in fact, cannot make them very definitely until he arrives there. So we will drop the subject for the present, and, if there is no further business, it will be well for us to adjourn."

In accordance with this suggestion, the society made its final adjournment, but we may be sure that its sessions will long be remembered by those who attended them.

On the arrival of the steamer at Southampton our friends said goodbye to Mr. Stanley, with many wishes for his success in his new journey to the Dark Continent. In response to their friendly words Mr. Stanley made cordial expression of his pleasure at having made their acquaintance, which he hoped to renew about a year later, if all should go well with him and his expedition.

Mr. Stanley remained about three weeks in England, busily occupied with preparations for his journey, and making a hasty trip to Brussels to confer with King Leopold, who placed the Congo fleet and the property of the Congo State generally at the explorer's disposal. The supplies, ammunition, and other material were shipped from England direct to the Congo, and Mr. Stanley proceeded to Zanzibar, by way of Cairo, to engage men for the expedition. What he accomplished there is best told in the following letter from his pen:

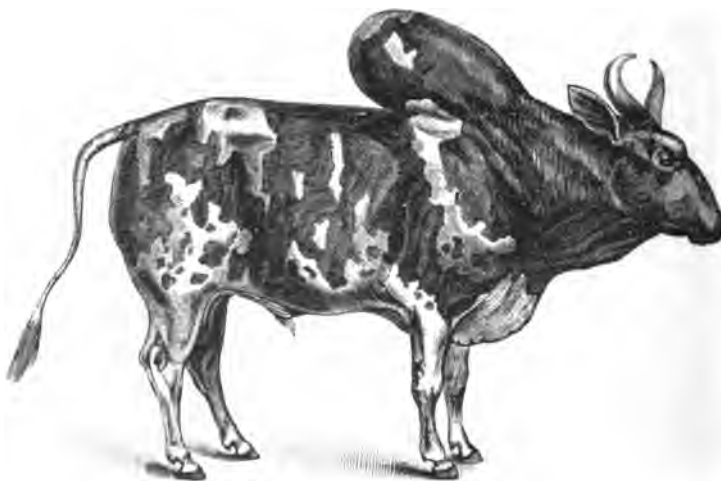
"On arriving at Zanzibar I found our agent, Mr. Mackenzie, had managed everything so well, with the good offices of Mr. Holmwood, the acting consul-general, that the expedition was almost ready for embarkation. The steamer *Madura*, of the British India Steam Navigation Company, was in the harbor, provisioned and watered for the voyage. The goods for barter and transport animals were on board. There were a few things to be done, however; such as arranging with the famous Tippu-Tib about our line of conduct towards one another. Tippu-Tib is a much greater man to-day than he was in the year 1877, when he escorted my caravan, preliminary to our voyage down the Congo. He has invested his hard-earned fortune in guns and powder. Adventurous Arabs have flocked to his standard until he is now an uncrowned king of the region between Stanley Falls and Tanganika Lake, commanding many thousands of men inured to fighting and



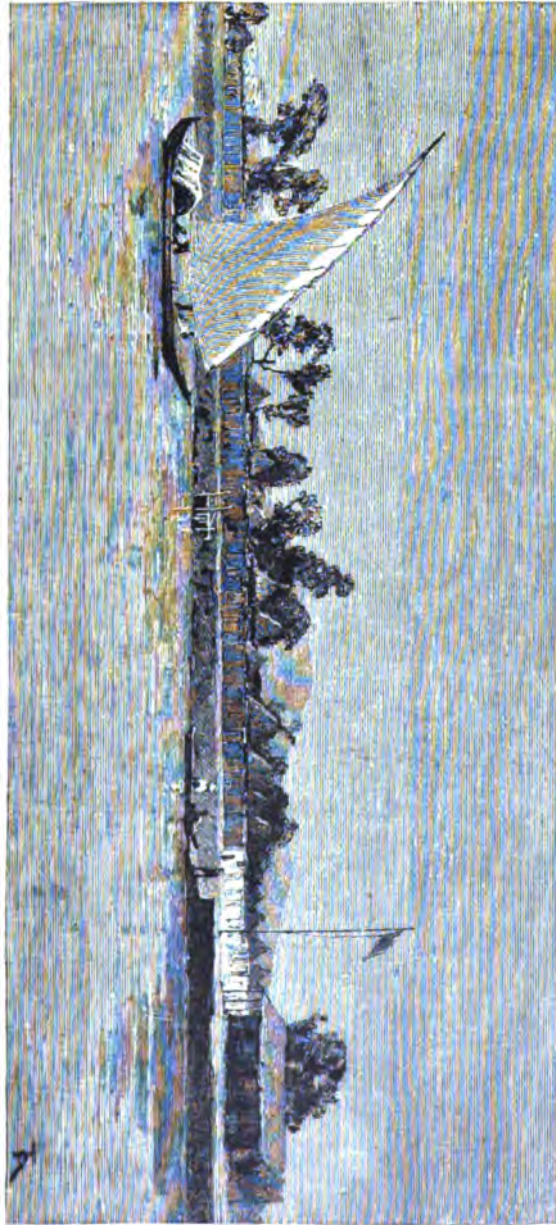
NATIVE WAR DANCE.

wild equatorial life. If I discovered hostile intentions in him my idea was to give him a wide berth, for the ammunition I had to convoy to Emin Pasha, if captured and employed by him, would endanger the existence of the infant State of the Congo, and imperil all our hopes. Between Tippu-Tib and Mwanga, King of Uganda, there was only a choice of the frying-pan and the fire. It was with due caution that I sounded Tippu-Tib on the first day of my arrival, and I found him fully prepared for any eventuality, to fight or to be employed. I chose the latter, and we proceeded to business. You will please understand that his aid was not required to enable me to reach Emin Pasha, or to show the road to Wadelay, or Lake Albert, which is a region he knows nothing about. There are four roads available from the Congo; two of them were in Tippu-Tib's power to close, the remaining two were clear of his influence. But Dr. Junker informed me at our Cairo interview that Emin Pasha had about seventy-five tons of ivory with him. So much ivory would amount to £60,000, at eight shillings per pound. The subscription of Egypt to the Emin Pasha Relief Fund is large for her present state of depressed finances. In this ivory we have a possible means of recouping the sum paid out of her treasury, with a large sum left towards defraying expenses, and perhaps leaving a handsome balance. Why not attempt the carriage of this ivory to the Congo? Accordingly I wished to engage Tippu-Tib and his people to assist me in conveying this ivory. After a good deal of bargaining I entered into a contract with him, by which he agreed to supply six hundred carriers at £6 per loaded head each round trip, from Stanley Falls to Lake Albert and back. Thus, if each carrier carries seventy pounds weight of ivory, one round trip will bring to the fund £13,200 net at Stanley Falls.

"On the conclusion of this contract, which was entered into in the presence of the British consul-general, I broached another subject with Tippu-Tib in the name of his majesty, King Leopold. Stanley Falls station was established by me in



BREED OF CATTLE IN EMIN PASHA'S PROVINCE.



LADO, CAPITAL OF EGYPTIAN EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.

December, 1883. Various Europeans have since commanded this station, and Lieutenant Wester, of the Swedish army, had succeeded in making it a well-ordered and presentable station. Captain Deane, his successor, however, quarrelled with the Arabs, and at his forced departure from the scene set fire to the station and blew up the Krupps. The object for which the station was established was the prevention of the Arabs from pursuing their devastating career below the falls—not so much by force as by tact, or, rather, the happy combination of both. By the retreat of the officers of the State from Stanley Falls the flood-gates were opened and the Arabs pressed down the river. Tippu-Tib being, of course, the



SCHOOLI WARRIOR, EGYPTIAN EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.

guiding-spirit of the Arabs west of Tanganika Lake, it was advisable to see how far his aid might be secured to check this stream of Arabs from destroying the country. After the interchange of messages by cable with Brussels, on the second day of my stay at Zanzibar, I signed an engagement with Tippu-Tib by which he was appointed Governor of Stanley Falls, at a regular salary, paid monthly at Zanzibar to the British consul-general's hands. His duties will be principally to defend Stanley Falls in the name of the State against all Arabs and natives. The flag of the station will be that of the State. At all hazards he is to defeat and cap-



FORTIFIED VILLAGE NEAR LADO.

ture all persons raiding the territory for slaves, and to disperse all bodies of men who may be justly suspected of violent designs. He is to abstain from all slave-traffic below the falls himself, and to prevent all in his command from trading in slaves. In order to insure a faithful performance of his engagements with the State, a European officer is to be appointed Resident at the falls. A breach of any article in the contract being reported, the salary is to cease.

"Meantime, while I was engaged in these negotiations, Mr. Mackenzie had paid four months' advance wages to six hundred and twenty men and boys enlisted in the relief expedition, and as fast as each batch of fifty men was satisfactorily paid, a barge was hauled alongside, the men were duly embarked, and a steam-launch towed the barge to the transport. By three P.M. all hands were on board, and the steamer moved off to a more distant anchorage. By midnight Tippu-Tib and his people and every person connected with the expedition were on board, and at day-break next day, the 25th of February, the anchor was lifted, and we steamed away towards the Cape of Good Hope.

"So far there has not been a hitch in any arrangement. Difficulties have been smoothed as if by magic. Everybody has shown the utmost sympathy and been prompt with the assistance required. The officers of the expedition were kept fully employed from morning to evening at laborious tasks connected with the repacking of the ammunition for Emin Pasha's force. Letters were also sent by myself to Emin Pasha, acquainting him with our mission and the probable time of our arrival at Lake Albert, with directions as to the locality we should aim for. Tippu-Tib likewise sent couriers to Stanley Falls to acquaint his people of his departure by sea round the Cape to the Congo, with orders to concentrate in readiness at the falls."



ISMAEN ABOU HATAB, TRUSTED OFFICER OF EMIN PASHA.

VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY OF THE BENUE.



Before leaving Cairo, where he had an interview with Dr. Junker, Mr. Stanley wrote to the chairman of the relief committee in London, in which he explained the objects of the expedition as follows :

“The expedition is non-military—that is to say, its purpose is not to fight, destroy, or waste: its purpose is to save, to relieve distress, and to carry comfort. Emin Pasha may be a good man, a brave officer, and a gallant fellow, deserving of a strong effort of relief; but I decline to believe, and I have not been able to gather from any one in England an impression that his life, or the lives of the few hundreds under him, would overbalance the lives of thousands of natives, and the devastation of immense tracts of country which an expedition strictly military would naturally cause. The expedition is a mere powerful caravan, armed with rifles for the purpose of insuring the safe conduct of the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and for the more certain protection of this people during the retreat home. But it also has means of purchasing the friendship of tribes and chiefs, of buying food, and paying its way liberally.”

The point where he expects to meet Emin Pasha is purposely kept secret, but it will probably be at the southern end of Lake Albert, unless King Mwanga threatens trouble, in which case the march may be directed to Wadelay, on the White Nile. Stanley's fighting force, in case he is opposed by hostile natives, will consist of sixty Soudanese soldiers, in addition to the Zanzibaris, Somalis, and other east and west coast natives, enlisted in his expedition. When he went to Cairo he specially requested that a small force of Soudanese should be placed at his command. Volunteers were called for, and out of a large number who offered their services sixty picked men were chosen. These men are fine specimens of the soldiers who composed the larger part of the force with which Egypt held her Central African provinces. It was of such soldiers as these that Emin Pasha wrote these words last year :

“Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without any pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. If ever I had any doubts of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is in valor and courage inferior to no other, while in devotion and self-denial it is superior to many. Without any orders from capable officers, these men performed miracles, and it will be very difficult for the Egyptian government worthily to show its gratitude to my soldiers and officers.”

On the long march between Stanley Falls and Lake Albert, or Wadelay, these soldiers will perform guard and police duty for the expedition, and will defend it if attacked. Stanley also carries a machine-gun of the Maxim pattern, which was specially constructed so as to be carried



A TRAVELLER'S CARAVAN NEAR WADELAH.

by porters. If the explorer has occasion to show the natives that the gun will fire six hundred shots a minute, and that it will kill a hippopot-



A DYOOR, SUBJECT OF EMIN PASHA.

amus or sink a canoe at a distance of a mile, he thinks the weapon will acquire a prestige which will make the savage glad to renounce any idea of attempting to impede his party with their poor spears and arrows. Lieutenant Stairns, an officer in the Engineer Corps of the British army, who accompanies Stanley, has special charge of the Maxim gun.

Two members of Stanley's party, who have been among King Leopold's agents on the Congo, went directly from Liverpool to the Congo for the purpose of hiring about three hundred porters to assist in transporting the goods around the Livingstone cataract to Stanley Pool, where the Upper Congo fleet was ordered to be in readiness to receive the expedition.

Mr. Stanley estimates that his progress on the land march will not be greater than six to ten miles a day.

The expedition reached Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, on the 18th of March, and on the same day re-embarked on vessels belonging to the International Association, which were awaiting the expedition. On the 19th the expedition anchored at Boma, the seat of the general administration of the Congo Free State, and a cordial reception was given the whole body. Mr. Stanley was confident of the success of his enterprise, and hoped that by June or July he would be able to render effectual assistance to Emin Pasha. The Congo Association had arranged to victual the expedition from Matada to Leopoldville. The expedition left Boma on March 21, arrived at Matada on the 22d, and there disembarked, the river being unnavigable thence to Leopoldville, on account of the Livingstone Falls. The expedition was to proceed on foot for eighteen days along the falls to Leopoldville, where Mr. Stanley was to be met by four steamers belonging to the Congo State. The English and French mission stations of the Upper Congo had also been requested to place their steamers at his service.

Mr. Stanley's plans for a railway around the Livingstone Falls, on the Lower Congo, have aroused the Portuguese, who fear the effects of the new line of commerce. They have begun the construction of a railway from San Paulo de Loanda up the valley of the Bengo River to Ambaca, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. English and American engineers are in charge of the work, and they hope to complete the line in about three years. The railway can hardly be called a rival of Mr. Stanley's, as it is a long way south of the Congo, and its principal uses will be to preserve the local trade which centres at Ambaca, and prevent its diversion to the stations of the Congo State. The surveys for the Congo railway are in progress while these pages are in the printer's hands.



CHIEF OF COAST TRIBE IN PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.

CHAPTER XX.

MORE AFRICAN STUDIES.—MASAI LAND.—EARLY HISTORY OF THE MOMBASA COAST.—MOUNT KILIMANJARO.—ITS DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS.—REB-MANN'S UMBRELLA.—THOMSON'S EXPEDITION AND ITS OBJECT.—FRERE TOWN AND MOMBASA.—JOURNEY TO MASAI LAND.—HOSTILITY OF THE NATIVES.—NARROW ESCAPES.—MASAI WARRIORS AND THEIR OCCUPATIONS.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.—THOMSON AS A MAGICIAN.—JOHNSTON'S KILIMANJARO EXPEDITION.—HEIGHT AND PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN.—MANDARA AND HIS COURT.—SLAVE-TRADING.—MASAI WOMEN.—SURROUNDED BY LIONS.—BISHOP HANNINGTON.—STORY OF HIS DEATH IN UGANDA.

IT was mentioned in the first chapter of this volume that Frank and Fred had provided themselves with a parcel of books which were to constitute the reading-matter for the voyage, "Through the Dark Continent" being of the number. Transatlantic travellers generally carry four or five times as many books as they can possibly read during their transit over the ocean, and our young friends were no exceptions to the rule. They were so absorbed with the readings which have just been described, and the presence of Mr. Stanley on the steamer, that they gave little attention to books other than the interesting volume under consideration.

But they were not to be thwarted in their determination to inform



TATTOOING AMONG THE COAST NATIVES.

themselves about Africa, and, after the voyage was over, devoted all the time they could spare to the perusal of the books which had been left unopened during the voyage. Frank busied himself with "Through Masai Land," a journey of exploration among the snow-clad volcanic mountains and strange tribes of eastern equatorial Africa, while Fred perused the life of Bishop Hannington and the account of his mission to the people of Uganda. As for Doctor Bronson, he contented himself with keeping an eye on the progress of the youths in their readings and in turning the leaves of "The Kilimanjaro Expedition," a volume which describes the work of an expedition of the Royal Geographical Society for the study of the region around Mount Kilimanjaro in eastern Africa, between the Indian Ocean and the Victoria Nyanza.



DOORWAY OF A HOUSE AT MOMBASA.

"What can you tell us about Masai Land?" said the Doctor to Frank, one morning while they were at breakfast.

"It's a remarkable country," was the reply, "and though one of the parts of Africa earliest known to travellers, so far as its coast is concerned, it was one of the latest to be explored. The routes from Zanzibar to Lakes Tanganika, Victoria, and Nyassa, and the Zambezi country are now pretty well known and almost as familiar to the reading public as the road from London to Brighton, but Masai Land was until very recently practically unknown."

"Please tell us exactly where Masai Land is," said the doctor, "so that we shall know what you are describing."

"It is that part of Africa east of the Victoria Nyanza," was the reply, "and of a line drawn through that lake perhaps a hundred miles each way north and south of it. Vasco di Gama, who first sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, landed on the coast of this region and was near being wrecked on the reefs of Mombasa, which is its principal port. The place is mentioned in a Portuguese book published in 1530, and a curious fact is that there was even at that early date a rumor of the existence of the snow-clad mountains that were never seen by a white man until 1848. In fact, from the time of Vasco di Gama down to 1842 hardly anything was added to our knowledge of that part of the world."

"Are you sure about the mention of the high mountains in that Portuguese book?"

"Entirely so," was the reply. "Mr. Thomson, the author of 'Through Masai Land,' quotes from it as follows: 'West of Mombasa is the Mount Olympus of Ethiopia, which is exceedingly high, and beyond it are the Mountains of the Moon, in which are the sources of the Nile.' The Mount Olympus which is thus mentioned is quite likely Kilimanjaro; the Mountains of the Moon are not yet easy to locate, as they have not thus far been found by explorers. They may possibly exist in some of the hitherto untraversed regions on the southern borders of Abyssinia."

Fred wished to know who was the first white man to find the snow-clad mountains of Central Africa.

"A German missionary named Krapf came to Mombasa in 1842 in search of a way to open Eastern Africa to Christianity. He began studying the tribes and people in the neighborhood, and was aided in that work by his colleague, Mr. Rebmann. In 1847 the latter, accompanied by only eight men, made an expedition from the coast as far as the desert region beyond the rich littoral belt, and reached the broken country in the direction of Kilimanjaro. In 1848 he made another journey and for the first time saw the famous mountain, though he was compelled to turn back when still forty miles from its summit. The good man was accompanied by only nine porters, and his only weapon was an umbrella."

"Only an umbrella!" exclaimed Fred, in astonishment.

"Yes, only an umbrella, as he thought it quite enough for a peace-loving missionary to carry. But he seems to have changed his mind



HEADS OF COAST NATIVES.

later on, as we find him arming his porters with guns and increasing their numbers, though he still adhered to the old weapon of his first trip. In one part of his journal, on his third expedition, he says: 'It often rained the livelong night, with myself and people lying in the open air without any other shelter than my solitary umbrella.' But it is noticeable that as soon as he began to arm his men he got into trouble, as his third expedition was robbed of everything it possessed and Rebmann was forced to retreat in great distress to the coast.

"This is the last we hear of Rebmann in exploration," continued Frank, "but his work was followed up by his companion, Dr. Krapf. The latter started in 1851 to found a mission in the interior, but was driven back with a narrow escape from death. He tells how at one time he was attacked by robbers who did not stop at the gunshots fired at them. They pressed on and on, and finally, when the situation was becoming desperate, the doctor opened his umbrella, which so frightened the scoundrels that they fled in terror.

"Several explorers, missionaries, and others penetrated into the country as far as Kilimanjaro, but rarely beyond it, in the thirty years following 1851, and each of them found the journey more difficult than had been the case with his predecessor, on account of the hostility of the natives and the Arab traders. In 1882 the Royal Geographical Society

sent an expedition under command of Mr. Joseph Thomson, who had recently returned from Central Africa, where he had made some extensive explorations. The object of the expedition was purely geographical, Mr. Thomson being instructed to ascertain if a practicable direct route for European travellers could be found from any one of the ports of East Africa to Lake Victoria, to examine Mount Kenia, to gather all possible data for a map of the region, and obtain general information concerning the country and its character, people, animal and vegetable life. The story of what he did on this expedition is told in 'Through Masai Land.' "

"Of course he went first to Zanzibar," said Fred; "that seems to be the starting-point for nearly every expedition for exploring Eastern Africa."

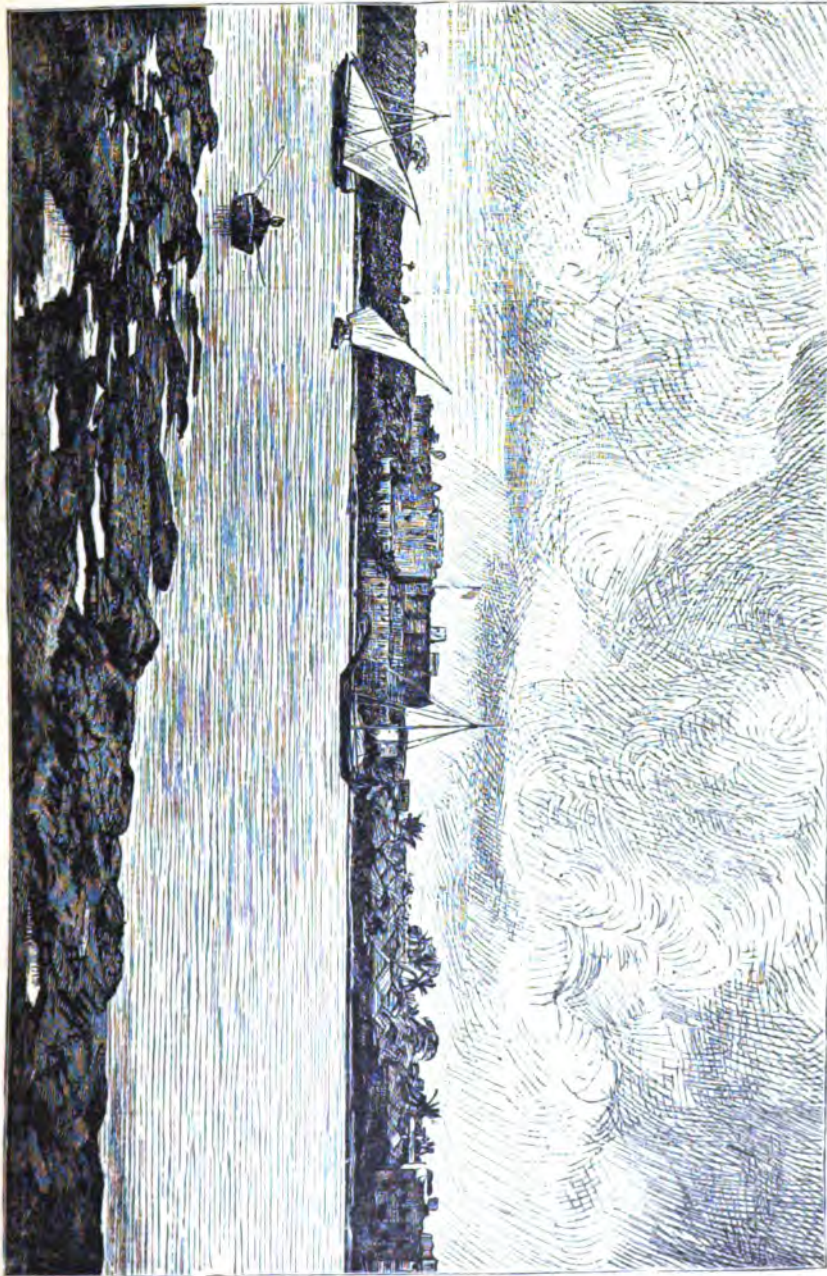
"Yes," was the reply, "he not only went first to Zanzibar, but he outfitted his expedition at that point and hired most of his porters among the Zanzibaris. Then he went up the coast to Mombasa, which he made his starting-point for the land journey; he took a few of the coast natives from Mombasa as porters, but did not find them as satisfactory as the Zanzibaris. Among the head men that he engaged for his expedition were several who had served with Stanley in his journey across the continent, including Manwa Sera and Kachéché, the detective. He was greatly disappointed with the former, as he proved altogether lazy and indifferent to his duties; he prided himself so much on his service with Stanley that he regarded himself as a purely ornamental personage while with Mr. Thomson. Kachéché was somewhat better, and as chief of the commissary department he did very well. Mr. Thomson's chief assistant was a Maltese sailor named James Martin, who was unable to read or write, but he had a liberal amount of common-sense that served him in place of education. During the whole journey there was never a single unpleasantness between Mr. Thomson and Martin, which is an exceedingly rare thing in African travel."

"How did they go from Zanzibar to Mombasa?" Fred inquired.

"They went in Arab dhows," Frank answered, "and had a very uncomfortable voyage. But as the distance is only one hundred and twenty miles, or two degrees of latitude, it did not last long, and the whole party was landed safely. Mombasa is on an island; on the other side of the creek which separates it from the mainland is a settlement known as Frere Town."

"I've read about that place," said Fred. "It was founded in accordance with a suggestion of Sir Bartle Frere, when he went to Zanzibar in

VIEW OF MONDASH.



1873 to try to suppress the slave-trade. The Church Missionary Society of England supplied the money, and the station was established and put in charge of several missionaries. Liberated slaves taken by British cruisers along the coast were sent to Frere Town, and in less than a year after the settlement was made not less than five hundred had been sent there. The natives of the neighborhood were attracted to the place, the population increased, and Frere Town may now be considered the principal station of the Church Missionary Society in Africa. At least that's what I've read in the life of Bishop Hannington."

"You're quite right," said Frank, "and Mr. Thomson received more help from the missionaries in setting out for Masai Land than he did from the Arab authorities of Zanzibar. Several of the men that he hired at Zanzibar had failed to appear when the expedition started, and he managed to fill their places with men from Frere Town. In addition to his assistant, head men, cooks, and personal attendants, he had one hundred and thirteen porters laden with the goods and belongings of the expedition. Twenty-nine carried beads, thirty-four iron, brass, and copper wire, fourteen cloth, fifteen personal stores, nine books, boots, etc., six scientific instruments, photographic apparatus and the like, and ten were laden with tents and tent furniture, cooking utensils, and articles for the table. Then there were ten Askari, or soldiers, and several boys who were expected to be useful in various ways.

"He had the usual trouble with his porters for the first few days on the road, and his soldiers were very busy hunting up deserters and keeping the lines in order. The men engaged at Mombasa and Frere Town were worse than the Zanzibaris, the latter being more accustomed to this kind of work, and besides they were already a good distance from home. Every morning the bugle was sounded and the procession started, the English flag being carried in front to denote its nationality to all whom they might meet on the way. At night the camp was made in open ground, where no one could leave without being seen, and the guards had orders to shoot any one who should try to get away. These orders were given in a loud voice in the hearing of all the porters, with the object of frightening them rather than with any intention of killing them. The order had a good effect, and the men were kept under control."

"I can't understand how it is," said Fred, "that men will engage to go on an expedition and then run away from it at the first chance. Of course I know there are timid persons who are brave at a distance and cowardly when danger is near, but this wholesale desire to desert I cannot comprehend."



CAMP OF AN ENGLISH EXPLORER IN AFRICA.

"Evidently that is peculiar of Africans more than of any other people," the youth replied, "since all explorers tell the same story. You remember how it was with Mr. Stanley, both when he left Zanzibar and later when he started from Ujiji and Nyangwé. In the first place many scoundrelly fellows enlist solely to get the advance pay and not with any intention of keeping their agreement. Then, secondly, all sorts of wild stories are told by the natives of the towns and villages through which a caravan passes, or where it stops for a day or two, so that the fears of the ignorant men are wrought upon. In Mr. Thomson's case the people at Mombasa and Frere Town filled the heads of his porters with the most horrible stories of the cruelties of the inhabitants of Masai Land, and said they were going to certain death. This alarmed them very greatly, and even a white man would have had good reason to hesitate. It is a fact that most of the Arab caravans that had ventured into the interior for the ten years previous to this expedition had met with disaster; all of them had lost men or been robbed of at least a portion of their goods, and one caravan lost no less than one hundred men, or one third its entire strength.

"Mr. Thomson found that the Masai warriors came quite near the coast in their marauding expeditions, and several of the Wa-kamba villages in the region back of Frere Town had been plundered. The Wa-kamba people have large herds of cattle, goats, and sheep; they drive these herds into zeribas or stockades, at night, to prevent their capture, in raids by the Masai. The stories of these raids continued to alarm Mr. Thomson's porters, and, in spite of all his watchfulness, two of his men managed to get away. The attempts at desertion were effectually stopped by the circulation of a report that the Masai had occupied the road in the rear, so that all stragglers and deserters would meet certain death. From that time forward the men were kept in their places through fear of being massacred, if once out of protection of the fighting-men of the expedition."

Frank paused a few moments, and gave Fred an opportunity for another question.

"You remarked," said Fred, "that the early explorers of the country in the direction of Mount Kilimanjaro met with little opposition, Rebmann being accompanied by only eight porters and weaponed with an umbrella. How does it happen that later travellers have found the country so much more difficult of access?"

"I forgot to explain that part of it," was the reply. "When Rebmann and Krapf made their journeys the Arabs had not penetrated the

SLAVE CARRIAGES ON THE ROAD



country with their slave-hunting expeditions, and consequently the people had not been called to practise the art of war. In the last thirty years the Arabs have pushed far into the interior of Masai Land, just as they have pushed beyond Lake Tanganika and down the valley of the Congo. They have made war upon the natives, burning their villages, devastating their fields, killing those who opposed them and carrying their captives into slavery. The terrible scenes described by Dr. Livingstone, in the accounts of his work and travels, have been repeated over and over again in the region which has Mombasa for its seaport, and thousands of slaves have been shipped from that place to points where they could find a market. The English cruisers along the coast keep a sharp watch for the Arab slave-dhows, and when any slaves are liberated they are taken to Frere Town, as you already know."

"The Arabs set the various tribes to warring against each other," said the Doctor, who had been a listener to the colloquy between the youths, "and were always ready to buy prisoners no matter from which side they were taken. It was estimated that for every slave that reached a market, at least four persons were killed or perished in one way or another. Many were killed in the attacks upon the villages, many of those who escaped captivity perished of hunger in the forest or deserts where they fled for refuge, and of those carried away as slaves, not half ever reached the coast. They died on the road, of hunger or fatigue, or were killed by their owners in consequence of their inability to travel."

"Did the Arabs sometimes leave the weak and sickly ones by the roadside, when they were unable to keep up with the caravans, or did they always kill them?" Fred inquired.

"Sometimes they left them to die or recover, as best they might, and Dr. Livingstone tells how he saw groups of dying people with slave-yokes about their necks, near the road where he travelled. Some of the slave-traders were tender-hearted enough not to take life wantonly, but this was not always the case. Those who looked upon the dreadful traffic purely in the light of business made it a rule to kill every slave who could not keep up with the caravan. They did so not from any special delight in the killing, but because it spurred the survivors on to endure the hardships of the march, and never to yield as long as there was power to drag one foot before the other. Sometimes they tied the unfortunate ones to trees and left them to perish; Dr. Livingstone came frequently upon instances of this barbarity of the Arab slave-dealers."

"The people had thus a double incentive to learn how to make war,"



SLAVES LEFT TO DIE.

the Doctor continued, "as soon as the Arabs began to come among them. They endeavored to capture each other, as a matter of gain, and then they wanted to defend their homes and themselves. They became very jealous of the advent of strangers, and thus it came about that travellers needed much larger escorts than formerly. Strange to say, they had no particular desire to stop the slave-trade, and they readily listened to the Arabs, who told them that the presence of Englishmen in the country would interfere with the traffic. Of course the weak and small tribes suffered most by the Arab devastation; the strong tribes found the slave-trade profitable, and thus all the influence was in favor of its continuance. Along the coast towns of Africa, and in the interior districts, you will find many a chief who mourns the day when the foreigners put a stop to the slave-trade, and thus interfered with an industry which he had found profitable.

"And now," he remarked, "we will return to Mr. Thomson and his journey into Masai Land. Frank has the floor."

Thus appealed to, Frank went on with his story.

"After passing the fertile belt along the coast, the expedition entered a desert region where the sun was so hot, shade so scanty, and water so scarce, that it was necessary to make all the marches during the night. The men suffered terribly from thirst, as the most of them, with characteristic African improvidence, drank up in an hour or so the supply of water which had been intended for two days. One night Mr. Thomson started out to find water, as his people were in a desperate condition. He found no water, but lost his way and was unable to return to camp. He says it was the first time he was ever lost in the desert; a feeling of awe took possession of him and he saw lions in every bush. Very soon he heard the roar of a lion, and then his sensations were exceedingly uncomfortable. He wandered aimlessly about; he fired his gun repeatedly, but heard no response. At last he was about to lie down, in despair, when he heard the sound of a gun to which he responded with his last remaining cartridge. Following the direction whence the sound came, he met a search-party that had gone to find him. When he reached camp he had been eighteen hours on his feet, without food and with very little water."

"And what did his people do without water?" Fred inquired.

"Water was found the next day," Frank explained, "but not until some of the men had so broken down that they could not go farther, and it was necessary to send water to revive them. After passing the desert belt they entered a mountain region, where water was abundant and



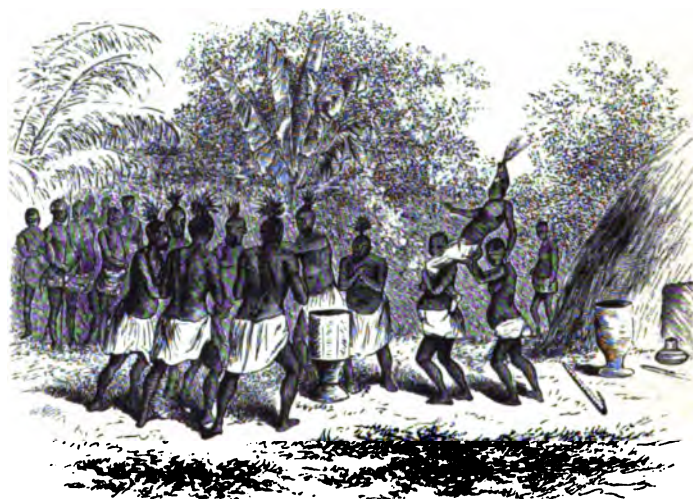
A SPRING IN THE DESERT.

the natives were friendly. It is the region of the Wa-teita, and consists of a series of slopes around the Ndara Mountain. The Wa-teita have herds of cattle, sheep, and goats, they raise Indian corn, sugar-cane, bananas, sweet potatoes, and similar articles, and have been able to resist the attacks of the Masai, chiefly through the security of their position and their skill in the use of the bow and arrow. The Church Missionary Society has a station among this people, and the natives appear to take kindly to his instruction.

“Mr. Thomson gives an interesting account of the Wa-teita women, who anoint themselves with oil, from head to foot, and would consider their toilet incomplete without it. They pull out their eyelashes and eyebrows, file their teeth into points, and then cover their necks with string upon string of beads, so that they can hardly turn their heads. On neck, shoulders, and waist, a belle of the Wa-teita carries from twenty to thirty pounds’ weight of beads, and it is needless to say that beads are an important article of commerce among the traders who go from the coast to that country.

“When a man of the Wa-teita wishes to marry he arranges the preliminaries with the girl’s father, and agrees to pay a certain number of cows. As soon as the bargain is completed the girl runs away, and hides among distant relatives until such time as her betrothed can find her hiding-place, and catch her. Then he engages some of his friends,

who carry her home on their shoulders, with a great deal of singing and dancing. When they reach home the bridal couple are shut up in their house for three days, without food ; at the end of that time the bride is carried to her father's house by a party of girls, and after a while returns to the home of her husband and the ceremonies are over.



A WEDDING-DANCE.

“Leaving this region, the expedition passed through a belt of forest, and came, at length, near the base of Mount Kilimanjaro, the famous Mount Olympus of Africa, already mentioned. Perhaps Doctor Bronson will tell us something about it, as he has been reading Mr. Johnston's book, describing the exploration to it.”

“A very interesting book it is, though less so to the general reader than to the scientific one. Mr. Johnston is, as you know, a naturalist, and the principal part of the book is devoted to his special line of study. The English Royal Geographical Society paid the expenses of the expedition, and instructed Mr. Johnston to reside in the vicinity of the mountain for at least six months, and make collections of the floral, animal, and other products of the region, as close to the snow-line as was conveniently possible.”

“From that I suppose that the mountain is capped with snow,” Fred remarked, as the doctor paused a moment.

“Yes,” was the reply, “Kilimanjaro has an elevation of 18,880 feet, and is covered with snow throughout the year. The mountain has two peaks ; Kibo, the higher of these peaks, has the elevation I mentioned,

while the other—Kimawenzi—attains an altitude of 16,250 feet. These peaks are in the centre of a mass of surrounding mountains, but none of the others reach above the snow-line. Both Kibo and Kimawenzi are the craters of extinct volcanoes, and the whole region round about was evidently thrown up by volcanic or earthquake action, ages and ages ago. In a direct line the great mountain is about one hundred and seventy-five miles from the coast, but by the tortuous lines of African travel the distance is considerably more than two hundred miles.

“Mr. Johnston arrived in Zanzibar on his way to Kilimanjaro in April, 1884, and after some delay in outfitting his expedition took the route by way of Mombasa. His troubles with porters and natives were similar to those of Mr. Thomson, so that a repetition of his story is unnecessary. He relates that on several occasions his camp was surrounded with lions at night, and though the brutes did no damage, they kept up a tremendous roaring which effectually prevented all sleeping. One night the roar was continuous, and the voices of no less than ten of these animals were counted; on the next morning the tracks in the soft earth around the camp indicated that a whole troop of lions had been present. Mr. Johnston noticed that whenever a lion was approaching the camp, and before he had given warning of his presence by a roar, the birds in the trees set up a nervous twittering. The approach of other wild beasts at night was notified in the same way.

“The slopes of Kilimanjaro between the elevations of three thousand and seven thousand feet are occupied by an agricultural people; their chief is called Mandara and the name of the country is Chaga. Through his intimacy with the Arab slave-dealers Mandara had become avaricious, and exacted a heavy tribute from Mr. Johnston, as he had from previous visitors. The explorer described the monarch as about five feet eleven inches in height, of dignified bearing and fine figure. He looked more like a North American Indian than a native-born African, as his cheek-bones were high and his nose hooked, while his mouth was broad and thin-lipped and his chin rounded and resolute. The lobes of his ears had been bored and distended so that each contained a ring of wood three or four inches in diameter. The custom of boring the ears and subsequently distending them prevails in Chaga, and very often the distended lobe almost touches the shoulder of its owner.

“Mr. Johnston purchased a site for his plantation after some bargaining, and then settled down to work. Mandara presented the stranger with a cow and some goats and sheep, the Zanzibari porters built houses, a kitchen garden was started with a great variety of seeds of the tropi-



MANDARA'S LEFT EAR.

cal and temperate zones, and before a week had passed the explorer was eating a salad of his own growing. At first he was greatly annoyed by the attendants of Mandara's court, who came daily to him on begging excursions. He suspected that they were sent by the chief, but assumed in an interview with that dignitary that such was not the case. By a little diplomacy he managed to win the monarch's favor, at least for a time, and compel his annoyers to stay away.

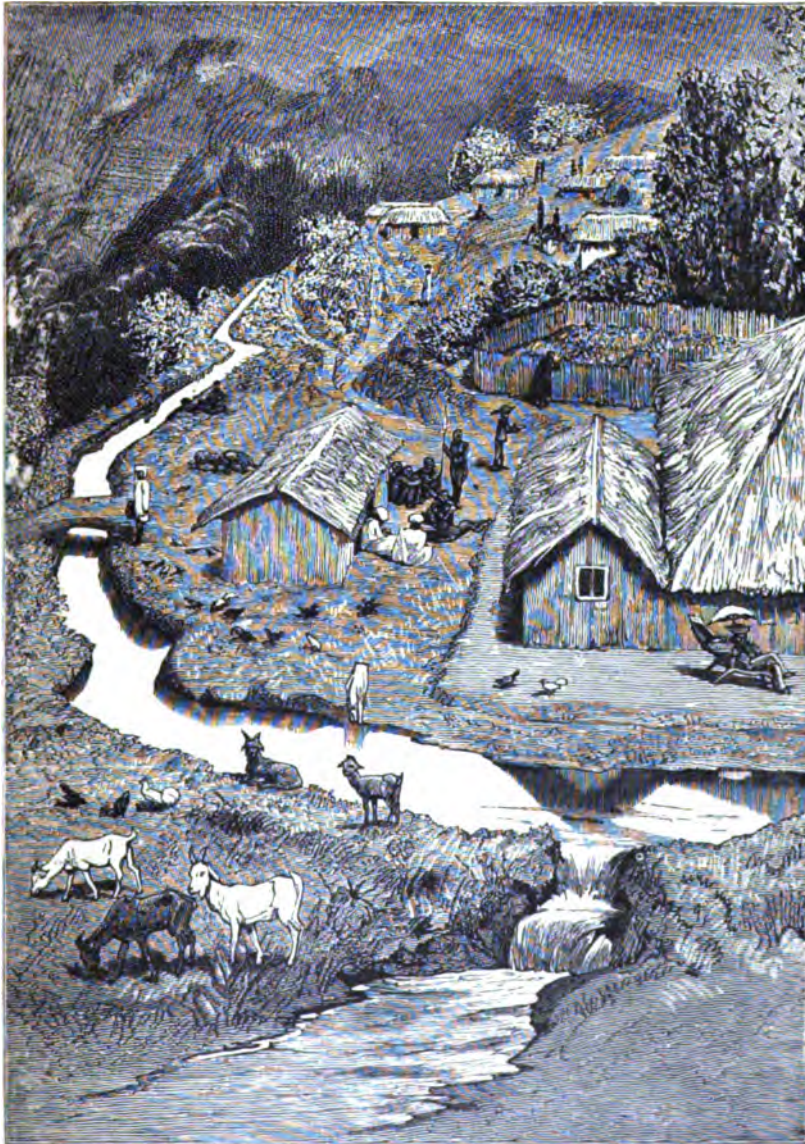
"He found the nights cool at the elevation where his plantation was situated; at daylight the temperature was a little above fifty degrees, but it rose steadily with the sun as the day advanced. The air was pure and dry, and Mr. Johnston says that but for the occasional troubles with his neighbors the life

on the mountain slope would have been delightful. On certain days the natives held markets, at which he bought various supplies for his people; he rarely did any purchasing himself, but left the business to his head men, as the natives invariably sought to cheat him in bargaining.

"Mr. Johnston had brought two men from Zanzibar to assist him in collecting birds and plants, but they proved of no use, and had to be discharged and sent back to the coast. Consequently all the labor of collecting fell upon himself, and he was very actively employed during every day of his stay in Chaga. He had a great deal of trouble with Mandara, who begged constantly for anything he wanted, and would have soon reduced his visitor to a condition of beggary. At one time he cut off all supplies of food, forbidding his people to sell anything to the strangers, and placing a cordon of fighting-men around Mr. Johnston's settlement to make sure that his orders were obeyed. He finally became so troublesome that the explorer moved his camp to another district, where the chief was more amiable, though not less inclined to beg."

"Did he get to the summit of the mountain?" one of the youths inquired.

"No," said the Doctor, "he was unable to ascend to the top, but on



A CORNER OF MR. JOHNSTON'S SETTLEMENT.

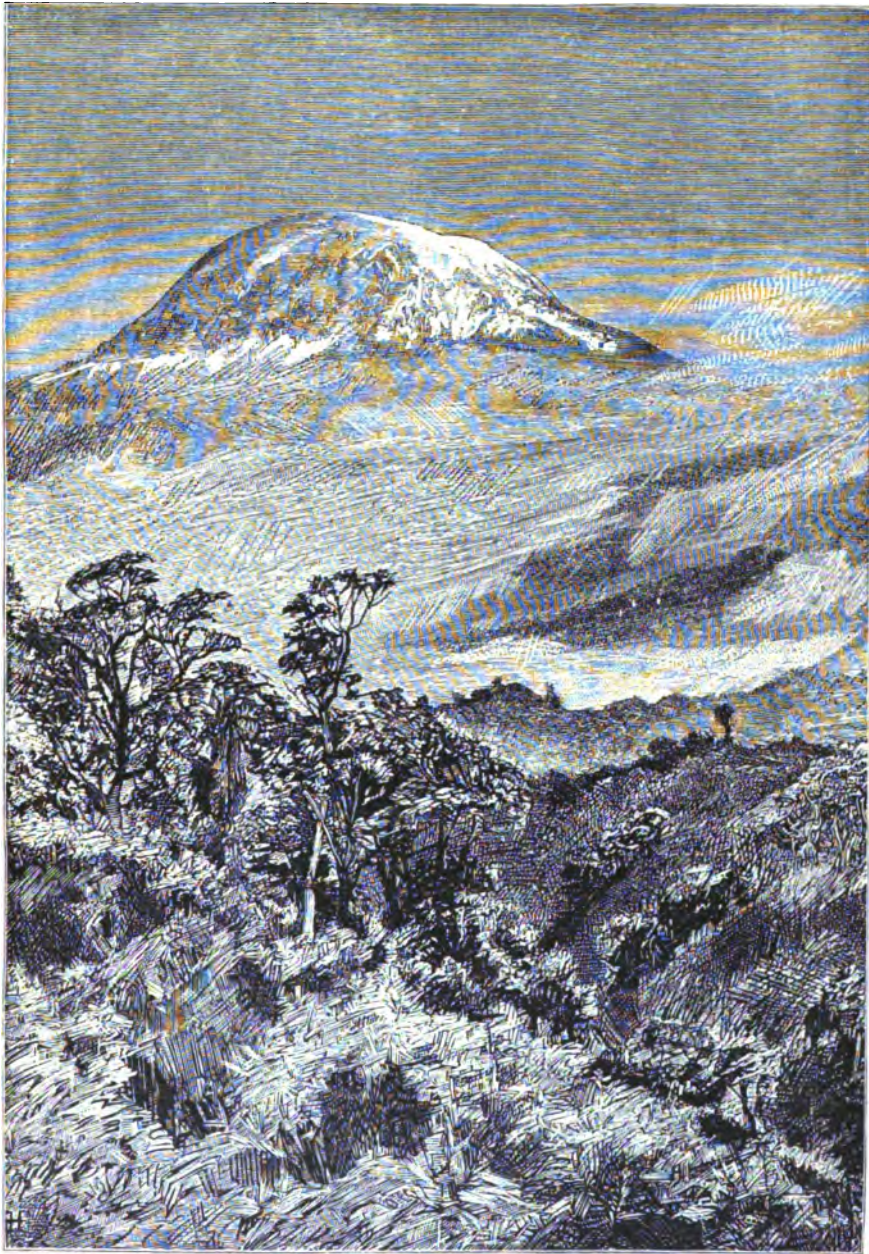
two occasions he reached the snow-line, at a height of 16,315 feet, which was higher than any of the natives had ever been. As the height by survey is estimated at 18,880 feet, he was within about twenty-five hundred feet of the desired point. Vegetation ends at 15,000 feet, and from that point to the snow-line the mountain consists of large boulders, broken rocks, and sand. Mr. Johnston says the ascent as far as he went is quite easy when compared with that of other great mountains of the world, but he was not properly equipped for the effort, and his men were unwilling to tempt the demons that are supposed to occupy the peak. He was bitterly disappointed at his inability to gaze into the extinct crater of Kilimanjaro, and was obliged to leave that honor for some future traveller.

“By the end of six months in the country around the great mountain he was out of funds, and, as money is needed for living in Africa quite as much as in any other part of the world, he was obliged to return to Zanzibar. On the road to the coast he encountered a band of the dreaded Masai warriors, and for a short time was in great danger of an attack. How he prevented it is best told in his own words:

“They called on two or three of our men to advance and confer with them, so Kiongwe, Ibrahim, and Bakari went. After asking various questions as to who I was, where I came from, and whither I was going, the Masai leader inquired, ‘Had we any sickness?’ This query aroused a happy but sadly untruthful thought in my mind. ‘Tell him,’ I said to Kiongwe, in Swahili, a language the Masai do not understand, ‘tell him we have small-pox.’ Kiongwe grasped the idea and said to the Masai captain, with well-feigned vexation, ‘Yes, we have a man suffering from the white disease’ (the Masai name for small-pox). ‘Show him,’ the leader replied, at the same time moving several yards off. I immediately dragged forward an Albino, who was a porter in my caravan—a wretched pink-and-white creature, with tow-colored hair and mottled skin. The Masai at once exclaimed, ‘Oh, this is a bad disease—look! it has turned the poor man white!’ Then he shouted out that he had no wish to interfere with us, nor would they take anything from our infected goods. One concession alone they asked, and this we readily granted, which was that we would not follow too closely on their footsteps lest they might get our ‘wind’ and catch the disease. And with this they turned around, rejoined their fellows, called up their herd of cows and donkeys, and slowly wended their way up the hilly path. In half an hour’s time the last Masai had disappeared, and we saw no more of them.”

“And now,” remarked the Doctor, “as we have seen Mr. Johnston safely on his return from the exploration of Kilimanjaro and the ascent of that famous mountain, let us return to Mr. Thomson and his journey to Masai Land.”

Under this hint Frank proceeded:



VIEW OF KILIMANJARO.

"We left Mr. Thomson among the Wa-teita people near the base of Mount Kilimanjaro," said the youth, "and from there he went to Chaga and to the court of the chief Mandara. Very unwisely he showed his property to Mandara, who immediately coveted nearly everything, and managed to squeeze out a great deal by way of tribute. The explorer did not tarry long with this exacting ruler, but pushed on as speedily as possible in the direction of the Masai. On the threshold of their country he met a band of warriors and, somewhat to his surprise, was hospitably received, though not until he had gone through an elaborate ceremony by which he and the chief of the band were made blood brothers. The amount of tribute he was to pay was then negotiated, and, unhappily for him, it proved very heavy.

"The good feeling only lasted a short time, as the news was received that a German expedition which had entered the country a few days before had had a fight with the Masai, and blood had been shed on both sides. The whole country rose in arms against the Englishman, and he was forced to retreat across the border. In the middle of the night he left his camp, his men moving in perfect silence and very fearful lest one of their donkeys should bray and thus show that the caravan was stealing away. Fortunately the animals followed the silent example of their masters, and the retreat was safely accomplished.

"Leaving his men in camp in a safe place, Mr. Thomson returned to



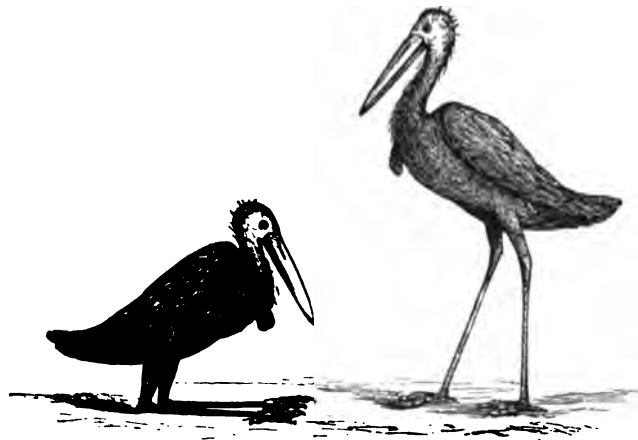
CAMP SCENE.

the coast to obtain a fresh stock of goods with which to attempt again a journey through Masai Land. On his return he had the good-fortune to find a large caravan belonging to some coast traders who were going in his direction, and after a little negotiation he arranged to join his forces with theirs. Thus he was comparatively secure from danger of attack by the Masai, but on the other hand his movements were dependent on those of the traders, who are never in a hurry as long as there is anything to be made by remaining in camp. On such occasions he devoted himself to hunting, and as the country abounded in game he found enough to do. Elephants, zebras, several varieties of antelopes, lions, leopards, and smaller game fell before his rifle, together with several rhinoceroses and buffaloes. He emphatically avows that he shot these animals only for food and not for the mere sport of killing. The meat thus obtained frequently kept his camp supplied for days and days together.

"Mr. Thomson," Fred continued, "is enthusiastic in his description of the Masai warriors whom he first encountered. The elders of the tribe came fearlessly into camp notwithstanding that in the previous year they had attacked nearly every caravan that entered the country, and on one occasion stabbed about forty porters without the least provocation. He says they were magnificent specimens of their race, considerably over six feet in height, and with an aristocratic dignity that filled the Englishman with admiration. They referred to the attacks upon the caravans as the most trivial circumstances, and said it was only because the young warriors wanted to taste blood just to keep themselves in practice. Their language was equivalent to the old adage that 'boys will be boys, and their wild oats must be sown.' The debate ended peacefully and, luckily for the strangers, nearly all the fighting-men were at that time away on a cattle-stealing expedition.

"The Masai people had a great horror of being photographed, as they supposed the camera was a bewitching-machine which would work them great harm. Mr. Thomson came near getting into trouble by shooting a marabout stork which he saw near the camp. It seems that storks and adjutants are looked upon as sacred; as they, along with the hyenas, are the grave-diggers, or rather the graves of the Masai. These people do not bury or burn their dead, but simply throw out the corpses to be devoured, in much the same way as the Parsees of Bombay carry their dead to the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill to be eaten by vultures.

"The hunting was so good in the neighborhood of this camp that in one day our friend 'bagged' four rhinoceroses, one giraffe, four zebras,



AFRICAN ADJUTANTS.

and four antelopes, all within six hours. He saw the tracks of elephants and buffaloes, but did not kill any; though a hunter from the traders' camp managed to kill an elephant whose tusks weighed a little short of two hundred pounds. The Masai people proved to be inveterate thieves, and, in spite of the greatest precautions, not a day passed without the loss of more or less property which the light-fingered scoundrels managed to lay their hands on. Mr. Thomson was looked upon as a wonderful worker of magic, but even the respect that was due him as a magician did not prevent the people from stealing his goods.

"On the road the Masai used to rush up to the caravan singly or in twos or threes and attempt to carry off the loads from the porters' heads; if they failed no effort was made to punish them; and if they succeeded they were not pursued to any great distance, as their friends would be sure to come to their rescue. At night the camp was surrounded by a stockade or a fence of thorns, and several times the Masai attempted to enter the stockades and stampede the animals belonging to the caravan. Hostile demonstrations were numerous, and escapes from fights exceedingly narrow.

"At a convenient point on the road Mr. Thomson left the caravan temporarily, to make a flying trip to Mount Kenia with a selected party of his best men. He kept up his character of magician, and, by an ingenious ruse with his teeth (two of which were false), he carried conviction with his assertion. 'Come to me,' he said to one of the wondering warriors, 'and I will cut off your nose and put it on again. Just look at my teeth; see how firm they are,' and as he said so he tapped them

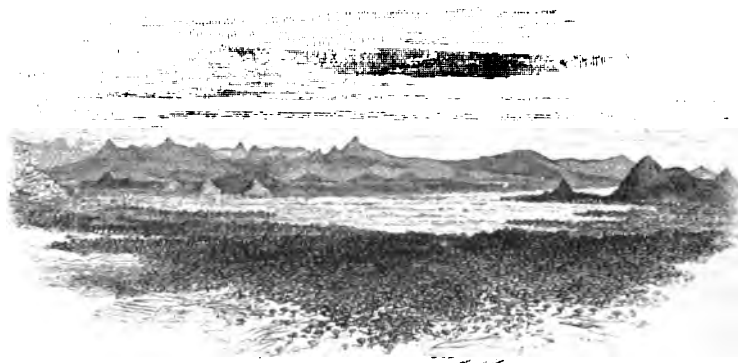
A WELL-STOCKED HUNTING-GROUND.



with his knuckles. 'Now I turn my head and, see, the teeth are gone;' and the crowd shrank back in dismay and was on the point of seeking safety in flight. 'Hold on a moment,' said the white magician, and with another turn of the head he put the teeth in place and stood smiling before the petrified spectators.

"He says his artificial teeth were perfect treasures to him, and doubtless to their aid he owed his safety. But he was obliged to keep up his exhibition so frequently that it soon became a nuisance. His man Martin pretended also to be a magician, and told one of the Masai women that he could cut off his finger and restore it immediately. As he extended the finger the woman suddenly seized it and half bit it off, which raised a howl from Martin, and caused him for the future to make no further boasts of his magical skill.

"The expedition reached the foot of Mount Kenia, but all thought of ascending it had to be given up, as the Masai were very troublesome



PLAIN AND MOUNTAINS IN MASAI LAND.

and food was scarce. The mountain is thought to be a little more than eighteen thousand feet high, and its summit is covered with snow. Like its great neighbor to the south, it is believed to be an extinct volcano. In fact, the proofs of its former character are clearly shown in beds of lava and frequent traces of volcanic action. Up to a height of fifteen thousand feet its slope is very gentle, but after that it rises in a sharp cone almost like a sugar-loaf, and would be exceedingly difficult of ascent. The slope of the peak is so steep that the snow slides off in places and reveals the rocks, and to this circumstance Kenia owes its Masai name of Donyo Egéré or 'Speckled Mountain.'

"With various adventures and narrow escapes Mr. Thomson pushed his exploration to the shore of the Victoria Nyanza, which he reached

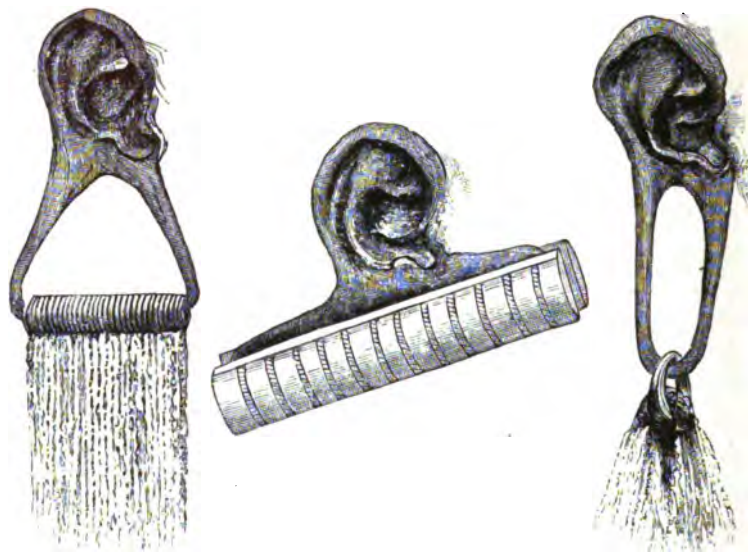
about forty miles to the east of the outlet of the lake. Near the lake he found a people unlike the Masai, as they had a decidedly negro type of countenance. The Masai have very little to identify them with the negro, and Mr. Thomson says they can in no sense be called negroes. In their cranial development, as in their language, they are widely different from the natives of Central and Southern Africa, and occupy a far higher position in the scale of humanity.

“The Masai people are divided into some ten or twelve tribes, and these tribes or clans have many smaller divisions. Some are more aristocratic than others, and there is hardly a time when two or more of them are not indulging in war. Some of these wars have resulted in the almost complete destruction of the defeated tribes, and the expulsion of the remnant from the country; the defeated ones becoming peaceful and orderly, and the victors more insolent than ever. The boys in all the fighting tribes are trained to war; they live apart from the families and are under the control of a leader who is elected by ballot, has the power of life and death over his subjects, settles disputes, and may be turned out of office whenever he becomes unpopular with the majority.

“The clothing of a Masai boy consists of a coating of grease and clay rubbed over his skin. When he becomes old enough he is equipped with a bow and arrows with which he practises upon small animals, and occasionally upon his playmates. Great care is taken in the distension of the lobes of his ears, which are nursed as carefully as the budding mustache of more civilized lands. A slender stick is thrust through the lobe, then a larger one is inserted, and the process is continued until a piece of ivory six inches long can be inserted endwise.

“When the boy blossoms into a warrior he is equipped with a spear having a blade thirty inches long, a short sword, and a knob-stick; the latter intended for throwing at an advancing enemy, or crushing the skull of a disabled one on the ground. All these weapons are made by an inferior tribe that lives in the land of the Masai, and is compelled to do their menial work; from another tribe of the same low grade the Masai purchase their shields, as they never make their own. The markings and adornments on a shield show to what tribe or clan its owner belongs.

“When going to war a Masai removes the stretchers from his ears and substitutes a tassel of iron rings, or something of the sort; covers his shoulders with a mantle of kite's feathers; winds a strip of cotton about his neck, and allows it to wave behind him as he runs; places his sword and knob-stick in his belt; anoints his body with grease and clay; decorates his legs with streamers of the long hair of the colobus monkey,



EAR-STRETCHERS AND EAR-ORNAMENTS.

so that he suggests the Winged Mercury. On his head is a remarkable contrivance formed of ostrich feathers, stuck into a band of leather and fastened around the face in an elliptical shape. His armament is completed by his spear and shield, and thus arrayed he is ready for business, and a very troublesome fellow he is, according to all accounts.

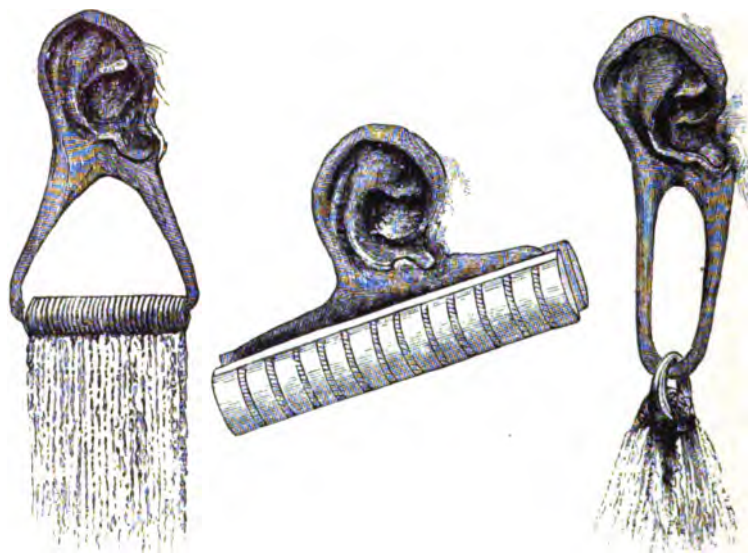
"Making war, stealing cattle from other tribes, plundering caravans, and similar predatory performances make up the life of a Masai warrior. When a man marries he gives up fighting and settles down into domestic ways, and thus it happens that all the warriors in Masai land are single men. Mr. Thomson says the Masai women are the handsomest of their sex in all Africa; they are slender and graceful, and distinctly ladylike both in manner and physique. They are dressed in bullock's hides, from which the hair has been scraped; their heads are shaved smooth, and sometimes their faces are painted white."

"I have read somewhere," said Fred, "that they wear great quantities of wire, the same as did the women of Chumbiri described by Mr. Stanley on the Congo."

"That is true," Frank replied, "and the amount of wire worn by the Masai women is something wonderful. Telegraph wire is coiled around the lower limbs from the knees to the ankles, and around the arms both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more wire is coiled; it is arranged in a horizontal shape, so that the head seems to be sticking up



A MASAI WARRIOR.



EAR-STRETCHERS AND EAR-ORNAMENTS.

so that he suggests the Winged Mercury. On his head is a remarkable contrivance formed of ostrich feathers, stuck into a band of leather and fastened around the face in an elliptical shape. His armament is completed by his spear and shield, and thus arrayed he is ready for business, and a very troublesome fellow he is, according to all accounts.

"Making war, stealing cattle from other tribes, plundering caravans, and similar predatory performances make up the life of a Masai warrior. When a man marries he gives up fighting and settles down into domestic ways, and thus it happens that all the warriors in Masai land are single men. Mr. Thomson says the Masai women are the handsomest of their sex in all Africa; they are slender and graceful, and distinctly ladylike both in manner and physique. They are dressed in bullock's hides, from which the hair has been scraped; their heads are shaved smooth, and sometimes their faces are painted white."

"I have read somewhere," said Fred, "that they wear great quantities of wire, the same as did the women of Chumbiri described by Mr. Stanley on the Congo."

"That is true," Frank replied, "and the amount of wire worn by the Masai women is something wonderful. Telegraph wire is coiled around the lower limbs from the knees to the ankles, and around the arms both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more wire is coiled; it is arranged in a horizontal shape, so that the head seems to be sticking up



A MASAI WARRIOR.

through an inverted platter. The wire is put on when the women are young and is never removed, consequently the limbs present a withered appearance, the legs being of a uniform size from the ankle to the knee. The weight of iron wire worn by a Masai woman varies from ten to thirty pounds; in addition to this, she carries great quantities of beads and iron chains around her neck.



MASAI MARRIED WOMAN, WITH PAINTED FACE.

"It seems almost a wonder," Frank continued, "that Mr. Thomson with his small party was able to make his way safely through Masai Land and back to the coast, as he did."

"Perhaps it is a greater wonder," said Fred, "that Bishop Hannington, whose life I have been reading, a man of the most amiable disposition, went through Masai Land unharmed, to meet his death at the hands of Mwanga, the King of Uganda."

"How did it happen that he ventured there?"

"Because," was the reply, "he had been once to Uganda by the same route that Mr. Stanley followed, and the bishop found that route very unhealthy, and became so ill that he was sent back before reaching Rubaga.

When he started again for Uganda, in the early part of 1885, he decided upon going through Masai Land, as the route was much shorter and the country far less swampy and pestiferous. The only perils were from the terrible Masai; they repeatedly barred his way, and several times were on the point of attacking his caravan, but, by a determined but gentle bearing, he managed to prevent actual hostilities. Some of his property was stolen in spite of all watchfulness, but there was no bloodshed on either side.

"When the caravan was within fifty miles of Lake Victoria and all danger was supposed to be passed, Bishop Hannington decided to leave the caravan in camp and proceed with fifty of his followers to the lake, whence he would send word to the king of his approach. When he was near the Ripon Falls of the Victoria Nile he was imprisoned by a band of armed men and kept a close prisoner in a hut until word could be sent to the king. After an imprisonment of eight days he was killed in compliance with the king's orders."

"Why did the king wish to put him to death?" Frank inquired.

"The king, who had but recently succeeded to the throne of his father Mtesa, was only eighteen years of age, and easily swayed by his councillors. The latter were afraid of the influence of the Europeans, as they foresaw the ultimate destruction of their power through the advent of the strangers; they worked upon the young king and aroused his jealousy, and easily persuaded him to take severe measures. The natives who had become converted to Christianity were put to death or otherwise maltreated, no less than thirty being bound together and placed on a pile of wood where they were burned alive on account of their religion. The missionaries were imprisoned, all teaching of religion was prohibited, and the prospect was gloomy.

"The old king, Mtesa, was always opposed to the exploration of Masai Land, and did not like the idea of Europeans coming to his dominions from that direction. His son and all the councillors had the same feeling, and it is now known that when Mr. Thomson reached the shore of the lake by that route he was in greater danger than he had supposed. The chief of the region bordering the lake was severely reprimanded and removed from office because he failed to bind the white man and send him a prisoner to Rubaga.

"Just as the bishop was approaching Uganda by the Masai route, news came to the king that the Germans had seized some ports on the east coast of Africa and were about to take possession of all the country up to the shores of Lake Victoria. This information created great alarm,

as it foreboded an advance of the white men in that direction ; while it was under discussion Bishop Hannington reached the shore of the lake, and notice of his arrival was sent to the king.

"From the Ugandan point of view all white men were alike, and all were at that time dangerous to the liberties of the country. After a short deliberation with his councillors the king gave orders that the bishop should be put to death ; he had advocated sending him back to the coast, but was easily persuaded to the severer course.

"The manner of his death is thus told by his biographer :

"He was conducted to an open space without the village, and found himself surrounded once more by his own men. With a wild shout the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up he looked around, and as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons he spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the B-a-ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leaped forth from its broken house of clay and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

"The death of Bishop Hannington and the imprisonment of the missionaries at the capital of Uganda has by no means stopped the work of the London mission societies," the Doctor remarked, as Fred concluded the reading of the foregoing quotation. "For a time it has been suspended in Uganda, but the effort at Christianizing Africa is being vigorously pushed elsewhere. New stations are being opened every year, and I have just read in a newspaper that a small steamboat will soon be placed on the Victoria Nyanza. It is to be called the *James Hannington*, in memory of the hero missionary, and will no doubt be of great



UGANDA HEAD-DRSS.

use in bringing the people of Central Africa to a knowledge of the ways and works of civilization."



PLACE WHERE BISHOP HANNINGTON WAS IMPRISONED AND KILLED.

"How do they get up their hunting expeditions?" Fred asked.

"The usual plan," replied the Doctor, "is to fit out one or two wagons with provisions, guns, ammunition, and trade goods for several months, and then strike into the wilderness away from all settlements. Two or three saddle-horses, together with donkeys, oxen, cows, and sheep, constitute the live-stock of the expedition. In Central Africa it would be impossible to travel with wagons, owing to the dense vegetation and the condition of the country, which is full of swamps and morasses, but in South Africa the circumstances are different. The country is not densely wooded, and in many parts it is absolutely treeless. Sometimes water is found there with difficulty, and every volume of hunting adventures in South Africa contains stories of the sufferings of men and animals through scarcity or absence of water. But this scarcity of water greatly facilitates the work of the hunter."

"How is that?"

"Where the springs and water-holes are far apart the wild animals must go long distances to drink, and if the hunter watches in their neighborhood he will have plenty of what he calls 'sport.' A favorite plan of these African hunters is to conceal themselves near a spring and shoot the elephants, lions, and other large beasts as they come for water."

"That ought to be very easy," said one of the youths.

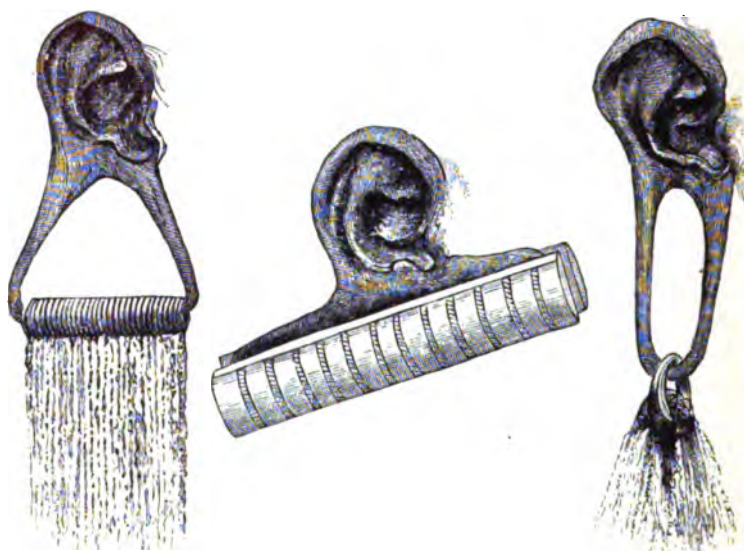
"Not as easy as you might suppose," was the reply, "nor is it without danger. In the first place very few of the animals visit the springs in the daytime, their drinking being done at night. Furthermore, they choose the hours when there is no moon, and thus reduce the chance of being seen. In the moonless part of a month they come at any hour between darkness and daylight, but usually about midnight; on the nights when the moon shines they select the hours when it is below the horizon. Thus if the moon rises early they wait until it has set, and if it rises late they come to drink before it is above the horizon. One hunter says that if it had not been for this habit there is many a lion, rhinoceros, or elephant now roaming the forests of South Africa that would have fallen before his rifle. He says he has frequently heard a lion lapping the water within a dozen paces of him when the night was so dark that he could not get a sight of the brute."

"Do all the wild animals of Africa observe this rule?"

"None of them do so absolutely, and some are more observant of it than others. But all seem to know that there is danger near their drinking-places, and they conduct themselves accordingly."

NIGHT HUNTING. ELEPHANTS COMING TO DRINK.





EAR-STRETCHERS AND EAR-ORNAMENTS.

so that he suggests the Winged Mercury. On his head is a remarkable contrivance formed of ostrich feathers, stuck into a band of leather and fastened around the face in an elliptical shape. His armament is completed by his spear and shield, and thus arrayed he is ready for business, and a very troublesome fellow he is, according to all accounts.

"Making war, stealing cattle from other tribes, plundering caravans, and similar predatory performances make up the life of a Masai warrior. When a man marries he gives up fighting and settles down into domestic ways, and thus it happens that all the warriors in Masai land are single men. Mr. Thomson says the Masai women are the handsomest of their sex in all Africa; they are slender and graceful, and distinctly ladylike both in manner and physique. They are dressed in bullock's hides, from which the hair has been scraped; their heads are shaved smooth, and sometimes their faces are painted white."

"I have read somewhere," said Fred, "that they wear great quantities of wire, the same as did the women of Chumbiri described by Mr. Stanley on the Congo."

"That is true," Frank replied, "and the amount of wire worn by the Masai women is something wonderful. Telegraph wire is coiled around the lower limbs from the knees to the ankles, and around the arms both above and below the elbow. Round the neck more wire is coiled; it is arranged in a horizontal shape, so that the head seems to be sticking up



A MASAI WARRIOR.

through an inverted platter. The wire is put on when the women are young and is never removed, consequently the limbs present a withered appearance, the legs being of a uniform size from the ankle to the knee. The weight of iron wire worn by a Masai woman varies from ten to thirty pounds; in addition to this, she carries great quantities of beads and iron chains around her neck.



MASAI MARRIED WOMAN, WITH PAINTED FACE.

"It seems almost a wonder," Frank continued, "that Mr. Thomson with his small party was able to make his way safely through Masai Land and back to the coast, as he did."

"Perhaps it is a greater wonder," said Fred, "that Bishop Hannington, whose life I have been reading, a man of the most amiable disposition, went through Masai Land unharmed, to meet his death at the hands of Mwanga, the King of Uganda."

"How did it happen that he ventured there?"

"Because," was the reply, "he had been once to Uganda by the same route that Mr. Stanley followed, and the bishop found that route very unhealthy, and became so ill that he was sent back before reaching Rubaga."

When he started again for Uganda, in the early part of 1885, he decided upon going through Masai Land, as the route was much shorter and the country far less swampy and pestiferous. The only perils were from the terrible Masai; they repeatedly barred his way, and several times were on the point of attacking his caravan, but, by a determined but gentle bearing, he managed to prevent actual hostilities. Some of his property was stolen in spite of all watchfulness, but there was no bloodshed on either side.

"When the caravan was within fifty miles of Lake Victoria and all danger was supposed to be passed, Bishop Hannington decided to leave the caravan in camp and proceed with fifty of his followers to the lake, whence he would send word to the king of his approach. When he was near the Ripon Falls of the Victoria Nile he was imprisoned by a band of armed men and kept a close prisoner in a hut until word could be sent to the king. After an imprisonment of eight days he was killed in compliance with the king's orders."

"Why did the king wish to put him to death?" Frank inquired.

"The king, who had but recently succeeded to the throne of his father Mtesa, was only eighteen years of age, and easily swayed by his councillors. The latter were afraid of the influence of the Europeans, as they foresaw the ultimate destruction of their power through the advent of the strangers; they worked upon the young king and aroused his jealousy, and easily persuaded him to take severe measures. The natives who had become converted to Christianity were put to death or otherwise maltreated, no less than thirty being bound together and placed on a pile of wood where they were burned alive on account of their religion. The missionaries were imprisoned, all teaching of religion was prohibited, and the prospect was gloomy.

"The old king, Mtesa, was always opposed to the exploration of Masai Land, and did not like the idea of Europeans coming to his dominions from that direction. His son and all the councillors had the same feeling, and it is now known that when Mr. Thomson reached the shore of the lake by that route he was in greater danger than he had supposed. The chief of the region bordering the lake was severely reprimanded and removed from office because he failed to bind the white man and send him a prisoner to Rubaga.

"Just as the bishop was approaching Uganda by the Masai route, news came to the king that the Germans had seized some ports on the east coast of Africa and were about to take possession of all the country up to the shores of Lake Victoria. This information created great alarm,

as it foreboded an advance of the white men in that direction ; while it was under discussion Bishop Hannington reached the shore of the lake, and notice of his arrival was sent to the king.

"From the Ugandan point of view all white men were alike, and all were at that time dangerous to the liberties of the country. After a short deliberation with his councillors the king gave orders that the bishop should be put to death ; he had advocated sending him back to the coast, but was easily persuaded to the severer course.

"The manner of his death is thus told by his biographer :

"He was conducted to an open space without the village, and found himself surrounded once more by his own men. With a wild shout the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up he looked around, and as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons he spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the B-a-ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leaped forth from its broken house of clay and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

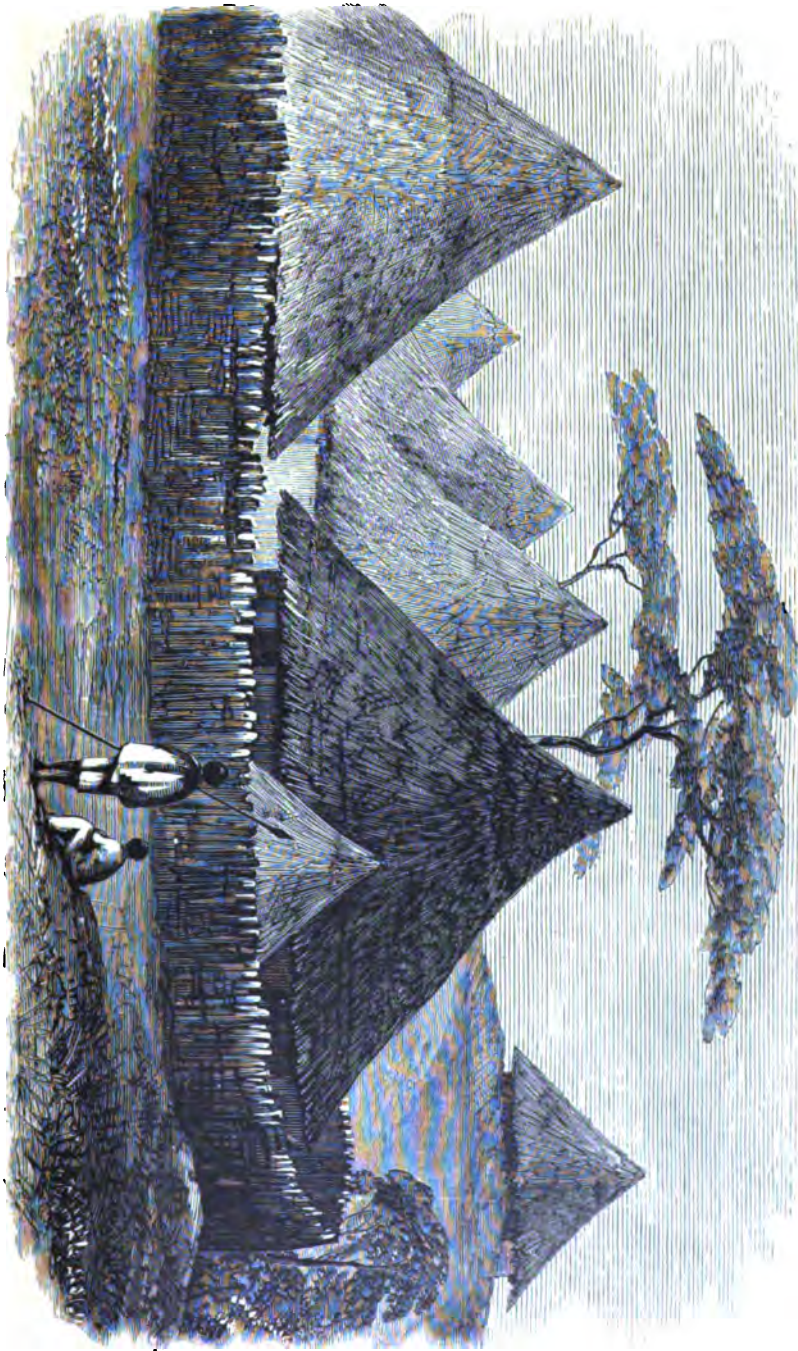
"The death of Bishop Hannington and the imprisonment of the missionaries at the capital of Uganda has by no means stopped the work of the London mission societies," the Doctor remarked, as Fred concluded the reading of the foregoing quotation. "For a time it has been suspended in Uganda, but the effort at Christianizing Africa is being vigorously pushed elsewhere. New stations are being opened every year, and I have just read in a newspaper that a small steamboat will soon be placed on the Victoria Nyanza. It is to be called the *James Hannington*, in memory of the hero missionary, and will no doubt be of great



UGANDA HEAD-DRESS.

use in bringing the people of Central Africa to a knowledge of the ways and works of civilization."

PLACE WHERE BISHOP HANNINGTON WAS IMPRISONED AND KILLED.



conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking around at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

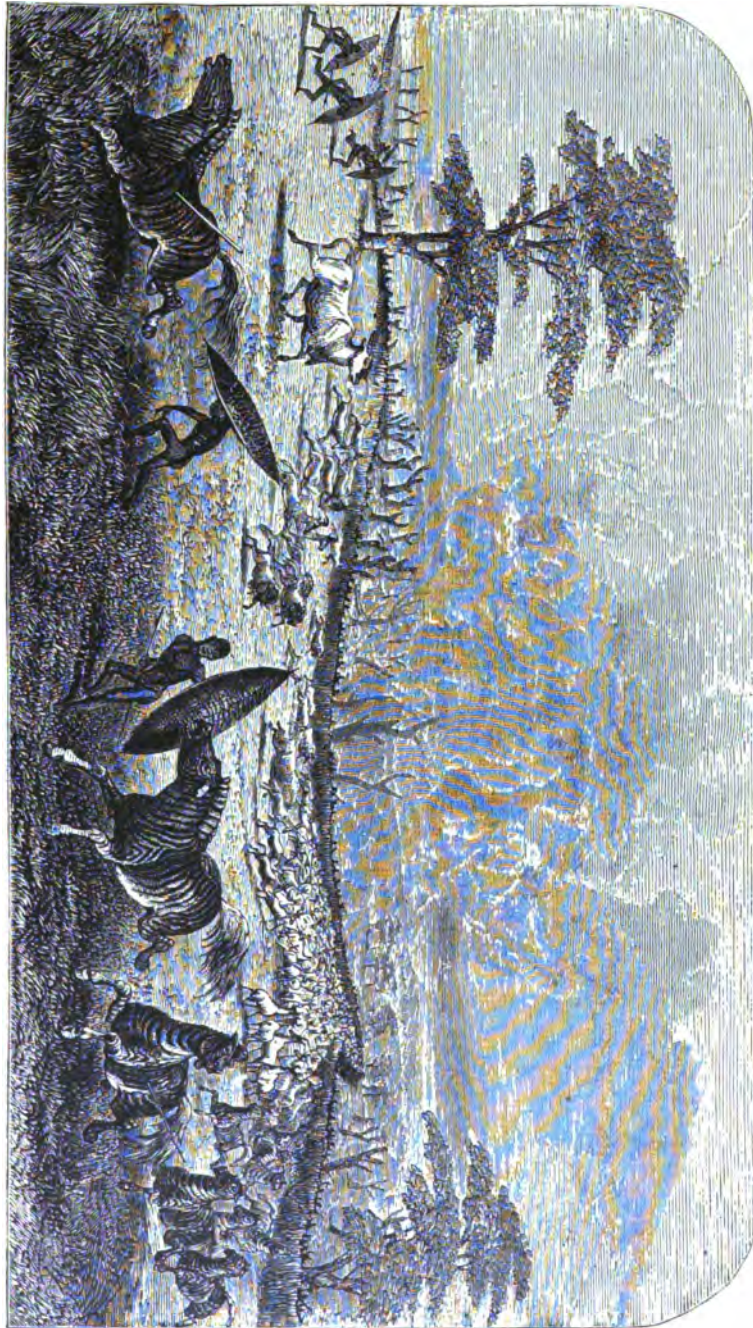
"Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been the paroxysms of his dying rage. Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in the upper part of my arm."

"Dr. Livingstone resembled Mr. Stanley in having no special fondness for hunting," continued Doctor Bronson, "and he has given us comparatively few hunting adventures in the record of his explorations. He gives an interesting account of the way the people of South Africa hunt game by driving, in the seasons when water is scarce and the wild animals congregate near the places where they can drink. They arrange two hedges in the shape of the letter V, each hedge being a mile or two in length and fully a mile across at the entrance. Then a large party of men go out quietly, and move so as to drive the game into the opening. The hedges are low at first, but as they approach each other they are increased in strength, so that the animals cannot break through them. The enclosure is called a 'hopo;' at its end there is a pit with a fall of six or eight feet from the end of the hopo, so that the animals which jump in cannot easily spring out again. Buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, hartebeests, gnus, antelopes, oryxes, and similar animals are caught in these pits; sometimes lions are driven in, but they can easily spring over the hedges, and no attempt is made to stop them."

"That kind of hunting is not confined to South Africa, I believe," said Frank.

"Not by any means," was the reply; "it is known over pretty nearly the whole world. It is used in India and Ceylon for trapping elephants, in Australia for capturing kangaroos, and in other parts of the world for other animals. Hunting by *battue*, or beating, is as old almost as man himself, and has been practised in all ages; the chief difference between the ordinary hunt by *battue* and the capture of game in a hopo is that in the latter instance the game is caught in a pit or enclosure, while usu-

THE HOPO, OR TRAP FOR DRIVING GAME.



"How do they get up their hunting expeditions?" Fred asked.

"The usual plan," replied the Doctor, "is to fit out one or two wagons with provisions, guns, ammunition, and trade goods for several months, and then strike into the wilderness away from all settlements. Two or three saddle-horses, together with donkeys, oxen, cows, and sheep, constitute the live-stock of the expedition. In Central Africa it would be impossible to travel with wagons, owing to the dense vegetation and the condition of the country, which is full of swamps and morasses, but in South Africa the circumstances are different. The country is not densely wooded, and in many parts it is absolutely treeless. Sometimes water is found there with difficulty, and every volume of hunting adventures in South Africa contains stories of the sufferings of men and animals through scarcity or absence of water. But this scarcity of water greatly facilitates the work of the hunter."

"How is that?"

"Where the springs and water-holes are far apart the wild animals must go long distances to drink, and if the hunter watches in their neighborhood he will have plenty of what he calls 'sport.' A favorite plan of these African hunters is to conceal themselves near a spring and shoot the elephants, lions, and other large beasts as they come for water."

"That ought to be very easy," said one of the youths.

"Not as easy as you might suppose," was the reply, "nor is it without danger. In the first place very few of the animals visit the springs in the daytime, their drinking being done at night. Furthermore, they choose the hours when there is no moon, and thus reduce the chance of being seen. In the moonless part of a month they come at any hour between darkness and daylight, but usually about midnight; on the nights when the moon shines they select the hours when it is below the horizon. Thus if the moon rises early they wait until it has set, and if it rises late they come to drink before it is above the horizon. One hunter says that if it had not been for this habit there is many a lion, rhinoceros, or elephant now roaming the forests of South Africa that would have fallen before his rifle. He says he has frequently heard a lion lapping the water within a dozen paces of him when the night was so dark that he could not get a sight of the brute."

"Do all the wild animals of Africa observe this rule?"

"None of them do so absolutely, and some are more observant of it than others. But all seem to know that there is danger near their drinking-places, and they conduct themselves accordingly."

NIGHT HUNTING. ELEPHANTS COMING TO DRINK.





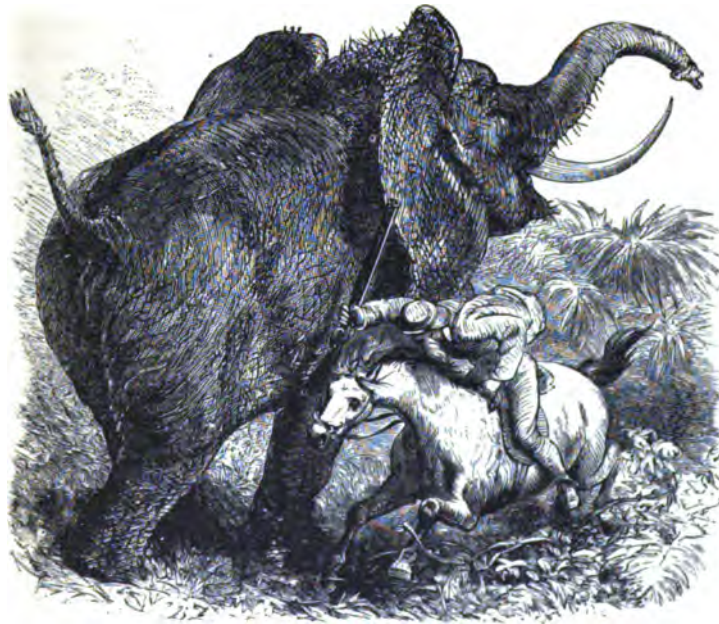
AN AFRICAN SERENADE.

“A great deal depends upon the selection of the spot for concealment, and in making his selection the hunter has many things to think of. He must carefully observe the direction of the wind and make sure that it blows towards him from the places whence the animals approach the drinking-spot. Then, if possible, he must so station himself that elephants, giraffes, and other large animals will be outlined against the sky as they come within his range. He digs a pit three or four feet deep and surrounds it with brushwood so that the change of the ground is not likely to be noticed. Sometimes there is a convenient ant-hill close to the drinking-place, and if so this forms an excellent shooting-box, as the animals are familiar with its appearance and therefore are not likely to suspect that it conceals anything dangerous.

“One famous hunter, Andersson, gives it as his opinion that a night ambush beside an African pool, frequented by large animals, is worth all other modes of enjoying a gun put together. Other hunters express the same opinion, though some of them admit that it is a cruel sort of sport, as it takes the prey wholly unawares and with little chance for defence or escape. The peril of this sort of hunting is that sometimes an elephant, rhinoceros, or lion discovers whence came the shot that wounded

him, and charges directly at the spot. In such a case the hunter in his pit is at a disadvantage, and his chief hope of safety is by a well-directed bullet when his assailant is within short range. Sometimes a wounded or frightened elephant runs straight to the spot, in his terror, and is liable to kill the hunter by tumbling upon him. There is one instance I have read of, wherein an elephant ran directly over the hunter, who was lying flat on the ground; the great feet of the animal grazed the head of his would-be slayer, but did not harm him. Had the elephant been less frightened he would have made short work of the man."

"Is a lion more dangerous than an elephant in a case of this kind?" asked one of the youths.



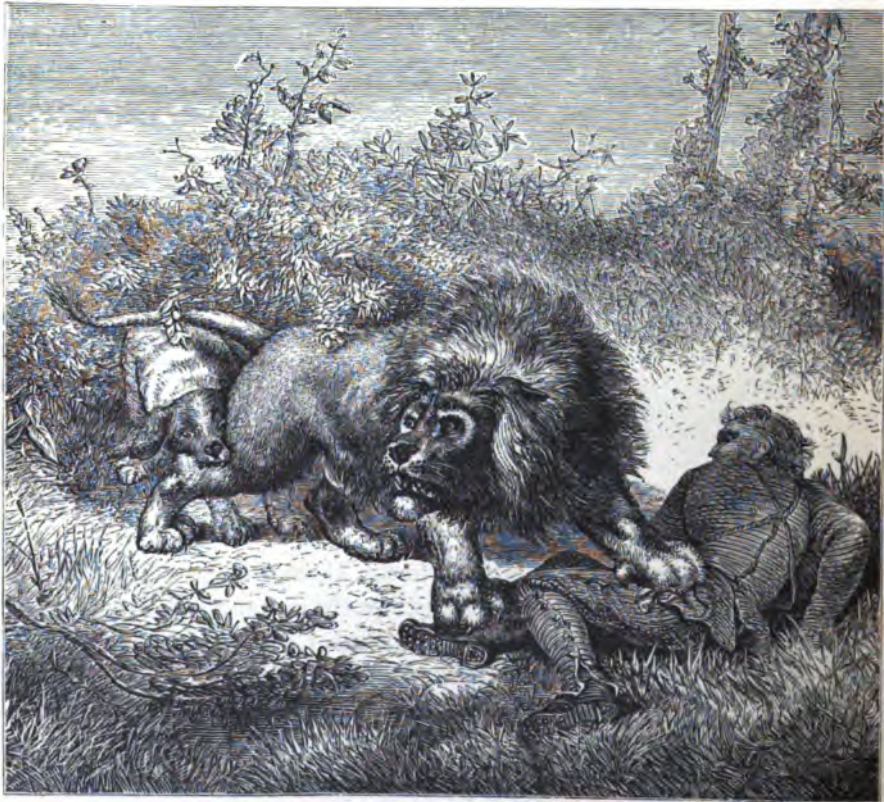
CLOSE SHAVE BY AN ELEPHANT.

"There is not much to choose between them," Doctor Bronson answered, "as both are to be dreaded, perhaps the lion more than the larger animal. Neither the lion nor the elephant will attack man without provocation, but when wounded they are very likely to turn upon their assailants. The courage of the lion has been greatly overrated in story-books, and also his noble conduct. The hunters who have made his intimate acquaintance, and written about him, say his characteristics are much like those of the hyena, and, like the latter beast, he is a skulking

rather than an honorable foe. The female accompanied by her young is apt to be dangerous, but as for the male lion it can be set down as pretty certain that he will retire from danger if he has a chance to do so, even at the expense of his dignity."

"Haven't I read of lions watching by the roadside and killing men and women without provocation?" said Fred.

"Undoubtedly you have," was the reply. "The lions thus described are the dreaded man-eaters, who rank with the man-eating tigers of India. Having once tasted human flesh and learned how easily it is procured, they lie in wait by the roads and paths, and spring upon the unfortunates who come within their reach. A man-eating lion will pass through an entire herd of cattle to get at one of the herdsmen; his movements are as stealthy as those of the cat, and the victim never has the least warning of his enemy's approach. Very properly he is the subject of dread, and when a man-eater appears in the neighborhood of



DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A LION.

a settlement, large rewards are offered for his head. Sometimes there is an entire suspension of work and business until the man-eater has been killed or driven away. These man-eaters have been known to come into a camp, spring upon a man asleep by the side of his companions, drag him into the bushes, and deliberately kill and devour him under protection of the darkness. While the lion, under ordinary circumstances, is not an object of any especial dread on the part of hunters, all have a terror of the man-eater.

"You never know, when you attack a lion, whether he will slink away or turn upon you; and every African hunter can tell stories of narrow escapes. As an illustration I will repeat one that was told to Mr. Andersson by the hero of it.

"He had gone out with some of his friends in search of five lions that had broken into his cattle-enclosure the previous night. The lions were tracked to a thicket of reeds, which were set on fire, the hunters being stationed around the thicket to intercept the animals as they came out. One lion took the direction in which two of the hunters were stationed, one of them being the narrator of the story.

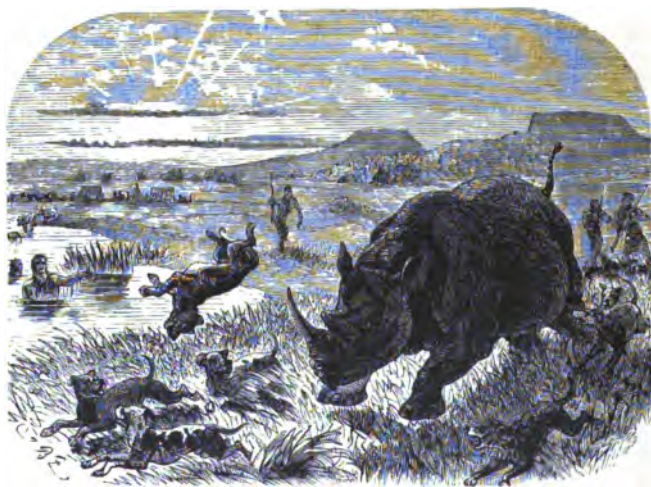
"He fired, inflicting only a slight wound. Immediately the lion sprang upon him; he thrust his gun into the lion's mouth, but the weapon was demolished in an instant. 'At that moment,' said he, 'the other hunter fired and the lion fell with a broken shoulder, so that I was able to rise and scamper away. But the lion was not done with me; in spite of his crippled condition he came after me, and my foot catching in a creeper, I fell to the ground. He was upon me again, tearing my clothing with his claws and grazing the skin in his efforts to grasp my hip. He laid hold of my left wrist and crushed it, and he tore my right hand so that I was totally helpless. Just as he had done this my friend came up again, accompanied by his dog, which seized the lion by the leg and thus drew his attention from me. My friend watched his chance and fired at very close range; the ball crashed through the lion's skull and stretched him on the ground by my side.' The mutilated hunter was carried to camp, and eventually recovered from his wounds, but his left wrist was permanently crippled.

"Doctor Livingstone was once in a similar peril," continued Doctor Bronson, as he opened the account of the famous missionary's travels and researches in South Africa. "Here is his account of the occurrence:

"It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked I went with the people in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the

annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill, about a quarter of a mile in length and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near each other. Being down below on the plain, with a native schoolmaster named Mebalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a rock, within the now closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then, leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft.

"When the circle was re-formed we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. Seeing we could not get the people to kill one of the lions we bent our steps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body, through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little, till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout.



RHINOCEROS AND DOGS.

"Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite

DR. LIVINGSTONE IN THE LION'S GRASP.



conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking around at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

"Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been the paroxysms of his dying rage. Besides crushing the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in the upper part of my arm."

"Dr. Livingstone resembled Mr. Stanley in having no special fondness for hunting," continued Doctor Bronson, "and he has given us comparatively few hunting adventures in the record of his explorations. He gives an interesting account of the way the people of South Africa hunt game by driving, in the seasons when water is scarce and the wild animals congregate near the places where they can drink. They arrange two hedges in the shape of the letter V, each hedge being a mile or two in length and fully a mile across at the entrance. Then a large party of men go out quietly, and move so as to drive the game into the opening. The hedges are low at first, but as they approach each other they are increased in strength, so that the animals cannot break through them. The enclosure is called a 'hopo'; at its end there is a pit with a fall of six or eight feet from the end of the hopo, so that the animals which jump in cannot easily spring out again. Buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, hartebeests, gnus, antelopes, oryxes, and similar animals are caught in these pits; sometimes lions are driven in, but they can easily spring over the hedges, and no attempt is made to stop them."

"That kind of hunting is not confined to South Africa, I believe," said Frank.

"Not by any means," was the reply; "it is known over pretty nearly the whole world. It is used in India and Ceylon for trapping elephants, in Australia for capturing kangaroos, and in other parts of the world for other animals. Hunting by *battue*, or beating, is as old almost as man himself, and has been practised in all ages; the chief difference between the ordinary hunt by *battue* and the capture of game in a hopo is that in the latter instance the game is caught in a pit or enclosure, while usu-

THE HOPPO, OR TRAP FOR DRIVING GAME.



ally it is shot or otherwise killed as the lines of men are drawn closely together. In many hunts of this sort the use of firearms is forbidden on account of the danger of accidents, and where they are permitted it is generally the rule to fire towards the outside of the cordon of men and not towards the inside.

"One of the most famous hunters in Africa," said Doctor Bronson, after a pause, "was Paul du Chaillu, who has written several books, in-



PAUL DU CHAILLU IN AFRICA.

teresting alike to young and old. When he first published the account of his adventures his stories were received with incredulity, but as Africa has become better known the truth of his assertions has been made manifest. He was the first white man to hunt the gorilla, and probably the first who ever saw one of those animals. In the course of his explorations he travelled some eight thousand miles, nearly always on foot and unaccompanied by a white man.



GORILLA HUNTING—MOTHER AND YOUNG AT PLAY.

“Nearly everywhere that he went he managed to get on friendly terms with the natives, who had not then been contaminated by contact with the Arab slave-hunters. Once his cook, whom he had brought from the coast, attempted to poison him, and with this object put two spoonfuls of arsenic in Du Chaillu’s soup. The great overdose caused it to act as an emetic, and thus the explorer’s life was saved. The cook fled to the woods when charged with the attempt to kill his master, but was caught by the natives and sentenced to death. Du Chaillu interfered and saved the fellow’s life, and he was delivered in chains to the custody of his brothers, who came to intercede for him.

“Du Chaillu tells of one tribe of natives on the African coast who choose their chief or king by election, and may therefore be called re-

publicans. When a king dies his body is secretly buried, and there is mourning for six days. During this time the old men meet to choose a new king; the choice is made in private, and neither the people nor the new king are informed of the result until the morning of the seventh day. The information is kept from the man of their selection until the very last.

"As soon as it is known who has been chosen the people surround him, pound him with their fists or with sticks, throw all sorts of disgusting objects at him, spit in his face, kick him, roll him on the ground, and otherwise maltreat and abuse him. Those who cannot get at him by reason of the crowd utter all sorts of uncomplimentary phrases, and they anathematize not only him but all his relatives in every generation. Du Chaillu thought the man's life was in real danger; but the secret of the whole business was shown by some of the men occasionally shouting out, 'You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By and by we shall have to obey your will.'

"He is expected to endure all this with a smiling face and to keep his temper throughout. When it has gone on for an hour or so he is taken to the old king's house, where he is seated, and for a little while receives a torrent of abuse, but this time it is entirely in words. Then all become silent, the elders rise and say, the people repeating after them:

"'Now we choose you for our king; we engage to listen to you and to obey you.'

"Then the emblems of royalty are brought out, and the ceremonies of coronation take place with the most profound dignity. The king is dressed in a red gown and receives every mark of respect from those who so lately abused him. After the coronation he must remain for six days in the house, and during all this period there are loud rejoicings, and all his subjects come to pay their respects. The old king was mourned for six days, and it is considered nothing more than proper that the new one should have six days of rejoicing. The fact is, the new one is pretty nearly half dead at the end of the festival, as he is obliged to receive all comers at any hour of day or night, and sit down and eat and drink with them. Doubtless he is thoroughly happy when the festival is over, and he can walk out and view his dominions.

"The explorer gives an interesting account of the gorilla, and his first meeting with the animal makes a dramatic scene in his story. He had just shot a snake, which his men devoured with delight, but our friend, though very hungry, could not venture upon this sort of food.

DU CHAILLU'S FIRST GORILLA.



Noticing some sugar-canes growing near, he proceeded to cut them, in order to suck the juice and satisfy the cravings of his appetite.

"As he was cutting the canes, assisted by his men, the latter called his attention to several that had been broken down and chewed into fragments while others had been torn up by the roots. It was evidently the work of gorillas, and threw the whole party into a state of great excitement. The tracks in the soft earth showed that there were several gorillas in company, and immediately Du Chaillu proceeded to hunt them.



HEAD OF KOOLOO-KAMBA.

"He divided his men into two parties, one led by himself and the other by an attendant named Makinda. The animals were

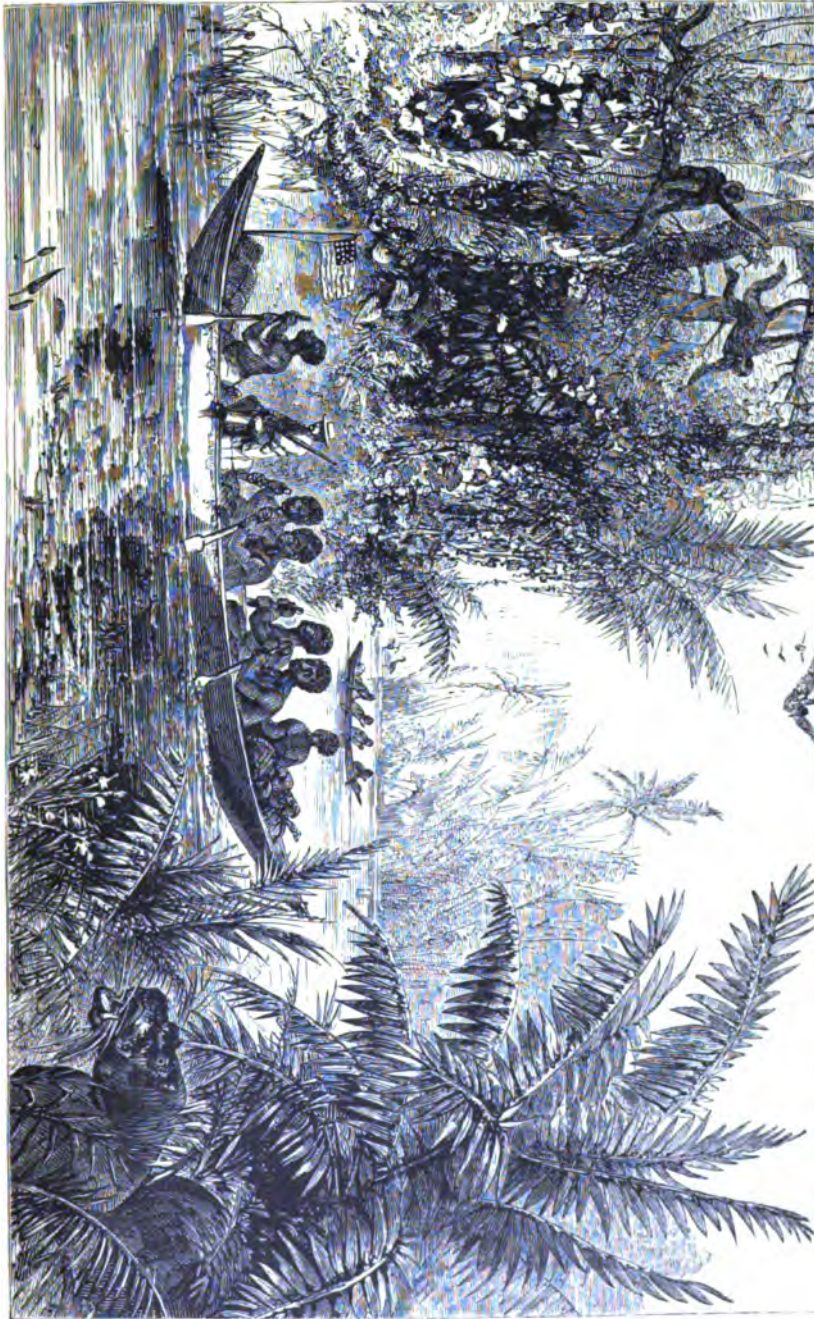
supposed to be behind a large rock, and the two parties moved so as to encircle it. Suddenly there was a cry which had a very human sound, and four young gorillas ran from the concealment of the rock towards the forest. He says they ran on their hind-legs and looked wonderfully like hairy men as they inclined their bodies forward, held their heads down, and to all appearances were like men running for their lives to escape from danger. Du Chaillu fired at them, but hit nothing, and the animals made good their escape. The party ran after them till all were out of breath and then returned to camp. He says he felt very much like a murderer, as the animals had so nearly the appearance of humanity.



EAR OF KOOLOO-KAMBA.

"Some days later he was more successful in hunting the gorilla. He was out with his party, when suddenly the sound of the breaking of a branch of a tree was heard. The natives intimated that they were near a gorilla, and very cautiously all proceeded; soon they came in sight of the huge beast breaking down the limbs and branches of the trees to get at the berries. They stood still, as he was moving in their direction, and in a little while he was right in front of them. He had moved through the jungle on all fours, but as he came in sight of the party he stood erect like a man.

"Then he gave vent to a tremendous barking roar which is very difficult to describe, and beat his breasts with his huge fists till they re-



DU CHAILLAV ASCENDING AN AFRICAN RIVER.

sounded like drums. This is the gorilla's mode of offering defiance, roaring and beating the breast at the same time. The roar begins with a sharp bark, like that of an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder, so that it is sometimes taken for it when the animal is not in sight.

"The gorilla was about twelve yards from Du Chaillu when he first appeared ; he advanced a few steps, then stopped and roared and beat his breasts again, then made another advance and stopped about six yards away. As he stopped a second time, Du Chaillu fired and killed him. The shot was well aimed, and death was almost instantaneous. Measurement showed that the animal was five feet eight inches in height, but when standing erect, at his first appearance, he seemed to be fully six feet.

"During his wanderings in Africa Mr. Du Chaillu killed several gorillas, whose skins and skeletons he preserved and sent to England and America, where they attracted much attention in the scientific world. On two or three occasions he was fortunate enough to capture some young gorillas alive, but found it impossible to tame them. They showed the most furious temper and bit at everybody who came near them ; at first they refused food, but after a while their hunger got the best of their obstinacy and they ate the berries and leaves that were gathered for them from their native forests. But all sickened and died, and I believe that no one has ever succeeded in taming one of these animals."

"Was nothing known about the gorilla until Mr. Du Chaillu hunted him?" Fred asked, as Doctor Bronson paused.

"Something was known about him," was the reply, "but not a great deal ; he had been heard of for several centuries, but no white man had ever seen a living or even a dead gorilla. Dr. Wilson, a missionary on the west coast of Africa, discovered the skull of a gorilla in 1846, and a year later he found the skull and part of the skeleton of another. These relics were sent, one to Dr. Savage, of Boston, and the other—the second discovery—to the Boston Society of Natural History.

"Wonderful stories were told about this animal by the negroes. It was said that he lurked upon trees, by the roadside or overhanging the paths, drew up unsuspecting passers-by with his paws, and then choked them to death. He was said to carry a stick or staff when walking, and to use it as a weapon of defence ; troops of gorillas thus attacked elephants and beat them to death ; the gorilla built himself a house of leaves and twigs among the trees and sat on the roof ; and sometimes whole armies of gorillas banded together for purposes of war. All these



GORILLA SKULL.



HUMAN SKULL.

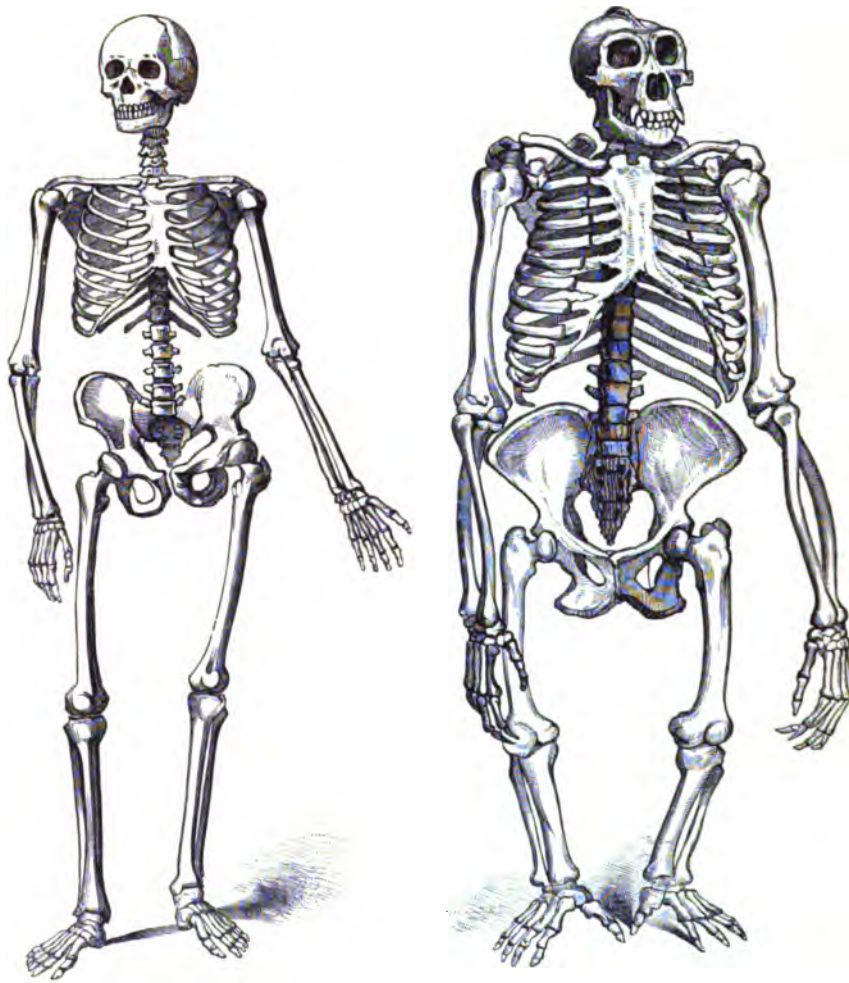
stories proved to be fables ; almost the only truthful account of the gorilla's prowess was that he was a terrible fighter and more than a match for a lion. Mr. Du Chaillu says that the lion does not inhabit the same region with the gorilla, and there is little doubt that the latter can whip the lion in ordinary combat.

"The strength of this creature is prodigious. A young one, two or three years old, requires four strong men to hold it, and even then in its struggles it is likely to bite one or more of them severely. It can dent a musket-barrel with its teeth, and an adult gorilla will bend a musket as though it were made of the softest wood. It can break off trees three or four inches in diameter, and a single blow of one of its fists will smash a man's skull like a sledge-hammer. It fights with arms and teeth, and does terrible execution with both."

"Does the gorilla walk erect like man, or on all-fours like the other members of the ape family?" Frank inquired.

"Ordinarily it walks on all-fours," the Doctor answered, "but under certain circumstances it stands erect. When it advances to meet an assailant, or when desiring to look around, it rises to an erect position, and then assumes its greatest resemblance to man. If you look at the human and the gorilla skeletons side by side, you will perceive a great difference in their structure and readily understand how the locomotion of the gorilla on his hind-feet alone would not be altogether convenient. The fore-legs, or arms, of the gorilla are very much longer than those of man, and also very much stronger. A man unarmed could offer no practical resistance to a gorilla, and all who have hunted him understand this fact."

"Do they hunt him with anything else than guns?"



SKELETONS OF MAN AND THE GORILLA.

“ No ; or, at any rate, they only do so on very rare occasions. The rule of the gorilla-hunter is to wait until the animal is quite near, say within twenty feet, before firing. Unless the first shot is fatal or can be immediately followed by another from a repeating rifle or a gun in the hands of others standing near, the man who fired the first shot is almost certain to be killed. The gorilla rushes upon him, and there is no chance for defence or flight. A single blow from the animal’s fist generally terminates the struggle. One of Du Chaillu’s companions was killed in this way, and the great hunter himself had a narrow escape. He said it

was very trying to his nerves to stand and wait five minutes or more while the gorilla was advancing slowly, halting occasionally to beat its breast and utter its cries, until he was in the very short range desired."

"What do you think of the relation of the gorilla to man?" Fred asked, with a smile developed on his face.

"That is a question I hesitate to discuss, as I am not versed in the arguments that have been advanced by the scientists. Perhaps we'll talk that over some other time, when we have more light on the subject. Du Chaillu says that the gorilla skeleton, the skull excepted, resembles the bony frame of man more than does that of any other anthropoid ape. The form and proportion of the pelvis, the number of ribs, the length of the arm, the width of the hand, and the structure and arches of the feet—all these characteristics and some of its habits, appeared to the hunter and explorer to place the gorilla nearer to man than any other anthropoid ape is placed."



A YOUNG GORILLA—DU CHAILLU'S CAPTIVE.

Doctor Bronson paused and looked at his watch; and his action was taken as a signal for suspending the talk about the wild animals of Africa. Frank and Fred thanked their mentor for the information he had given them, and especially about the gorilla; their curiosity had been roused by the repeated mention of the Soko in Mr. Stanley's story of his journey "through the Dark Continent," and consequently the account of this strange beast was heard with interest.

And as their conversation comes to an end we will return our thanks to the trio of travellers, Doctor Bronson, Frank, and Fred, and express the hope that we shall meet them again.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR BOYS.

BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1883, 1884, and 1885, Handsomely Bound in Illuminated Cloth, \$3 00 per vol. *Bound Volumes for 1880, 1881, 1882, and 1886, are out of stock.*

THE BOY TRAVELLERS ON THE CONGO. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey with Henry M. Stanley "Through the Dark Continent." By THOMAS W. KNOX. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey in European and Asiatic Russia. With Accounts of a Tour across Siberia, Voyages on the Amoor, Volga, and other Rivers, a Visit to Central Asia, Travels among the Exiles, and a Historical Sketch of the Empire from its Foundation to the Present Time. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Five Parts. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00 each.

PART I. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO JAPAN AND CHINA.—PART II. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO SIAM AND JAVA. With Descriptions of Cochin-China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago.—PART III. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO CEYLON AND INDIA. With Descriptions of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah.—PART IV. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE.—PART V. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY THROUGH AFRICA.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "VIVIAN" to the North Pole and Beyond. Adventures of Two Youths in the Open Polar Sea. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50.

HUNTING ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Two Parts. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 each.

PART I. THE YOUNG NIMRODS IN NORTH AMERICA.

PART II. THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD.

WHAT MR. DARWIN SAW IN HIS VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN THE SHIP "BEAGLE." Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

FRIENDS WORTH KNOWING. Glimpses of American Natural History. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Four Volumes. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00 each.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY.—OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.—THE BOYS OF '76 (A History of the Battles of the Revolution).—BUILDING THE NATION.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS ; AND THE TRICKS OF TRAPPING AND TRAP MAKING. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON, Author of "Pastoral Days." Illustrated by the Author. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO. By WILLIAM BLAIR. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" SERIES. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1-00 per vol.

THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY BROWN. Written by Himself, and Edited by W. L. ALDEN. —THE CRUISE OF THE CANOE CLUB. THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST." THE MORAL PIRATES. By W. L. ALDEN.—TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS. MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER: A Sequel to "Toby Tyler." TIM AND TIP; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG. LEFT BEHIND; OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY. RAISING THE "PEARL." SILENT PETE. By JAMES OTIS.—THE STORY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. JO'S OPPORTUNITY. ROLF HOUSE. MILDRED'S BARGAIN, AND OTHER STORIES. NAN. By LUCY C. LILLIE.—THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By WILLIAM BLACK.—THE LOST CITY; OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA. INTO UNKNOWN SEAS. By DAVID KER.—THE TALKING LEAVES. An Indian Story. TWO ARROWS: A Story of Red and White. By W. O. STODDARD.—WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON? By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies."—PRINCE LAZYBONES, AND OTHER STORIES. By MRS. W. J. HAYS.—THE ICE QUEEN. By ERNEST INGERSOLL.—WAKULLA: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN FLORIDA. THE FLAMINGO FEATHER. By C. K. MUNROE.—STRANGE STORIES FROM HISTORY. By GEORGE CART EGGLESTON.

THE STARTLING EXPLOITS OF DR. J. B. QUIÈS. From the French of PAUL CÉLIÈRE. By MRS. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Extra Cloth, \$1 75.

FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE CABIN. By Captain S. SAMUELS. Illustrated. 12mo, Extra Cloth, \$1 50.

MICROSCOPY FOR BEGINNERS ; OR, COMMON OBJECTS FROM THE PONDS AND DITCHES. By ALFRED C. STOKES, M.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

MARY AND MARTHA. The Mother and the Wife of George Washington. By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D., Author of "Field-book of the Revolution," "Field-book of the War of 1812," "Cyclopædia of United States History," &c. Illustrated by Facsimiles of Pen-and-ink Drawings by H. Rosa. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$2 50.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, FOR BOYS. By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Half Leather, \$1 75.

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By LUCIEN BIART. With 117 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

AN INVOLUNTARY VOYAGE. By LUCIEN BIART. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 25.

ROUND THE WORLD ; including a Residence in Victoria, and a Journey by Rail across North America. By a Boy. Edited by SAMUEL SMILES. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.

THE SELF-HELP SERIES. By SAMUEL SMILES. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 00 per volume.

SELF-HELP.—CHARACTER.—THRIFT.—DUTY.


POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. 12mo, Half Leather, 75 cents.

THE CHILDREN OF OLD PARK'S TAVERN. A Story of the South Shore. By FRANCES A. HUMPHREY. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

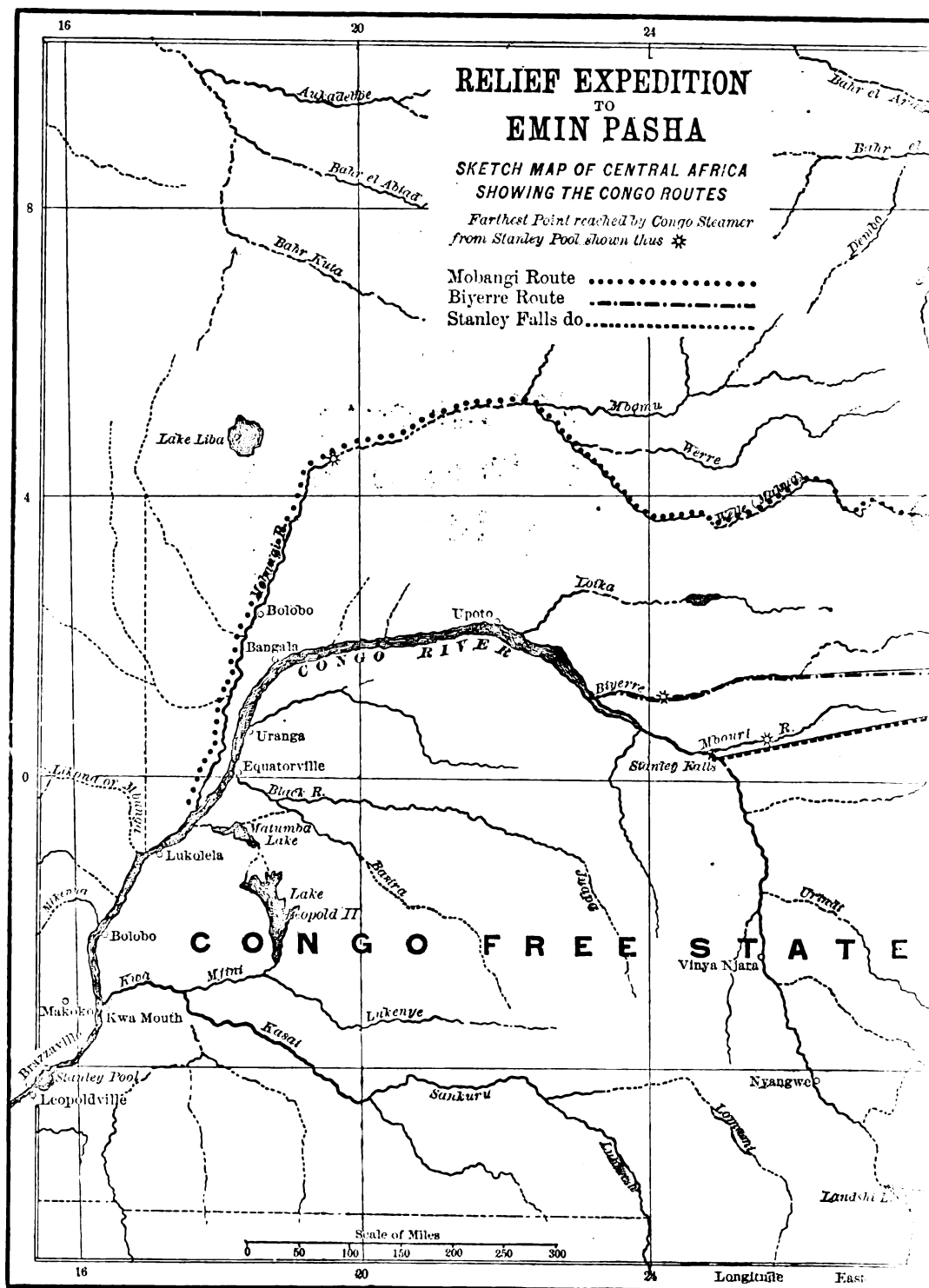
- STORIES OF THE GORILLA COUNTRY. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- MY APINGI KINGDOM: with Life in the Great Sahara, and Sketches of the Chase of the Ostrich, Hyena, &c. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- LOST IN THE JUNGLE. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT MEN. By JOHN G. EDGAR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- THE FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS MEN. By JOHN G. EDGAR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- HISTORY FOR BOYS; or, Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe. By JOHN G. EDGAR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- SEA-KINGS AND NAVAL HEROES. A Book for Boys. By JOHN G. EDGAR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- THE WARS OF THE ROSES. By JOHN G. EDGAR. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- UPLAND AND MEADOW. A Poetquissings Chronicle. By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D. pp. x., 398. 12mo, Ornamental Cloth, \$1 50.
- STORIES OF THE ISLAND WORLD. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS; or, The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Translated and Arranged for Family Reading, with Explanatory Notes, by E. W. LANE. 600 Illustrations by Harvey. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$3 50.
- HENRY MAYHEW'S WORKS. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, \$1 25 per vol.
THE BOYHOOD OF MARTIN LUTHER.—THE STORY OF THE PEASANT-BOY PHILOSOPHER.—YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.
- SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. 4 vols.: *Heat*.—*Light*.—*Water and Land*.—*Force*. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 each.
- OUR CHILDREN'S SONGS. Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cover, \$1 00.
- THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON. By THOMAS DAY. 18mo, Half Bound, 75 cents.
- YOUTH'S HEALTH-BOOK. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.
- STORIES OF THE OLD DOMINION. From the Settlement to the End of the Revolution. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- THE LIFE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, of York, Mariner; with a Biographical Account of DEFOE. Illustrated by Adams. Complete Edition. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 00.

- THE HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD**, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By JEAN MACÉ. Translated from the Eighth French Edition by Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.
- THE SERVANTS OF THE STOMACH.** By JEAN MACÉ. Reprinted from the London Edition, Revised and Corrected. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.
- FRED MARKHAM IN RUSSIA**; or, The Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Illustrated. Small 4to, Cloth, 75 cents.
- SELF-MADE MEN.** By CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR. Many Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.
- THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON**; or, Adventures of a Father and Mother and Four Sons on a Desert Island. Illustrated. 2 vols., 18mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON** — Continued: being a Sequel to the Foregoing. 2 vols., 18mo, Cloth, \$1 50.
- DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.** By Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Sides, \$1 75.
- TALES FROM THE ODYSSEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** By C. M. B. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.
- THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER**; Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo. By J. GREENWOOD. 8vo, Cloth, Illustrated, \$1 25; 4to, Paper, 15 cents.
- WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD.** A Book of Natural History and Adventure. By J. GREENWOOD. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50.
- CAST UP BY THE SEA**; or, The Adventures of Ned Grey. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S. 12mo, Cloth, Illustrated, \$1 25; 4to, Paper, 15 cents.
- HOMES WITHOUT HANDS**: Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. With about 140 Illustrations engraved on Wood by G. Pearson, from Original Designs made by F. W. Keyl and E. A. Smith, under the Author's Superintendence. 8vo, Cloth, \$4 50; Sheep, \$5 00; Roan, \$5 00; Half Calf, \$6 75.
- THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY.** By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. With 450 Engravings. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 05.
- CHAPTERS ON PLANT LIFE.** By Mrs. S. B. HERRICK. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents.
- FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE.** Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use. By HENRY P. WELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, \$2 50.
- NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN.** New Games for Parlor and Lawn, with a few Old Friends in a New Dress. By GEORGE B. BARTLETT. 16mo, Cloth, \$1 00.
- INDIAN HISTORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.** By FRANCIS S. DRAKE. With Colored Frontispiece, Numerous Illustrations, and a Map of the United States, showing the Locations and Relative Sizes of the Indian Reservations. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$3 00.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

 HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

Mobangi Route
 Biyerre Route
 Stanley Falls do.....



This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

WIDENER
JAN 5 1998
FEB 13 1908
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER
MAY 6 2000
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER
JUN 5 2004
CANCELLED

